FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

75

JUNE 1977 $1.50

DESI ARNAZ, JR., JAYNE MARIE MANSFIELD, CHRISTIE HEFNER, SHARON PECKINPAH AND KATHY CRONKITE: WHAT MY PARENTS TOLD ME ABOUT S-E-X

ANAIS NIN'S STEAMIEST EROTIC FICTION

ABBIE HOFFMAN: MY LIFE ON THE RUN

PLUS: SNEAKY SPIES, AVARICIOUS ASTROLOGERS, CHEAP CHARTERS, MILLION-DOLLAR BABES AND THE MOST EROGENOUS ZONES OF ALL (IN SEX TAPES)

EXCLUSIVE: BRIGID HITLER'S MEMOIR OF HER BROTHER-IN-LAW ADOLF

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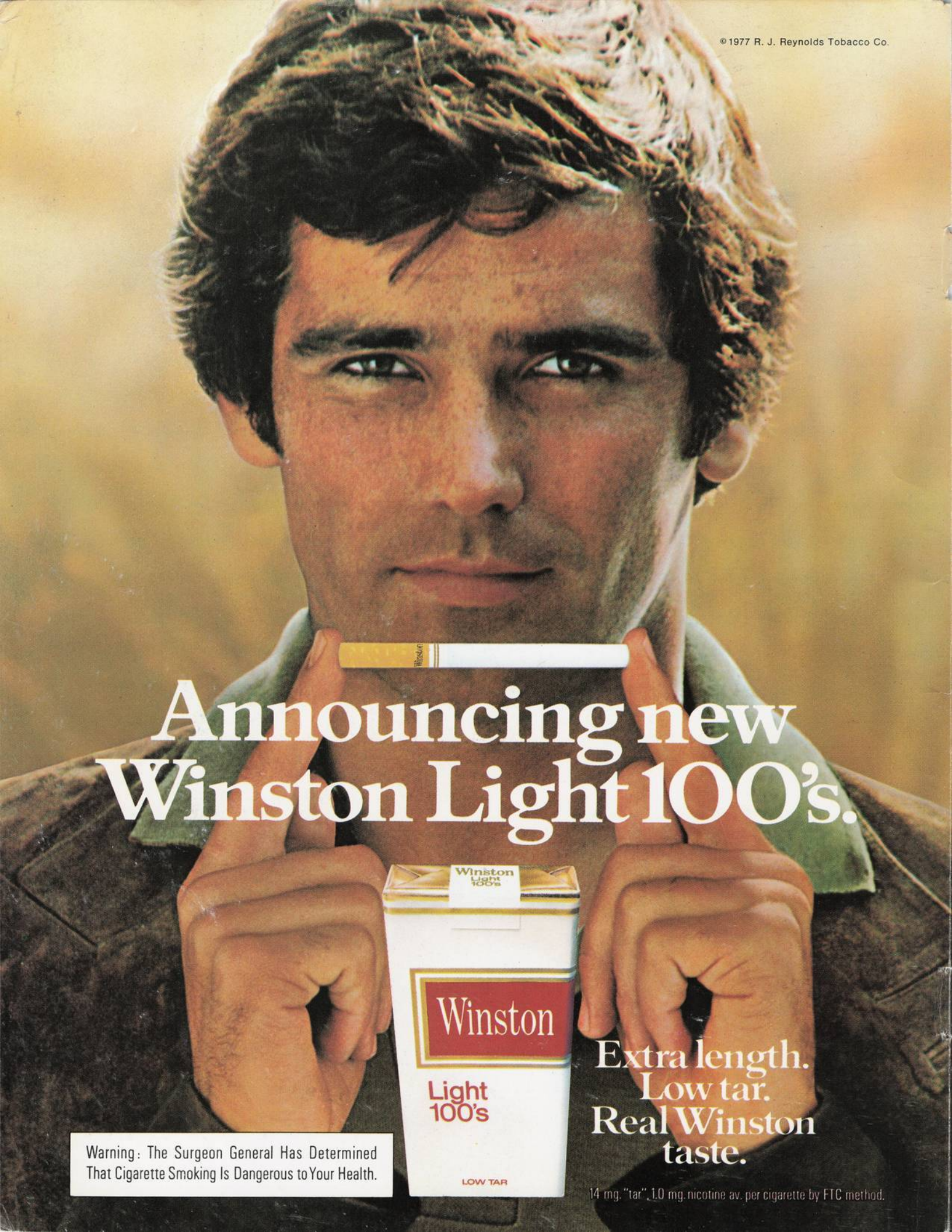

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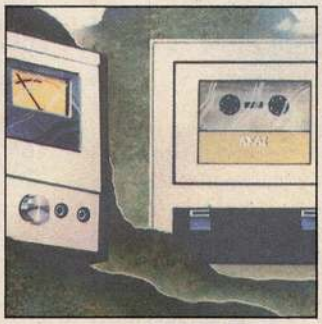
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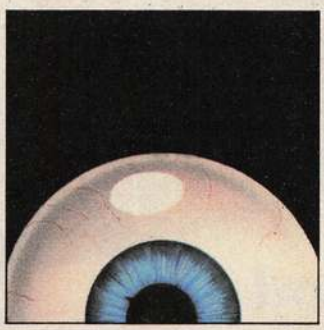
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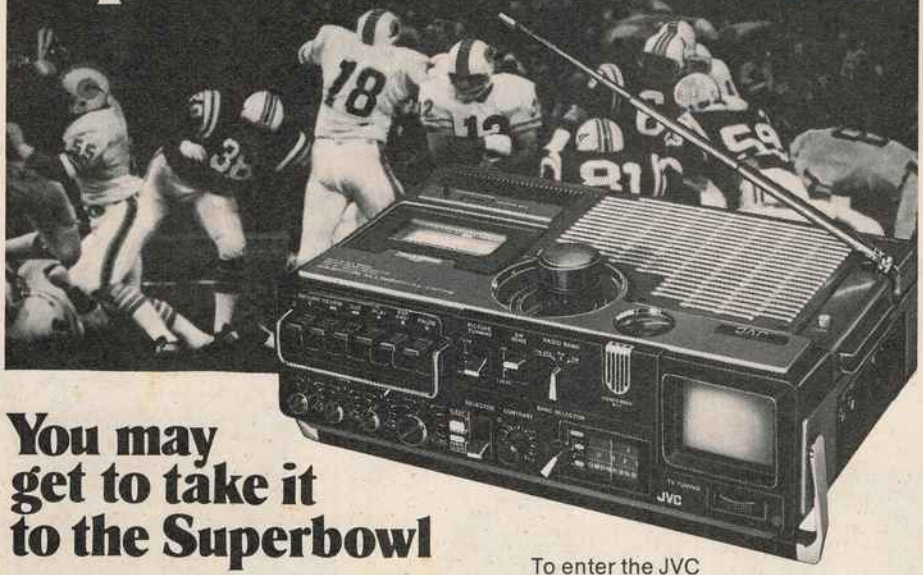

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MAIL

Simply Marvel-ous

Anne Beatts's *Conversation with Stan Lee* (March) brings back nice memories. Even back in the Fifties, I was always amazed at the number of strips he managed to produce. I would heave and strain over every effort and Stan would be turning out whole books. The future of comic books will be determined largely by whatever he decides it will be.

HARVEY KURTZMAN
Mount Vernon, New York

Kurtzman, the creator of Mad *magazine, continues to produce "Little Annie Fanny" for* Playboy.

The interview with Lee could have been better if Beatts had shown some knowledge of comics or comic-book history. This is especially important when dealing with as charming a bullshit artist as Stan Lee. The interview is filled with inaccuracies and untruths that make Lee and Marvel Comics look more innovative than they really were. For example, Marvel was not the first company to publish letters from readers, and Lee knows this quite well. Several organizations in the Fifties involved their readers with comics well before Marvel, most notably E.C. (Entertainment Comics), which produced a line of science fiction, horror, suspense and satire comic books. Most comics historians I've met agree that the quality of comics art and writing set by the E.C. line during the Fifties has never been equaled, nor has the close reader-publisher relationship. It is certain that the Marvel Comics of the Sixties and Seventies have yet to come close.

ED SPIEGEL
Somerset, New Jersey

Lebanon lib

I was never so moved by an article as I am by Albert Pariente-Cohen's *Cry, the Beloved Lebanon* (March). Until I read it, the civil war in that country seemed far away and unreal, nothing that could affect an American like myself. Because of his personal involvement, Pariente-Cohen's story explains the conflict much better than any telecast or newspaper report has been able to do during the past few years. A truly terrific piece.

JOHN GAMBLE
Houston, Texas

The fighting in Lebanon is similar to that in Northern Ireland, in that the emotional basis for killing is religious differences. It's such an incredible contradiction: Every major religion in the world preaches peace and brotherhood, but throughout history the bloodiest wars have been fought in the name of those same religions. I can't help but think that the world would be much better off if everyone were atheistic.

WANDA JONES
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Raising cane

Wow! Debra Tate is really dynamite! Luminescent eyes, a body that never stops and the kinkiest positions I've ever seen a human torso twist into. Debra's sister Sharon was a beautiful creature, it's true, but Debra has another quality, an animal magnetism that really leaps out of the pages. By the way, what on earth is she doing with that cane?

JOE ROMANO
Cleveland, Ohio

"A cane," Debra told us, "has a million uses—well, three or four, anyway. You can lean on it, lead a parade with it, ward off attackers and beckon lovers. Most of all, though, my cane is my friend, a real straight arrow with a slightly bent sense of humor."

This time I just had to write to tell you: Suze Randall is one hell of a photographer. I've appreciated her work in OUI's pages before, but her pictures of Debra Tate are her best yet. Classy, outrageous, funny, sexy and inspiring, Debra's pictorial is a microcosm of everything OUI magazine means to

me. I think you should hire Suze to shoot all of the girls' pictures. She's super.

JACQUES VALOIS
Montreal, Quebec

For more on Suze, Jacques, see the pictures she took of herself on page 110 of this issue.

Besides being a lovely girl, Debra has incredibly sexy feet, I want you to know. My compliments to the photographer for capturing Debra's deliciously high insteps. I've read many articles on foot fetishism, and they all generalize that a foot is a foot is a foot. What do they know? Take a good look at Debra and any fool can see that those are *feet*. My heart melts.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Northbrook, Illinois

Exercising an opinion

I have never read such a well-balanced, witty and timely article as Robert S. Wieder's *In Sweat We Trust* (March). Every other week brings us poor, suffering lard asses another book or magazine article telling us some new three-minute, fail-safe exercise that is guaranteed to bring us long life, clear skin and renewed sexual vigor. These articles are always written by some doctor or other (who, I suspect, gets his only exercise from jogging to the bank). I've never been inspired by any of them. Wieder's article, though, is so funny and sensible that I put down my Fritos and did ten jumping jacks. Hell, I may even take up squash. Tell Wieder thanks.

PAUL HOUSTON
St. Louis, Missouri

I used to think that the only thing duller than exercising was reading about it. Wieder proved me wrong, at least on the latter count. I have one problem, however. Wieder says that for exercise to work, a person has to do it more than two times a week for periods of 20 minutes or more. He also says that exercise doesn't work unless it's fun. Well, the only exercise I can think of that's fun for 20 minutes is sex, but my husband is good for only ten minutes once a week. What should I do?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Chillicothe, Missouri

Weider replies: "There's no rule that you have to exercise at home. Try visiting a gym. Or a Jim."

Staircase stalking

I found the February article on *Skirtsmanship* quite stimulating. As the holder of a self-awarded doctoral degree in skirtsmanship, I consider myself an expert on the art, and I must say that the best viewing spot was not mentioned at all, that being a subway staircase.

After years of extensive research, I can say with some authority that subway stairs are frequented by more skirt watchers than any other place in the country. Furthermore, most women are unaware that staircases provide such delightful views, which means even more pleasure for those of us lurking underneath. Maxiskirts made us all sad, of course, but the latest reports indicate that the mini is about to make a comeback, and that's the best news of all for skirt watchers.

JONATHAN NICHADOWICZ
Bordentown, New Jersey

Upon perusing *Skirtsmanship*, I immediately remembered my all-time favorite picture—hereby enclosed. I couldn't imagine my good fortune at having a Polaroid handy when my boss's secretary got her skirt caught in the elevator door one night when we

were both leaving late. I was on my way to snap pictures at a friend's birthday party, but I never did find out where Sue was going with no undies on, or if, indeed, she always walked around that way. Ordinarily she was the soul of decorum around the office. Other girls would gossip about their boyfriends, but Sue was always the type to blush. I say "was" because she mysteriously left shortly after this incident. In the meantime, I continue to carry my Polaroid around; a guy never knows when he's going to get lucky.

LEE TAYLOR
Dallas, Texas

Rocks and raves for *Mad Mags*

Contrary to what Robert Singer says in his article *Mad Magazines* (March), *Easyriders* is easily the best magazine published in the U. S. today. Singer has a lot of nerve to call Miraculous Mutha toilet-mouthed and to say that this bible of the motorcycle fraternity promotes "dynamiting objects stationary and mobile." Nothing could be further from the truth, and, in comparison with OUI, *Easyriders* is practically a puritanical journal.

JOHN AMES
Paramount, California

I don't know where limp-dicked Singer gets off callin' me toilet-mouthed. Shit, I have the only get-down advice column in the country. Do ya think Ann Landers and the like could answer the tough questions I get, like "How many calories in come?" or "Which is best for poop-chute action, Crisco or Vaseline?" or "How can I get my ole lady to swallow it?"

The dudes who're askin' serious questions like these obviously need help, and—whatdafuck—I've gotta answer them in the language they understand. I'm performin' a public service. Who else would help 'em if I didn't?

MIRACULOUS MUTHA
Easyriders Magazine
Malibu, California

Singer replies: "Let there be no misunderstanding. Miraculous Mutha is a wonderful fountain of sage advice who answers every reader's query only after hours of painstaking research and deliberation. Mutha's prose style is a vivid, pungent distillation of the common speech of the American people and every writer might well profit by her example."

While I, for the most part, agree with Singer's comments on weirdo magazines, as a longtime railroad enthusiast and modeler, I am insulted by his remarks concerning *Trains* magazine. Just as OUI serves those interested in sexually oriented periodicals, *Trains* caters to the railroad enthusiast. An interest in trains is, I submit, no less normal than an interest in sex; psychologists have even used a variation of a game developed by railroad modelers to aid couples in learning cooperation in problem solving as part of a marriage-counseling program.

I resent the inclusion of *Trains* among magazines that may be considered truly sick.

RICHARD A. ISENBERG
Norman, Oklahoma

I have never written to a magazine before, but I cannot let Singer's review of *Soldier of Fortune* pass without comment. The photo of the dead Rhodesian soldier was not published to glamorize violence as Larry Flynt suggests. Rather, *Soldier of Fortune* was attempting to

Benson & Hedges 100's

I just became a living testimonial.

that's the breaks.

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18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

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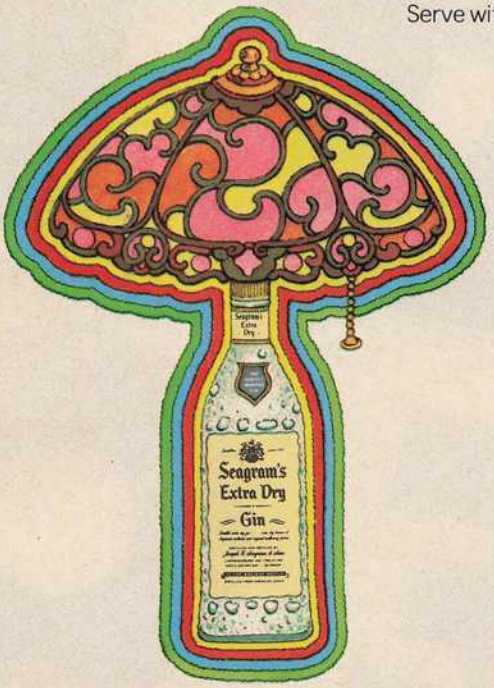

G-G-Ginvigorating!

Cool it with a Gin and Tonic. Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add a slice of lemon or lime. Fill glass with chilled quinine water and stir.

Gincandescent!

Turn on to the bright taste of a Tom Collins. Mix 2 oz. Seagram's Gin, 1 oz. lemon juice, and 1 tsp. sugar in shaker over finely cracked ice. Strain into a tall frosted glass. Fill with club soda and garnish with fruit.

Gincredible!

The Salty Dog. Toss together 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin and unsweetened grapefruit juice. Pour ingredients into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add a pinch of salt and stir.

Gindecent!

The Naked Martini. Make it without a stitch of vermouth. Just pour Seagram's Gin over the rocks.

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OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM.

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illustrate in the most graphic way something that our liberal American press consistently refuses to show, namely, the true face of terrorism in Rhodesia. Perhaps such photographs, with detail intact, are necessary to wake Americans up to what is really happening over there.

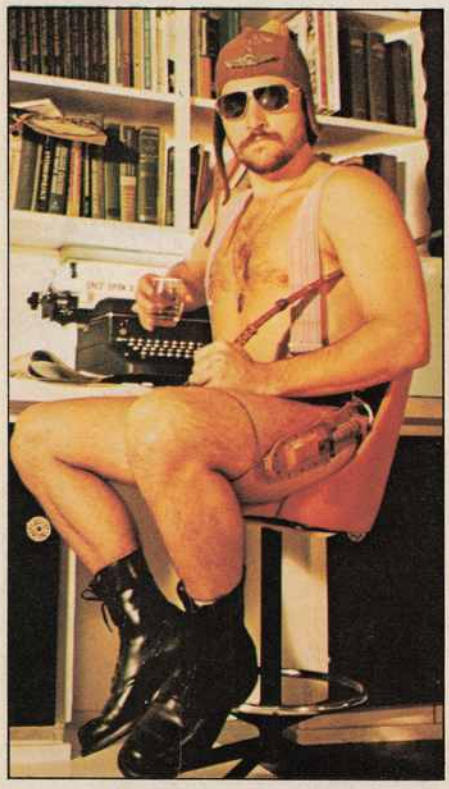
JEFFERY G. TEGZES
Louisville, Kentucky

Singer's comments about crazy magazines such as *Easyriders, Grit and Steel* and *Nudist Moppets* add up to the funniest article I've read in OUI in a long time. It's rare for one magazine to publish reviews of other magazines, so OUI deserves congratulations. My only beef with Singer is that he left out some of my favorite magazines, such as *Battling Girls, Fate, Modern Morbidity, Punk, Soap Opera Digest, Kennedy's Women* and *Fetish Times.*

DAN WALKER
Seattle, Washington

Winner!

I saw with interest the contest on how to dress sexy for your lover. First there was the guy wrapped in



plastic, then the girl in a corset, and finally the photo in the March *Mail* of Kae wearing nothing but grapes. I must say, some of your readers choose the silliest costumes. What is there sexy about plastic or grapes? Juvenile pastimes. As for me, I write articles for a select group of magazines that need no further publicity. After a day at the typewriter reliving my memories of the Angolan civil war, I am, as they say in your country, hot to trot. My wife understands; after a hard day at the office, she likes a touch of the whip before getting down to the good stuff.

CAPTAIN ARNIE AILERON
Address Withheld by Request

Sex and the single asexual

I'd like to throw both bouquets and brickbats at Joyce Greller's article *There's No Sex Like No Sex* (March). The bouquets are for generally defining the word for the rest of the world. Now for the brickbats: The article variously implies that asexuals are vagabonds, single-minded workaholics and potential sex criminals, among other things, whereas the truth is that most asexuals are just like everybody else, except for their nonparticipation in sexual activities. They have no greater predilection for crime, depression or gossip than any other group of people. Many of them are in fact intrigued by what the rest of the world finds in sex that puts it in a position of such overriding importance.

As a young male asexual, I find that my biggest problem is not being understood for what I am. Most typical hetero males immediately assume that any male who isn't obsessed with chasing pussy must be homosexual, since they recognize only the two possibilities.

Since the sexual revolution, it has become increasingly difficult for a man and a woman to interreact without sexual overtones coming into play. One point in the article that I entirely agree with is the observation that women appear to be irresistibly attracted by the aloofness of the asexual male. It seems that the colder I try to be, the stronger the woman comes on.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Atlanta, Georgia

In recent months, OUI has published articles on lesbians, rapists, transvestites, hookers, pig fuckers, Casanovas and now asexuals. What are you going to do next, extraterrestrial sex?

LEON KING
Washington, D.C.

Now that you mention it, we do have this nifty little piece here on the growing number of little green men from Mars with six-inch tongues who've been whisking away housewives in Darien, Connecticut. But honestly, what we've got in this issue are "Sex Tapes" on unusual erogenous zones, and next month we'll have a piece on how to sleep with two women at once. Stay in touch.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

The active ingredient in Mon Triomphe is you.

There is no one quite like you. You've got your own personality. Your own chemistry.

And that's the active ingredient in Mon Triomphe cologne.

Mon Triomphe has imported essences and oils that are designed to mix with your body chemistry to give you your own individual scent.

A scent that only you can wear.

Get the cologne that's as distinctive as you are. Mon Triomphe.

Mon Triomphe Cologne, After Shave, Musk Plus Cologne and other fine grooming aids. Available at selected dept. stores and other fine stores.

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

OPENERS

A mixed bag bag

Dustin Hoffman has one. Gregory Peck has one. Candy, Cybill, Andre and Mia each have one. Marlene Dietrich has three. Jerry Lewis insisted upon using one in *Hellzapoppin* and J. D. Salinger terminated his literary silence with the immortal words: "Please send me, gift wrapped and in separate packages, two (2) of the oversized schoolbags from Denmark, as advertised in the current *New Yorker*. . . ."

The idol of this distinguished cult is the modest, hard-working schoolbag traditionally carried by Danish children. Called "the best device for carrying things ever invented," the canvas shoulder bag is a cunning arrangement of zippered compartments, hidden pockets, secret flaps and expandable panels that contains and organizes an amazing amount of things and looks good on everybody.

U. S. importer John Reynolds has sold nearly 87,000 bags since he saw one on a Steve Miller album cover in 1968. His extensive file of schoolbag fan mail testifies to the bag's durability, versatility and to a peculiar loyalty and affection it seems to inspire. Writers describe the various receptacles—purse, backpack, briefcase, flight bag, toolbox, brown paper sack, pocket—the bag has replaced and like to catalog the multifarious objects it's good for carrying—records, magazines, boots, raincoats, condoms, Swiss army knives, vibrators, nose flutes, pigeons. Reynolds gets schoolbag art, poetry, stories and dreams—"Two lovely gay men all done up in furs and pretty things and one of them said: 'Hey, honey, where'd you get your bag?' " Bag freaks swap apocryphal yarns about intrepid schoolbags that have been lost at sea and washed ashore, rescued from burning buildings or disfigured by hydrochloric acid.

Still rarely used by any but East and West Coast trend setters, the Danish schoolbag is available in the provinces at Earth Shoe stores and by mail order (The Chocolate Soup, 249 E. 77th St., New York, N.Y. 10021). It costs $27.50, including ruler, but that's cheap for something to talk about when you finally run into Candy, Cybill, Mia, Marlene, Gregory or J.D.

Kiss my ad, M. Whipple. The French, long known for their culinary expertise and inexcusable bad manners, never squeeze the Charmin. However, they do make a concerted effort, as evidenced by this toilet-paper wrapping, to provide either chic advertising or a quick guide to hygienic geography. What attention to *De-tail*.

Lone-Star lunacy

Score another victory for the consumer movement. While you weren't looking, the Dallas Motion Picture Classification Board, concerned that Texas filmgoers get what they pay for, has added yet another classification to its rating system. P (for perversion) will now be attached to any film involving homosexuality. The new rating joins the board's five other popular flavors: S for explicit sex, V for excessive violence, D for drugs, L for rough language and N for nudity. A movie of sufficient breadth might now enter the Dallas market intimidatingly rated SPVDLN.

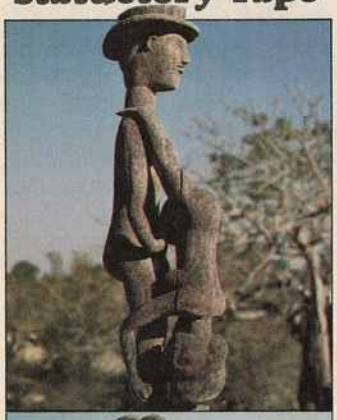
The advantages of the rating system to the filmgoing public are obvious. Fans of excessive violence can now select movies without fear of rough language. Drug freaks who object to nudity will be likewise safeguarded, and seekers after explicit sex (you know who you are) can now attend movies reasonably confident that they will not be fobbed off with gauzy distance shots or dying fires. (These ratings, of course, apply only to movies that are

nationally rated PG. Movies rated R are generally labeled Not Suitable.)

"If I had my way, I'd watch nothing but old, preferably silent, movies," explained board member Ed Preston, a retired legal advisor to the police department. "They even messed up the new *King Kong* with dirty words."

The rating system is doubtless a boon to Texas children, wondering to what movies they may safely take their parents.

Statuetory rape



The guy in the funny hat is a Frenchman. The inverted lady is somebody's wife. They are guarding a graveyard in Western Madagascar.

Our story begins in the late 19th Century when the French colonists of Madagascar were pleased to discover that Sakalava tribespersons in the village of Morondova had already invented open marriage. Sex outside of marriage was permissible as long as it was performed at night. While Sakalava men were content to fish, farm and venerate their ancestors, the wives preferred a different sort of venery and became enthusiastic students of French culture. The women told their husbands extravagant tales of the Frenchmen's imaginative lovemaking techniques and prodigious dimensions, which were translated into the tribe's only artistic medium: the wooden statues standing on fences that surround tombs, whose subject matter had, previous to the French colonization, been limited to canoes, houses, partridges and fish.

As a consequence of the artistic explosion of the late 19th Century, the cemeteries of Western Madagascar are loaded with outlandish, erotic funerary ornaments that are supposed to be guarding the spirits of the dead. Sakalavas believe that when the statues and fences are eroded by the sand, the spirits will be liberated. Impatient foreigners believe the statues to be worth a bundle and rip them off whenever the villagers' backs are turned. We believe your lives are richer for knowing about artists whose work was never seen on *Civilization*.

Take my husband... please!

Joke A: A movie actor, soon after his autobiography was published, was approached at a party by an actress, who said, "I saw your new book. Who wrote it for you?"

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it," came the reply. "Who read it to you?"

Joke B: A movie actress, soon after her autobiography was published, was approached at a party by an actor, who said, "I saw your new book. Who wrote it for you?"

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it," came the reply. "Who read it to you?"

Only one of these jokes is funny, and a scientific study conducted on college campuses proved it was Joke A, the "male-dominates-female" version. The study, called "What Is Funny to Whom," found that jokes making fun of women scored consistently higher "mean funniness ratings" among all subjects, male and female, than jokes that make fun of men. Top banana Joanne R. Cantor of the University of Wisconsin conceded that, even in these supposedly enlightened times, "it is still funnier to see a woman than a man disparaged."

Graffito of the month

Ogle boodle

Swaziland, a tiny African country of some 500,000 people, shared the currency system of the neighboring Union of South Africa until His Majesty King Sobhuza II, 75 years old, decided recently that the time had come for his kingdom to have its own coins and notes. The result is a series of paper bills displaying, on one side, a portrait of the king and, on the other, a portrait of his 11 beautiful and bare-breasted daughters. It is a bit too much legal tenderness for the puritanical Union of South Africa. (Swaziland, you'll remember from an *Openers* item in April 1975, is where

Show us your skin

Here's Kathy P., from Fort Worth. She just came from her dentist's and is enjoying her reward for being brave. Thanks for stopping off at the photo booth, K.P.! Nice checkup.

Win a week away to the Thermos® picnic spot of your dreams.

Thermos® goes where you go. And will even take you there if you win the top prize in this sweepstakes. There are 99 other dreamy prizes to win, too!

1st Prize: A 7 day 6 night trip for two. Winner will select a "Picnic Spot" from 100 hotels and resorts. Included is round trip transportation from winner's home, three meals a day plus a terrific Thermos picnic (winner keeps the Thermos ware!), baggage handling and hotel transfers. (Winner must select picnic site 30 days in advance of trip.)

2nd Prize: American Fiberglass 12' 2" Aqua-Cat Catamaran.

3rd Prize: Kodak Ektasound D285 Movie Projector and Kodak D240R Movie Camera Outfit.

4th Prize: His & Hers AMF 10-Speed Roadmaster Bicycles. Model #L-1750 & L-1740.

5th Thru 9th Prizes: Large Deluxe Backgammon Set by Pressman Toy. Model 4514.

10th Thru 19th Prizes: South Bend Croquet Set for six. Model #7540.

20th Thru 29th Prizes: 15 pc. Mirro Deluxe Camp Set. Service for four.

30th Thru 38th Prizes: Thermos Deluxe Picnic Pac. #109/10.

39th Thru 100th Prizes: Porta Lamp with Battery by Ash Flash. #7821.

OFFICIAL RULES

1 Hand print your name and address on an official entry blank or plain piece of paper, 3" x 5".

2 Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to Thermos Win-A-Week-Away, Box 555, Harrison, New Jersey 07029. Entries must be postmarked by July 15, 1977 and received by August 1, 1977.

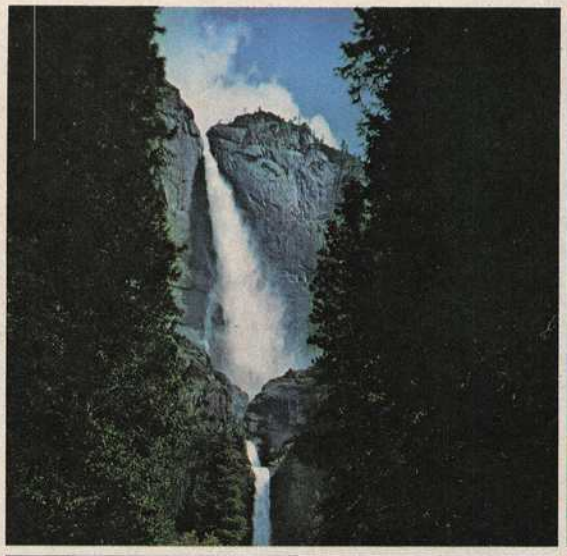
3 Winners are selected in random drawings from all entries received under the supervision of Ventura Associates, an independent judging organization. All decisions of the independent judging organization in matters pertaining to this sweepstakes are final.

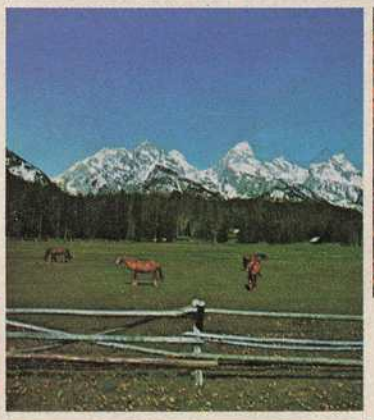
4 One prize to a family. No substitutions for prizes offered. Offer open to residents of the United States except employees and their families of Thermos Division, King-Seely Thermos Co., Top Value Enterprises, Inc., 555 Group Inc., Ventura Associates, Inc. and their respective advertising agencies.

5 Offer void in the states of Wisconsin, Florida, Missouri and Maryland and wherever else prohibited by law. Offer subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

6 For a list of major prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Winners List, 555 Group, Inc., 555 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Here's all you do to enter the Thermos Win-A-Week-Away Sweepstakes: Fill out the entry blank at right. Mail with the proof of purchase from a Thermos product. (Or write "Thermos" on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.)





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Send to: Thermos® Win-A-Week-Away Sweepstakes
Box 555 Harrison, N.J. 07029

I want to enter the Thermos Win-A-Week-Away Sweepstakes. I am enclosing a proof of purchase from a Thermos product (or the word "Thermos" handprinted on a piece of paper). If I win, please notify me at:

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dept. O

THERMOS

Contest closes July 15, 1977

Power showers

"I'm really glad someone's finally doing something interesting in the bathroom," gushed one satisfied customer. That someone is the brains behind Saturday Knight, Ltd., of Cincinnati, Ohio. The company's shower curtains are available in many stores across the country. In addition to the Body Shop, The Sea and the Spider Web motifs, Saturday Knight also makes a transparent *Time* magazine cover, a lion's head, skis in repose and a seagull. The biggest seller is a blow-up of the front page of the December 6, 1933, *New York Times*—the day Prohibition was repealed. The shower curtains retail for around $18. As one of our friends said, "It makes getting clean fun again. Also, it's like giving a T-shirt to your shower."

fun-loving South Africans go on weekends to pick up their copies of OUI and otherwise have a good time.) The South African government lodged a protest over introduction of the currency, describing the topless tender as downright immoral and pornographic. King Sobhuza was not impressed and, when last we heard, had so far managed to keep South African hands off his 11 bouncing babies.

H-bomb boutique

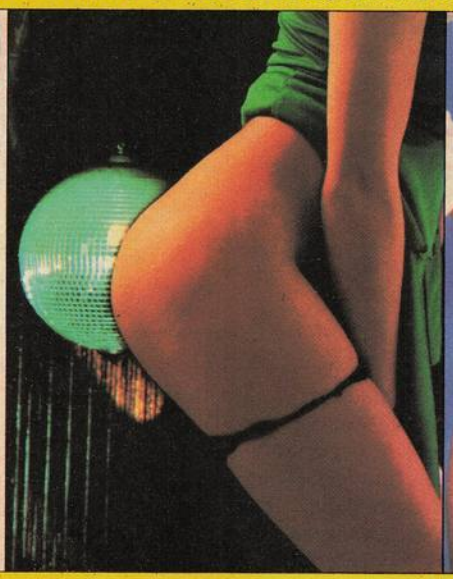
Don't let fear of fallout bring you down. Get yourself a NucleClean Radiation Hazard Emergency Personal Decontamination Kit and survive the inevitable nuclear holocaust in style.

The kit includes a hooded coverall with elastic cuffs in sleek, snag-resistant Tyvek; high-topped boot covers, also in kicky Tyvek; a scientifically approved respirator and face mask that will leave you

THE MOONS OF JUNE

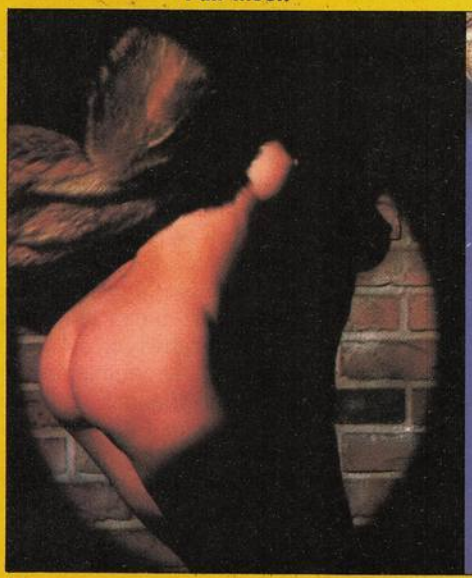
IN WHICH WE SEE OUR CLOSEST NEIGHBOR IN MANY OF ITS ASPECTS, DECKED OUT IN ITS FLIMSY, BARE-ASSED FINERY

Full moon



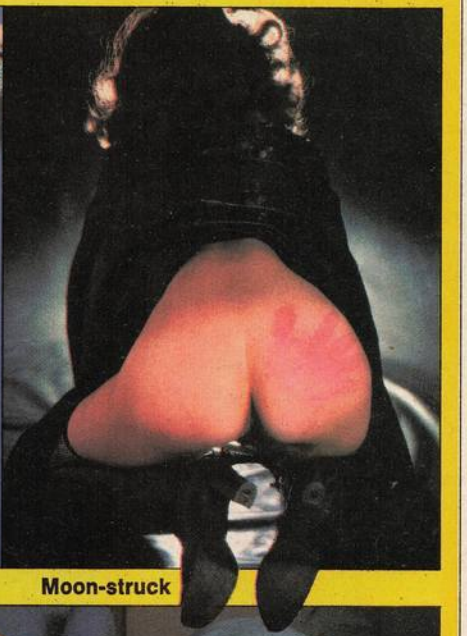
Half moon

Blue moon

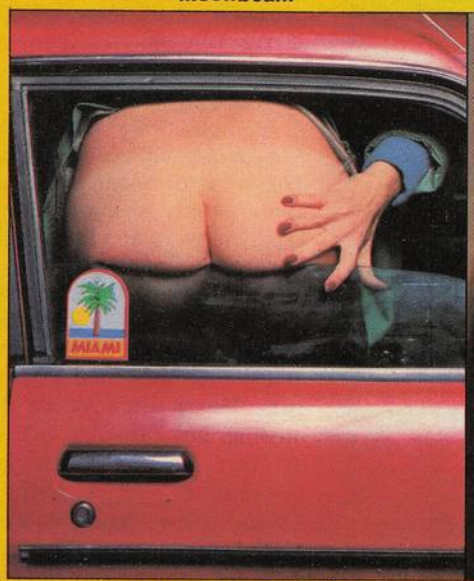


Moonbeam

Dark side of the moon



Moon-struck



Moon over Miami

Many moons

breathless; and chic unisex accessories such as sponges, brushes, detergent and towels —all musts for the would-be inhabitant of the 21st Century.

The purpose of the outfit is to protect the owner from minute radioactive particles until he reaches a fallout shelter. Once safely inside, he uses the detergent to cleanse his body, and the suit is returned to its durable tubular storage container to await future catastrophes. The inventor of the kit, California physicist/entrepreneur Marlin J. Ebert, believes that his product is necessary because of the clear and present danger of radiation poisoning from industrial accidents, nuclear testing and war. Ebert is most concerned with the Chinese, who, he says, are, nuclear explosionwise, "coming on like gangbusters."

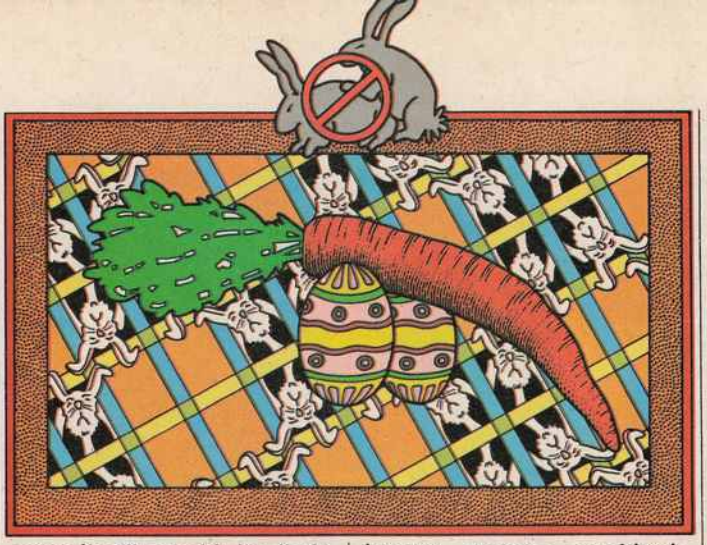
The entire kit costs $22.50 —from Radiation Protection Corporation, Box 299, Livermore, California 94550—and includes an instruction manual offering the following advice about radioactive contamination: "Don't eat it. Don't breathe it. Don't let it get on your body. Put distance or mass between you and it as fast as possible."

Feel better? It doesn't really matter.

Abstinence makes sociologists ponder

Science has finally solved the baffling riddle, "Is there sex after marriage?" The answer is an emphatic "Sometimes." A recent study of young married couples has revealed that one third of the couples had stopped all sexual activity for periods that averaged eight months—an awful lot of headaches, hard days at the office and soft nights at home.

The two sociologists who wrote the *American Journal of Psychiatry* study were rather disappointed. They had expected that "marital intercourse . . . the only form of sexual behavior . . . universally

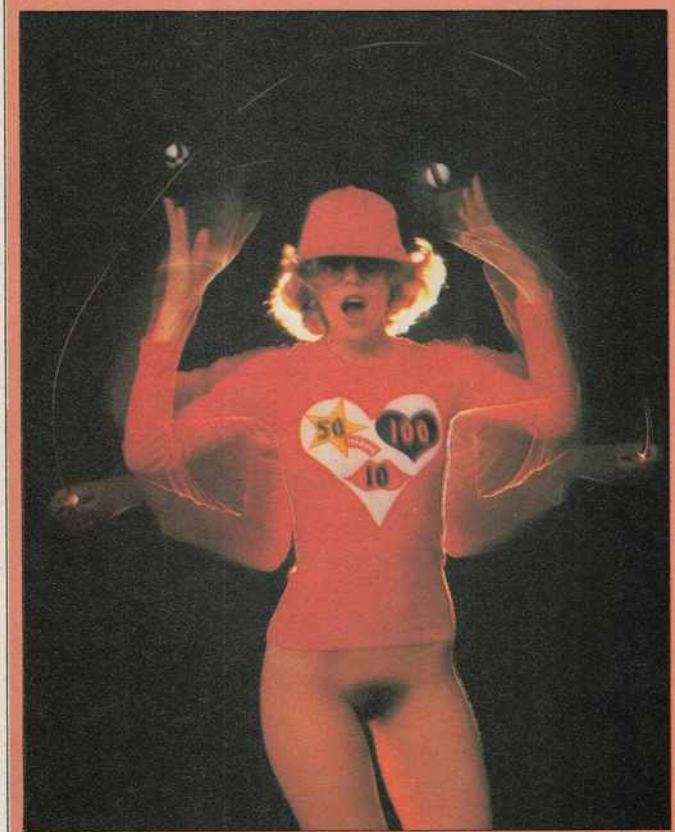


prescribed" would be "relatively nonproblematic and very frequent in occurrence." But even the randiest of nonabstaining respondents, 18 to 24 years old, averaged only three times a week, a figure "far below any theoretical limits."

Marital discord headed the list of reasons for "cessation of coitus." Other explanations, in order of popularity, were illness, decreased sexual interest, surgery, psychiatric impairment, menstruation, the nuisance of birth-control procedures and separation. Husbands were found to have been affected by such common background variables as "recent emigration from Europe, being non-Catholic and current lack of employment of the wife." The wives were pressured by conditions of the marriage itself—male domination, decrease in affection, threats to leave home. Both men and women were equally turned off by lack of privacy.

Be sure to tune in next month, when we probe that enigmatic conundrum, "Is there sex after lunch?" The answer may surprise you.

Introducing body ball



Games are getting more intimate these days. Terrific Co., a San Francisco clothing manufacturer, offers this scoreboard shirt with two stick-'em Velcro balls. They can be thrown at the shirt and are able to stick without bruising. Points count double when the wearer's chest is double that shown here.

Hey, isn't that...

Crushed by his removal from the world scene, our former Secretary of State suffered an irreversible breakdown. He was quietly shipped off to a home for fallen diplomats run by Franciscan monks in Belgium. A commemorative stamp shows him happily performing small tasks to help pay his keep. When restless, he shuttles back and forth on the local streetcar. One conductor described him as "cheerful and talkative, but he always forgets to bring change." —RIA OLSEN

The nude ape

A contemporary sequel to *King Kong* will occur inside a Tokyo hotel room when an ape attempts to mate with a Japanese woman. Oliver, seven, a native of the Congo, is less like an ape than an ape-person, having 47 chromosomes, one more than humans, one less than regular apes. He is often called the missing link, though not to his face. Besides furthering the cause of science, Oliver's owner, New York lawyer Mike Miller, intends to gratify the Japanese public's inflated yen for bestiality and to allay his Oliver's cosmic horniness

High Tar No Longer Essential To Taste.

Tests prove low tar MERIT delivers flavor of higher tar cigarettes.

For years, it seemed the only way to get *real* taste from a cigarette was to smoke a high tar brand.

High tar cigarettes had an "exclusive" on taste.

Today, all the standards are changing because of a new taste breakthrough called 'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco.

MERIT is packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. *Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke and proven to deliver flavor way out of proportion to tar.*

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Test Data Conclusive

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes. Thousands of smokers were involved.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. A real challenge to high tar cigarettes.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

In a car, we let our imagination go.

First patent on dial-in-door provided technological breakthrough for more compact units.

First Mike System™ CB that works through car radios for better performance and standby.

First mass produced auto tape player started the car stereo business.

First 8-track with radio started trend toward combination units.

First Graphic Equalizer Booster for car radios gives home quality in the car.

First automatic reverse for cassette tape players allows continuous play.

After thirty years of making car entertainment systems, we've come to understand something. Cars.

Cars are different than houses. The technology involved in designing sound equipment for automobiles is different from that used in home units.

Understanding that difference has helped to set us apart from all other manufacturers. And, it has helped us come up with most of the best ideas in car entertainment over the years.

Today, we're still coming up with the best ideas, like the Mike System™ CB and the Graphic Equalizer Booster.

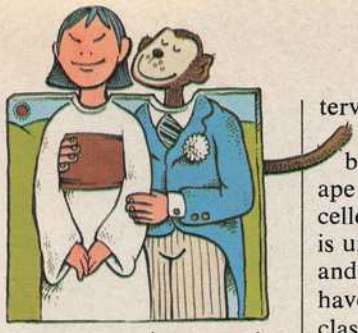
The Mike System™ CB is the first and only remote controlled CB that works through your present car radio speakers. This means better quality sound. It also has a standby feature that lets you listen to your radio while waiting for a CB break. All the controls are integral to the superbly designed hand mike which is detachable. The remote transceiver mounts out of sight anywhere in the car. And the bottom line is a high performance, unique CB system that is virtually theft proof.

The Graphic Equalizer Booster is another first and only from us. Its purpose in your life is to put home quality stereo sound in your car. Combined with Clarion speakers and in-dash combination radio and tape players, the performance is remarkably live. The booster boosts the power to 30 watts RMS. The graphic equalizer features five separate tone controls through all ranges for whatever pleases your ears.

The Mike System™ CB and the Graphic Equalizer Booster offer further proof of what a lot of people have known all along. And others are coming to realize. You can't get the same performance or the same unique features from anyone other than Clarion. Because nobody knows more about car entertainment than Clarion.

CLARION
The Car Entertainment Company

5500 Rosecrans Ave., Lawndale, Calif. 90260
(213) 973-1100 · TELEX: CLARION LSA 66-4447



as a one-organism species.

Oliver will sock all 47 chromosomes to 19-year-old Hiroko, a would-be actress now working in a raw-fish restaurant. Hiroko, who is motivated by the prospect of fame and money, expects her participation in the experiment to bring offers for film parts.

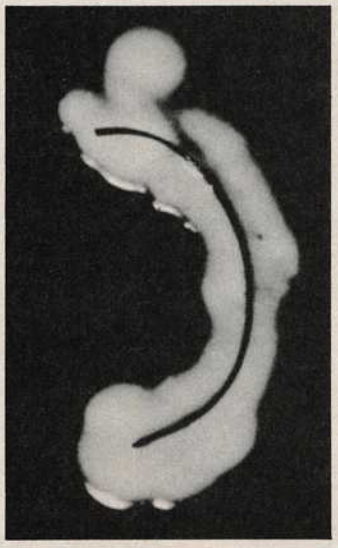
A Tokyo gynecologist interviewed by a women's magazine believes that sex between a woman and an ape is possible—and often excellent—but that conception is unlikely. Just in case Oliver and Hiroko do get lucky, they have enrolled in Lamaze classes and don't really care whether their baby is a Sony or a gorilla.

Goodbye, honeymoon cystitis

The object pictured at right is a magnified pubic hair. Not a dirty, filthy pubic hair. Just an ordinary, average pubic hair —covered with filthy bacteria.

You see, recent urologic studies have implicated bacteria (*E. coli*, *Bacteroides*, etc.) carried on pubic hair as a cause of bladder infection—so-called honeymoon cystitis, because of its usual occurrence at a period of peak sexual intercourse—in women.

The easiest way to avoid the condition is to shave the pubic region, as women do in the Middle East. It is not likely, though, that pubic-hair shaving will catch on in the West as a viable prophylactic in the prevention of painful bladder infections. But, if it does, we suggest you invest in merkin futures.

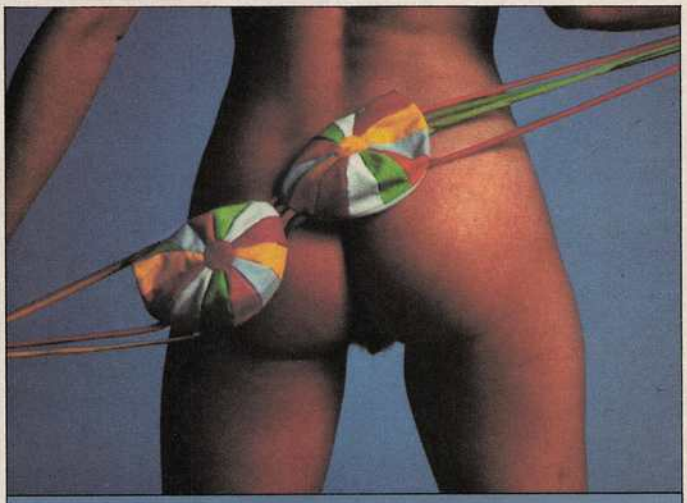


Monkeys generally provide the best live-sex show at the zoo, scratching and yanking at their privates with an enthusiasm rarely seen outside of a major-league baseball park. But it's apparent that, in Cleveland, Ohio, birds of a feather do more than flock together. Polly may still want a cracker, but it looks as if she'll settle for nuts.

The cane scrutiny

Why a cane? For elegance. For protection. To take pressure off the bum knee. As a flask, a pool cue, a sword. So people will ask you Why a cane?

The canes, walking sticks and hiking staffs in the Walking Stick catalog (Box 502, Malone, N.Y. 12953) have shanks of maple, walnut, ebony, chestnut, hazelwood, ash, mahogany, aluminum and lucite. Caps and handles are hooked, T-shaped, derby-shaped, looped; resemble lions, flamingos, shovel handles; are made of brass, silver, gold and ivory. The sticks bear raffish names like Caballero, Rogue, Mississippi Gambler, Soldier of Fortune. Prices run from eight dollars for The Madison, an unadorned curl of ash, walnut or mahogany, to $95 for a maple sword cane concealing a lethal yard of gleaming Sheffield steel. All canes are 36 inches long. For those of you who live in our teeming inner cities, each order includes a booklet titled "Self-Defense with a Walking Stick," so that when you're attacked, you'll know the correct way to raise cane.



MERCI

Goodbye snowballs, hello beachballs and other things we can play with on the sand. And all you girls out there, if you're drinking beer on the beach, be careful not to get sand in your Schlitz. Our graciously restrained thanks and a self-explanatory check to the following editorial contributors: Balazs Imre Bodai, John Calendo, Theodore Fischer, Gay Haubner, Gerrit Huig, Thomas J. Kane III, Ria Olsen, Suzy Patterson, Patei Pullos (when her Italian jeans wear out, we're having them bronzed) and David Sarasohn. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Ken Frantz; mixed bag and body ball, Bill Frantz; June moons, George Kenton; statuetory rape, Katherine Young; power showers, Ken Frantz; H-bomb boutique, Radiation Protection Corp.; cane scrutiny, The Walking Stick; honeymoon cystitis, Bodai and Kane. Art credits: movie ratings, Donald Yoshida; take my husband, Wendy Mansfield; beat me, Kathy Geyer; abstinence and sociologists, Dick Daniels; nude ape, Rick Rogers. And that, for this month, is that, dear readers.

Robert Blake doesn't mince words.

True to form, the star of *Baretta* and STP commercials remains his usual, badass self in the June *Playboy Interview*. Blake tears into mediocrity on TV, Universal Studios and ends up fingering just about every target in sight. Then there's a penetrating profile of Freddie Prinze, the man-child who went too far, too fast. November centerfold , C.B.er Patti McGuire, just lets things fall into her lap, so now she's the 1977 Playmate of the Year. Her 12-page pictorial is certain to get a big ten-four from all her good buddies coast to coast. Plus, Ilie Nastase close up, in a revealing look at the nastiest pro in the nasty business of pro tennis. The June PLAYBOY: a cover-to-cover treasure chest of good looks and good reading. It's at your supermarket, convenience store or drugstore now.

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SEX TAPES

UNUSUAL EROGENOUS ZONES

An erogenous zone is commonly defined as any part of the body that responds to sexual stimulus. The lips, genitals and breasts are generally accepted as erogenous zones in most people. We asked a number of men and women to tell us if they had any unusual erogenous zones, any secret places that are especially sensitive to touch. We discovered, as one respondent put it, that the entire body is an erogenous zone. In answer to our questions, various people listed everything from temples to toes as a secret, sexy turn-on. Our respondents' collective advice: Keep on exploring.

Irene O., 27, teacher: There's an area right at the base of my spine that's like a magic button. I can't come unless my lover presses it hard while we're making love, yet I'm always embarrassed about telling a new lover where it is. Isn't that foolish?

Esther M., 23, actress: Todd and I lived together for a year before we discovered that we both have the same secret erogenous zone: our feet. There is a minor difference: He likes to have the soles of his feet massaged, but I prefer having my toes sucked, especially the big toe on my right foot.

The first time we got around to playing footsie was one afternoon just after we'd taken a bath together. I knew that Todd wanted to make love, but I was tired of doing everything in the same old fashion—you know, kiss, hug, stroke, eat each other out a little, then fuck. I wanted to try something new, so I challenged him to a wrestling match. That ended pretty quickly when he pinned my arm beneath my back. Then we began tickling each other, and by chance I discovered that his feet are extremely sensitive. He could hardly bear to have them touched.

I was intrigued. I made him lie down and then I began massaging one of his ankles, gradually working my way down over the heel to the sole of his foot. As I dug my thumbs into his arch, I heard him groan and saw that he was clutching the mattress. "Does it hurt?" I asked him. "Oh, no," he answered, "it feels so good I can hardly stand it." As I continued to rub his foot, he relaxed a little, and then I decided to suck on his big toe as if it were a cock. As soon as my lips touched his toe, Todd gave such a violent jerk that I thought he was going to kick my teeth out.

After he calmed down, I noticed that his cock was sticking straight up in the air. "Hey, come here," he said. "Turnabout is fair play," and he motioned for me to give him one of my feet, which I did. We were lying side by side now, with our feet near each other's head. Todd began to suck my toes and I immediately understood why he'd been clutching at the mattress a moment before. Hell, I was *clawing* at the mattress, not to mention laughing and crying and moaning all at once. The sensation was absolutely fantastic—and almost unbearable. When Todd's wet mouth closed softly over my toes, it was first of all like that indescribably delicious feeling a barefoot kid experiences who steps in mud, and then it quickly changed into the feeling I experienced the first time a man went down on me. Needless to say, I was soon feeling as sexy as Todd, and neither of us wanted to stick with playing footsie any longer. I gave his toe one last nip and then I climbed aboard his cock. I don't remember it ever feeling quite that big and hard. I came within minutes and then we rolled over and fucked some more. All in all, it was quite a revelatory experience.

"He could hardly bear to have them touched."

Daniel D., 30, motorcycle mechanic: My ears. Definitely. I think I could come if a girl were to tickle and nuzzle and lick at my ears for a long enough period of time.

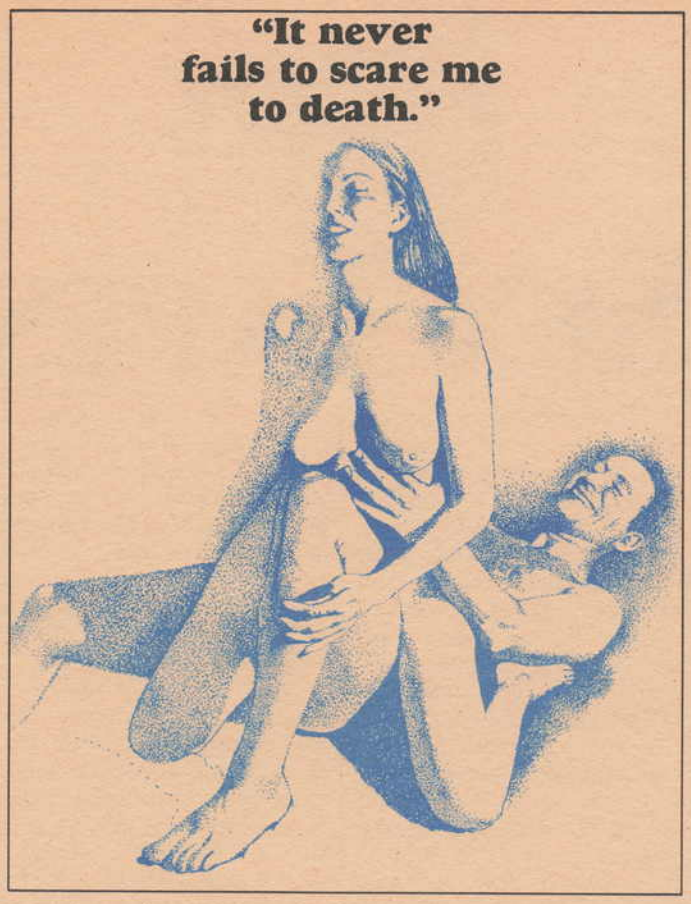
Harry T., 18, high school student: I'm embarrassed to admit this, but my strangest erogenous zone has to be my armpit. I once had a girlfriend who was as prissy as hell in the classroom but who turned into a sexual wildcat after watching me play basketball. At first I thought that Jan was just a jock groupie, but one night she confided that I had just about the sexiest armpits she had ever sniffed. As you might imagine, at first I thought she was a little perverted, but what the hell, willing pussy is hard

to come by in high school. If Jan wanted to nuzzle my armpits I didn't care, as long as she let me nuzzle her pussy. It wasn't long before I discovered that armpits are sexy, because the first time Jan stuck her mouth into one of mine I just about went through the roof. She liked to bite and tickle and rub and lick, and it wasn't long before I turned into just as devoted an armpit admirer as she was. But then she moved away, and every new girl I meet thinks I'm really sick when I mention armpits. Too bad.

Mark H., 33, lawyer: I just dissolve when I meet a girl who knows how to massage my temples. My ex-wife was good at that; in fact, it was probably the reason we stayed together two years longer than we should have. Her fingers were like magic—cool and strong; they seemed to know instinctively just where to linger. I suffer from occasional tension headaches; sometimes they'll go on for days and sex will be the last thing on my mind. I remember even now how Ann's gifted fingers used to ease away the pain. The resultant relief always brought such a wave of euphoria that I'd get an immediate hard-on. Unfortunately Ann wasn't always prepared to deal with that, and then the headache would start all over again. I just hope that one of these days I find a woman who has magic fingers and a pussy to match. I would marry her in a minute. Honest.

Marshall G., 25, computer salesman: I don't know if there are many other women like my girl Sue, but Sue can actually get off on my thighs. She gets so carried away that I've come to see my thighs as erotic, too.

We've fallen into a fairly standard pattern of lovemaking. I'll be lying in bed reading and she'll come in stark naked—though recently she's taken to wearing a short negligee that's open down the front. Sue loves to tease. I usually keep on reading for a while and then Sue will begin stroking my thighs. She has a



way of running her long fingernails lightly up to my crotch that never fails to make me hard. Then the muscles in my thighs start twitching. That's the part Sue likes. She says that my thighs get their own hard-ons; meaning, I guess, that the muscles get taut and tend to stand out a little. I'll bring a knee up and Sue will straddle my thigh with her sweet little ass facing me and then begin riding hell for leather.

If you've ever had a juicy pussy spread open and rubbing on your thigh, then you'll understand why I have to close my eyes and concentrate on anything—the Pope, my grandmother, sports scores—anything but sex or Sue, or else I'd come in a minute. Sometimes I play with her ass cheeks, but when she gets close to coming, I just hang onto her hips, because she once got so carried away she fell off onto the floor. (Nothing ruins sex so fast as a bruised partner, as you might imagine.)

Anyway, Sue will be bouncing around, arching her back and rubbing her clit against me so hard that I wonder how she can stand it. I swear, I can actually feel her clit swell up against my flexed thigh muscle, and then she begins to tremble in earnest. It's about then that I like to worm my finger into her little asshole, because that really drives her crazy. I've never seen a girl come like Sue, either. She gets as stiff as a board for a long minute and then she collapses forward as if shot in the back. It never fails to scare me to death.

After a few minutes, Sue will turn around, sit on my pole and proceed to do the same bouncing-around act, only this time I get to play with her tits, and this time I allow myself to orgasm along with her. On occasion, Sue wants to start the whole business over again. I don't mind. Let me tell you, a thigh is a lot easier to keep hard than a cock.

Jim E., 24, free-lance writer: A couple of weeks ago I discovered an erogenous zone I didn't even know I had: my fingers. Before I met Rosemary, I thought that fingers were what you explored an erogenous zone *with*; I didn't realize that they could be sexy just in themselves. But, as I said, that was before I met Rosemary.

Rosemary is a few years older than I—she wouldn't say exactly how many—and I met her in a used-book store. It turned out that we shared an interest in mystery stories of the Thirties, and we got to talking and walking and somehow ended up back in my apartment toward the end of the afternoon. I'm not shy socially, but sexually I'm terrified of rejection, and with Rosemary I was even more so than usual. She'd tease me with questions about my sex life and then, just as I was about to kiss her, she'd veer off into a scholarly discourse on the role of women in the Middle Ages, or some such topic. It was maddening. I couldn't tell if she wanted to be my teacher, lover, mother or what.

I began fiddling with a cigarette, and then suddenly I noticed that Rosemary was staring at my fingers. I stared at them, too, but I didn't see anything out of the ordinary; they weren't even particularly dirty, so far as I could tell. I put the cigarette out and Rosemary reached over, took hold of my hand and said, "Have you ever had a hand job?" I froze. Was I hearing correctly? Rosemary grinned. I decided to wing it.

"No," I answered. "Are you going to give me one?"

"Sure," she said, and that was all she said for a long, long time.

She began by kissing my palm. Her tongue darted out and tickled the center. I jumped. An electric impulse went right up my fingers and arm and down my body to my cock. I felt a warm buzz begin in my balls, and Rosemary was only ten seconds into her hand job. Then she took my hand in both of hers and began massaging it expertly, beginning with the palm and then moving on to each finger in turn. After a few minutes of that, my whole hand was tingling. I leaned back, closed my eyes and let my feelings take over. I was aware that my heart was beating faster and that

my cock was rapidly growing bigger and harder. Then I felt Rosemary's mouth close around my index finger and slide all the way down to my knuckles. Jesus! It was wet, warm and incredibly sensual. She sucked on my finger and massaged it with her tongue. Visions of her doing the same thing to my cock rose in my mind, and I couldn't help reaching my other hand down to the bulge in my pants. Up and down bobbed her head and all the while she continued to massage my palm with her thumbs. I had never felt anything so erotic in all my life.

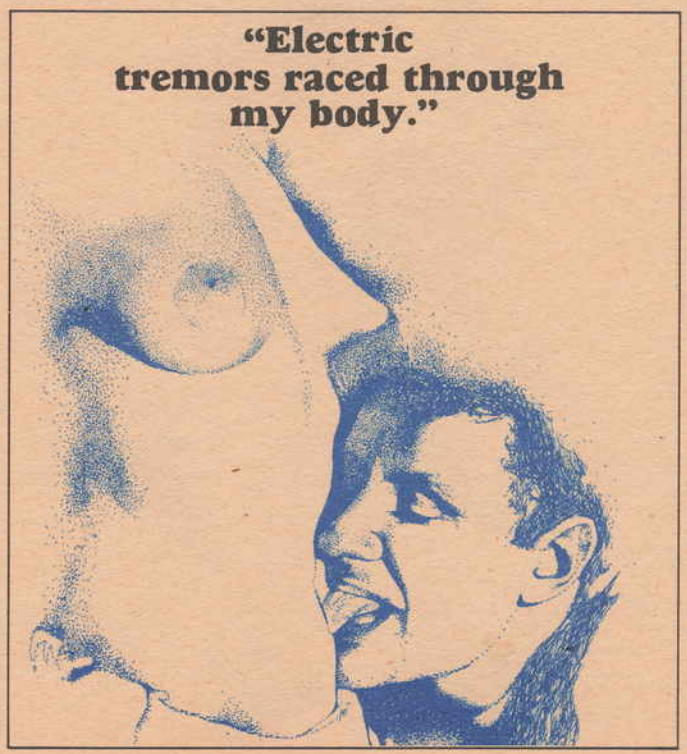
Finally she let go of my index finger, but only to begin licking and sucking each of the other fingers in turn. I discovered that the little webbing between each finger is almost as sensitive as the palm, especially if it's being tickled by a wetly inquisitive tongue. By the time Rosemary finished with each finger of my right hand, I was slumped down on the couch like a blob of jelly, except for this raging pole of lust I was covering—well, stroking—with my left hand. My eyes were still closed, which is probably why I was so shocked at the next thing Rosemary did: She brought my still-tingling hand up and placed it on her naked, warm breast. I almost came in my pants right then and there. Somewhere along the way she'd taken off her top, but I hadn't noticed when. With my hand still on her breast, she leaned over and whispered, "Like your hand job?" I could only nod weakly.

The rest of that afternoon passed in a blur of sensations. Let me say only that her mouth was as gifted elsewhere as it was on my fingers. Rosemary never came back after that day, but I find I'm spending a lot of time in that used-book store, hoping.

Jenny A., 19, student: I've never told anybody this before, but I have an incredibly erotic belly button. I seem to remember having sexy feelings there ever since I was a baby. In any case, I recall that when I was a little girl, my older brother used to tickle me in and around my navel and I'd practically pass out from the sensations. Then there were a number of years when nobody touched my navel but me. When I was 14, I discovered that I could make myself come by massaging my navel with one hand and my clitoris with the other. I was sure that I was the only one in the world to have discovered such a thing.

I was a virgin all through high school. The guys I knew then were so silly. They were forever ramming their tongue down my throat or blowing in my ear or grabbing at my boobs or trying to get their hands between my legs, and they could never understand why none of their tactics worked. Not one of them ever discovered my erotic belly button. Then I went to college and met Peter.

It was a hot fall day and I was lying out on the dorm lawn in a secluded area getting some sun. Suddenly I sensed a shadow over me, and before I could open my eyes I felt a cool drop of liquid go plop into my navel. I jumped up and there was this curly-haired fellow grinning at me. He held my bottle of suntan lotion in his hand. "Hey," he said, "you're letting it all run out," and he reached down with his finger and caught the trickle of oil that was running down my tummy. Goose bumps popped out as he touched me, even though it was 80 degrees. I stared at him. He stared back. I swear, it was just like in the movies. The electricity between us was immediate and overwhelming. Peter continued to rub my tummy as I felt my knees begin to buckle. Then he did an even more incredible thing. He leaned over sideways and licked at my navel. Electric tremors raced through my body. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there—for a couple of minutes, anyway. Then Peter was undoing my top and kissing me everywhere. Meanwhile, I discovered that my whole body had turned into one enormous erogenous zone. My nipples were on fire, my legs were trembling and I could even feel my pussy twitching involuntarily. I slid down to the blanket and let him do what he wanted. What he wanted was to kiss and lick and suck at my pussy until I came. In all my years of masturbation I never felt an orgasm as powerful as that one. Then he slowly slid into me and introduced me to the myriad joys of fucking. It didn't hurt at all; in fact, it felt terrific!



I can tell you one thing: I'm glad I waited for the right guy to come along. I don't know what I'll do when the summer comes and Peter goes home to his folks. Kill myself, probably.

Marsha P., 26, photographer's assistant: There's really only one erogenous zone, male or female, and that's the brain. Any part of the body feels sexy if you merely will it to feel sexy; all it takes is the right frame of mind, patience and a little exploring. When I'm feeling sexually aroused, a light touch on the back of my knees or on the nape of my neck gives me goose bumps all over and makes me wet. On the other hand, if I'm tired and sleepy, a guy with the most talented tongue in the world could go down on me and I would only feel irritated.

Carole H., 25, bank teller: I really dig men's asses. Most men I meet aren't particularly aware that their fannies are erogenous, but by the time I finish with a guy he knows that his ass is one hell of a sensitive area. I can spend hours playing with my boyfriend's ass and never tire of nuzzling the soft little hairs that cover his cheeks. I like to massage them and lick them and bite them and sometimes even spank them—just enough to make his ass a little tender, so that licking it will feel even more erotic. What really drives my boyfriend crazy, however, is when I work a couple of fingers into his anus while we're screwing. When we first started going together, it took him a hell of a long time to reach orgasm. I usually come in ten to 15 minutes, but he seemed to take hours, and by the time he was ready to ejaculate, I was exhausted and sore. Then I began massaging his anus and discovered that a finger or two up there was a sure-fire way to an immediate orgasm. He's now gotten so attuned to the sexy feelings in his ass that if I pat him on it in the bus or subway, he never fails to sprout an erection. And that makes me feel very sexy. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

"Sex Tape Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Sex at the office

In the March *Tapes* on office sex, Elizabeth R. describes a guy named Frank who brags about going down on women; it turns out that he can't stand the idea and he practically throws up or something. I've been meeting variations of that guy now for about ten years, and I have a bit of advice for all you fellows: If you don't like cunnilingus, fine. Don't even try. There's nothing worse than trying to have sex with a guy who doesn't enjoy what he's doing. One more thing: Don't expect me to go down on you, either.

DIANA T.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I have this to say to old Frank: Show me a man who doesn't go down on his wife and I'll show you a woman I can have.

ALAN S.
Mount Vernon, New York

I don't understand all the fuss about cunnilingus. The only women who really like it are those who can't come any other way.

JACK W.
Tucson, Arizona

The "Office Sex" *Tapes* really turned me on. I spend most of my day typing for an office of lawyers, and the only thing that saves me from mindless boredom is my sexual fantasies. I've developed the ability to disassociate my mind from the printed page I'm typing and think instead about the feel of a hand on my breast or a tongue in my ear.

My favorite fantasy is one in which I imagine that I'm in the office of some big, important executive—the kind of guy that William Holden played in the movie *Network*. I'm sitting on a chair about to take dictation, but he motions me to come over and sit on his lap. My heart starts to beat faster in anticipation, and I sit down rather primly on his knees. He holds my face in his hands and begins to kiss me very gently and I find myself melting into his chest. He tells me that he's been watching me for months but that he never dreamed I'd be willing to return his advances. I respond by kissing him even more passionately. His hands start to slide up and down my body, and I begin to get nervous that someone might walk in and catch us together. I try to get up, but he pulls me back down on his lap, roughly this time. His hands become more demanding; they're reaching under my sweater and unzipping my skirt. I feel the hardness of his member pressing against my thigh. My heart is in my throat, my legs are squirming and my right breast twitches involuntarily. All of a sudden he picks me up and carries me over to the couch. He tears off my clothes and drops his pants. His cock sticks straight out; it's the biggest one I've ever seen, and its purple tip looms above me menacingly. I close my eyes and wait to be taken. And then—and I swear this happens every fucking time at this point—my lawyer boss calls out and asks me to get him some coffee or sharpen his pencils or something. It never fails. After that I have to start the whole fantasy over again.

LILIAN B.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I work in an insurance office, and although office romances are frowned on, they aren't strictly forbidden—at least if you make an effort to keep them discreet. Part of the reason I took this job was that I noticed that there were a lot of agents in and out of the office all the time; but I was here for six months before I found one who wanted to take me out. That's not counting a couple of propositions I got from the married guys; however, I live at home and they were too cheap to pop for nooners in hotel rooms.

John, on the other hand, has a van. He's not married and he still lives with his parents. He's trying to save money to pay off his college loans; at least, that's what he tells me when he's explaining why he can't afford to take me to the movies. But John doesn't stint at all when it comes to his van. It has a stereo, a refrigerator full of beer and a makeshift bed with a fur comforter.

Because we live in the same suburb, the fact that John gives me a ride home every night is ignored by most of the office gossips. We're pretty careful about how we act in the presence of our co-workers. They'd probably keel over if they *(Continued on page 132)*

Illustrations by Leon Tadrick

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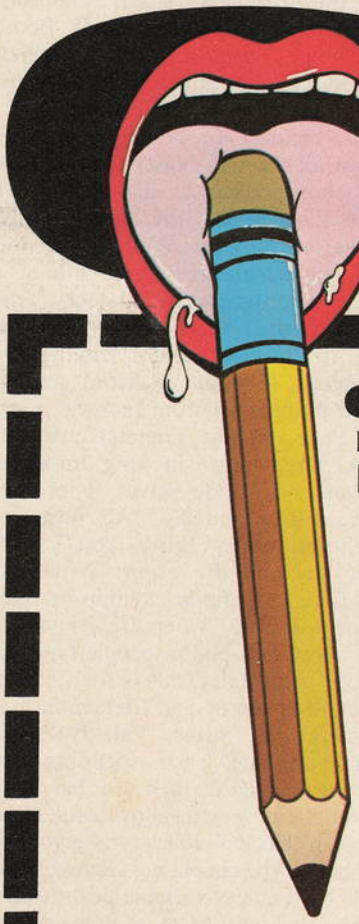

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REVUE

Mano's *Nasty Habits*: power on top

Watergate was a fertility rite. I mean, no woman, no matter how imaginative, ever thought of transferring her secret erotic hopes to Richard Nixon. They would've come back *laundered*, for gosh sake. We, his fallow Americans, had as much trouble picturing Nixon in bed as we might have had picturing grandpa and grandma: a couple of broken hips, maybe, but sperm count zero. Nixon would've passed out the Cheez-its at an orgy. Somehow Julie and Tricia couldn't refute this prejudice. They were real enough, yes, but we all thought (didn't we?) that Pat had backed into an artificial-insemination man at the Kansas Convention of Veterinary Republicans. Remember when that foreign bint said she had R.M.N.'s love mail? It wasn't scandalous; it was unbelievable. By contrast, Jimmy Carter's *Playboy* gaffe (in his heart, you know he lusts) became a gaff rather, driven into and under sensitive female gills. Note that Woodstein-Bernward called their garage man Deep Throat. Exposé, probe, it was an unconscious sexual challenge; betcha mine hooks more to the left than yours. And Nixon flunked—or seemed to. He had no passion. Now the impotent Fisher King is dead and rich crops grow in our land again.

PREVUE: *Brutti, Sporchi e Cattivi* (Terrible, Filthy and Wicked) is an uproariously funny Italian comedy that will scare the shit out of you. The uncompromising director, Ettore Scola, has drawn a horrible picture of the vicious life led in the lowest depths of Rome's shantytown. The word slum conjures up too solid and secure an image to honestly depict the physical misery in which these people live. I say physical misery, for it is by no means clear that they suffer any deep spiritual misery; the spirit seems so blighted by the sloth, greed and rage of poverty that the people survive with the only weapon left to them: outrageous visceral humor. Nino Manfredi, the only professional actor in a brilliant cast of derelicts, is the father of a vast family of hungry louts, tarts and cripples living on top of one another in one small tin hovel. The ludicrous irony of their situation lies in the fortune in cash that Manfredi has acquired from an insurance company for having lost one eye. He guards it with a shotgun, which he is by no means unprepared to fire at any thieving member of the family who tries to get it away from him. They, in turn, are quite prepared to kill him for it. Scola bares emotions that we are afraid to acknowledge as our own. He makes us laugh and then grabs us by the throat and rams that laughter down our own gullets. Imagine Samuel Beckett rewritten by Rabelais and then handed over to Dante for location work and you have something of the flavor of this marvelous film.

—JACK ALTMAN

It has always been the snide perception of the Beautiful People that power, military or political, is a code sign for repressed raunch. (Never sublimated: repressed. Sublimate sounds positive.) Hitler with a second testicle would have overrun *Fräuleins*, not Poland. This Beautiful Perception covers middle-class Christian morality as well. A Patton or a Haldeman or a Billy Graham may appear admirable, but at three A.M., they dress up in L'eggs, smear themselves with Alpo and seduce small Pomeranian dogs. Their valor, their achievement, is contemptible. They have only the courage of their perversions.

This box-top Freudian diagnosis is implicit all through **Nasty Habits.** Imagine Richard Nixon as a woman. After you've cleaned up the floor, imagine him as an abbess. Well, right there we've got establishmentarian ethics, repressed sex, transvestism. Heck, most nuns cut their hair to a Haldeman Harvard Business School length. Also, the abbess (Glenda Jackson) and her blessed plumbers (Anne Jackson, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis) are quite moral. They bathe in long underwear (so that their nude selves, I presume, won't wink up and say, "Ah, now we're alone, you pretty thing, you."). They honor law and the order: What more conclusive psychotic symptom could anyone ask for? *Nasty Habits* will tell more about anti-Nixon people (and their favorite grim fairy tales) than it'll tell about the Shade of San Clemente.

Meanwhile, Sister Felicity (Susan Penhaligon) has been spending more time on her back than on her knees. Sister Felicity is a free-love radical who means, if elected abbess, to give every nun her own chaplain. Glenda, taken aback by Felicity's theological McGovernism, will authorize a break-in, will bug statues, paintings and even whole

orchards. We're supposed to root for Felicity. But why? Why, because Glenda wins, landsliding; because order and discipline and authority aren't modish. You see, those small-change abuses of power didn't destroy Nixon—who could care less about his dime-store cover-up?—it was the fact that he so obviously *enjoyed* his legitimate power. Boorish: like swamping canoes with your speedboat. Of course—and this is the gross irony—liberals since F.D.R. have been increasing governmental power the way a male and a female fruit fly would increase after 15 generations. They just pretend not to enjoy it, as rich liberal campaign contributors simply loathe the money they've been cursed with.

Yet the film glints: a sun-shot windshield. Its cast is stronger than insulin shock. Take Sandy Dennis' comic plumber. She looks the way swine flu sounds: each ear the shape of a cornbread heel, gums that have receded farther than low tide at Jones Beach, leaving her teeth tall, bare as wharf piles. And Anne Meara is, yes, Gerald Ford. She coaches the Nun All-American Football Squad. (Ford wasn't a fertility god, but you felt he could do it, once he found it.) Jerry Stiller, Eli Wallach, Edith Evans and—and—and—Glenda. For talent, G. J. is the universal donor. She can't be miscast. She could play Sun Myung Moon as a Korean ingénue. Supreme.

But there's a kicker in all this. Recently I went back to Columbia University, my alma persona (don't accuse me of sexism). I asked an attractive coed about sexual trends on campus. "Crummy," she said. "Everyone has so much respect for me as an individual, they won't screw me." If power, by definition, is evidence of perverted sex, then unperverted sex should occur in a power vacuum. Yet impositions are necessary. Sex is an assertive act. Hell, somebody has to get on top of somebody else. And up there, male or female, we're all Richard Nixon. In power. Enjoying it.

—D. KEITH MANO

Limey literary lunacy

In "The Hell at Pooh Corners," one of 31 hilarious essays in Alan Coren's **Golfing for Cats** (St. Martin's), a gin-swilling Pooh, suffering from terminal moth, bemoans the fact that A. A. Milne forced him to spend the Roaring Twenties ("Jazz, short skirts . . . angels dancing at the Ritz . . . excitement, sex, fun, Frazer-Nash two-seaters," he sighs) "hanging around Piglet and passing my wild evenings in the heady company of Eeyore. . . . Why didn't Fitzgerald write *Gatsby Meets a Heffalump* and Milne *The Great Pooh*?" Anglophiles will be delighted with this book, for Coren's is the epitome of the British wit: dry,

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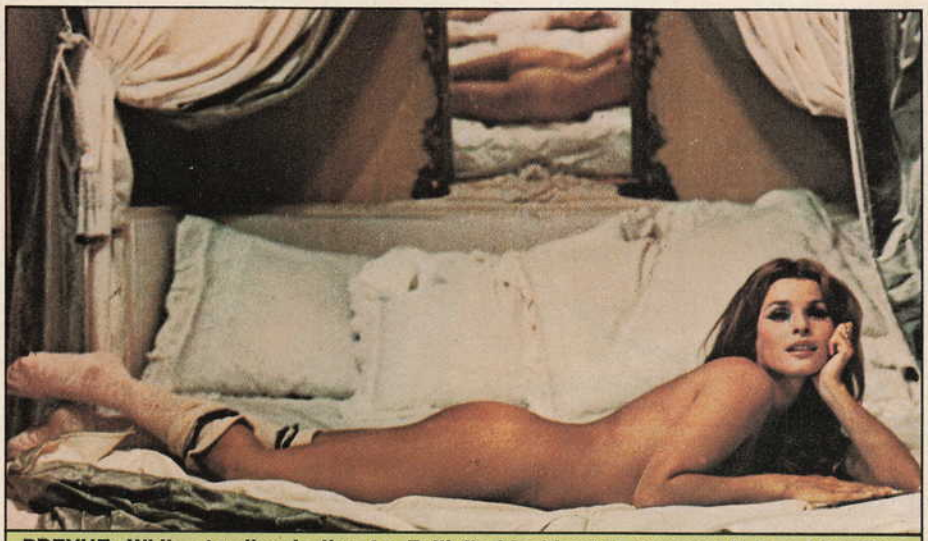

PREVUE: While standing in line for Fellini's blockbuster, you could do a lot worse than see Luigi Comencini's *The Adolescence of Casanova*, which is limited to the great lover's early life in Venice. He offers a marvelously realistic picture of 18th Century Venice, its affectations and miseries, and the sheer silliness and cruelty of overcivilized, aristocratic barbarians exploiting the servility of a totally unaroused rabble (from which Casanova came). We see how Casanova's father is butchered to death by a dilettante noble surgeon trying to cure an ear infection for the amusement of fine friends, and how Casanova's ambitions to make a career in the church as a spellbinding preacher are thwarted by the corruption of venal priests and horny nuns. One of the latter, still in her novitiate, tries to entrap him in marriage, and he plumps for the temperamentally more appropriate life of the libertine. Comencini's light touch is a pure delight; and so is the sureness of his taste. He has found the pastels of Venetian life and left the primary colors to Federico. —J. A.

urbane, elitist and barely escaping lunacy. He is also a genius of literary styles, aping everyone from George Orwell to Margaret Mitchell to Hemingway. In fact, he gives us Margaux H. in *The Sun Also Rises*! "It is not easy, the modeling," she says. "*Cojones*," says the photographer, who likes the Pentax ESII. "I like to hear the clatter. . . . I like this thing with the shutter. It is a man's noise." One of Margaux's clients has a wound "in the place of which we do not speak."

The one subject that Coren, a regular contributor to *Punch*, cannot look askance at is the growing socialism of England. He is definitely a Tory and his essays against socialized medicine, the Common Market, radical chic and the Labor party are certainly funny: "May I here and now, at this convenient juncture, say that I personally, as a long-standing member of the International Socialist brotherhood, have nothing against our dusky brethren who are doing such wonderful things in Africa, where they belong." Occasionally, however, the reader has the uncomfortable feeling that he is being lectured to on the downfall of the British Empire, a response that elicits more melancholy than laughter. But, if you can brave tirades against Boches; wop hordes; garlic-reeking, sex-mad French; non-combatant Swiss usurers; sex-crazed, Kremlin-subsidized, probably Levantine, trendy sociologists; and shaggy-locked, pimple-infested, free-loving anarchists currently engaged in what is laughingly termed further education, you will be well rewarded. Buy a smile; invest in this book. A good laugh is hard to find. —GAY HAUBNER

Rankin roll

Kenny Rankin has been called a rumor in his own time. When the 36-year-old songwriter first started getting exposure on the *Tonight* show, he still had to park cars between appearances, and, in 1969, he dropped out altogether to conquer a drug problem. Nowadays, he won't even smoke grass, because it weighs down his spiraling tenor flights. You may or may not have heard Helen Reddy's forgettable recording of *Peaceful*. That was Rankin's one hit. And just recently his marriage fell apart, because his is the life not of the gold-record star but of the working musician, which means he's on the road nine months out of the year.

Why bother, then? Because Rankin happens to be one of the jazz greats. You have to admire a guy who goes against all the punk-rock ballyhoo and says, "I like pretty music. My heroes are Johnny Mathis and Don Costa." The symphonic Costa, in fact, arranged Rankin's latest disc, **The Kenny Rankin Album** (Little David), putting the singer on a sea of lush, surging violins. With a voice that has the smooth-sailing melancholy of James Taylor, plus a capacity for jazzy

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slurs and scatty runs, Rankin is the new cool music personified.

"I'm probably a romanticist to the last degree," he confesses, with a touch of *macho* uptightness. No need to apologize. Not when he can so breezily bebop through *Haven't We Met* and *In the Name of Love*—two virtuoso numbers that he wrote and that have since become scat classics. Yet, Rankin is less a songwriter than a song reinterpreter: In his new album, he transforms material as bland as *Groovin'* and as standard as *Here's That Rainy Day* by taking it around unexpected corners and fluttering words to shake out all their jeweled connotations. His rendition of *When Sunny Gets Blue* is the prize pearl of the album.

For many listeners, Rankin's albums are superior to his live shows, which definitely lack showbiz pizzazz. Watching him perform is like sitting in on a very fluid rehearsal jam: After a number, he will confer with his backup team; in true jazz tradition, he plans his opener and his closer, but wings his in-between. Rankin's gruff stage persona—so at odds with his vocal sensitivity—often challenges the audience. To a ringside cry of "Bullshit!" (after Rankin had said, "Anyone who smiles as much as Carter can't know what's going on"), the singer replied, "Yeah, I'm bullshit. You're bullshit. But now it's my turn to make an asshole of myself."

The closest Rankin gets to a showbiz shtick is when his mustache and eyebrows go up into parallel arches as he reaches for the finer notes—not exactly the kind of stuff that wows Kiss audiences. Rankin also tends to sing with his eyes closed, his face going through all those subtle quivers that mean a musician is getting off on the sound of his own ecstasy. —JOHN CALENDO

Apologia pro musica heavy metallica

Let me preface this by saying I am not a pervert. I do not wear rubber mouse suits on subways. I have yet to fondle the tip of a Hershey Kiss. But—and this may be difficult to understand—I do (gasp) like heavy-metal music!

In fact, you might even say I'm addicted to it. Me! Who, approaching the age of 30, still wrestles with zitty 11-year-olds for the last Bob Seger album on the record rack. Me! A former schoolteacher who cannot hold a decent conversation about the new JacksonBrowneJoniMitchellCarlySimon album, because I haven't heard it!

Time to get out of the closet. I'm through hiding my entire record collection under a sheet when guests come by ("Those are my jazz albums. If they're exposed to air, they'll, uh, explode."). Never again will I wear dark glasses to a Bad Company concert for fear of being recognized by my rock-critic peers.

It's time to put an end to such snobbery. There is nothing wrong with heavy-metal music! It's not the alien life force most people think it is. As a matter of fact, if you listen closely, you might just recognize an old friend in a new set of musical threads underneath all that mascara: good old American hard rock.

Basically, the steel-plated stars of the Seventies have taken the tried-and-true sound of late Sixties hard rock and introduced a few role reversals. These days, it's the guitar that is the star of the show, not the scene-stealing lead vocalist as in days of yore. Frankly, the vocal lines in heavy metal are inconsequential. And the lyrics? Forget about rock poetics. You see, first you get the guitar riff down, then the rhythm parts; then, you stick in whatever words you can. Presto! Instant Black Sabbath, aka remedial-reading rock.

It's the unintellectual approach that has offended a hoard of post–Woodstock rock critics who have forgotten that ten years ago, when *they* were fans, most of them were guzzling Ripple at the Fillmore and praying that the two guitarists in Big Brother would play in the same key. The critics, as well as a

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great many rock patrons of the Sgt. Pepper days, have, er, matured. They have settled down into Eagles-Ronstadt territory. Rock has eluded their grasp. For rock, like Peter Pan, Raisinets and Godzilla films, is endlessly adolescent and totally alive. Heavy metal doesn't concentrate on politics, swine flu, gay lib or any other adult problem. It's a tabloid world unto itself.

The metallic droning of today is really no different from that of a decade ago. It's still a primitive release of unbridled energy. What has changed is the mood of the music. The voltage exuded by rock 1977 is a bit more, shall we say, explosive than the flower power offered circa 1967. A bit more dangerous, perhaps. Which is logical.

During the late Sixties, things were getting tough. Vietnam took live teens and transferred them into chopped chuck. Nixon practiced his goose step. Music was being nickel and dimed to death by the Woodstock barkers. Morrison was developing a gut, Joplin a habit and Hendrix a revulsion for the whole business. The magical mystery tour was ending and the people were getting restless. So were their elected representatives in the rock body politic.

Then along came a band named Led Zeppelin, which, with its first two albums, unleashed an unexpected avalanche of guitar noises. This wasn't just riff rock or hard rock, this was *different*. The guitar was way up there. And the vocals were done in a key only a dog could love. It was energetic. It was anarchistic. It was far-out. The new frenzy caught on quickly on both sides of the Atlantic. Deep Purple went from straight rock to Orthodox Cro-Magnonism in a matter of minutes. Black Sabbath decided that power chords and a touch of hedonism were one hell of a formula for life. Blue Oyster Cult invented a form of fascist rock with totally nightmarish lyricism. (Their hit single last year was titled *(Don't Fear) The Reaper*. It was a love song.)

The critics and taste makers were aghast. Aaaaah! What is this stuff? Where's my James Taylor T-shirt? This is garbage! It's crude! It's vulgar. It's (quick-gimme-my-dictionary-so-we-can-isolate-it-fast), it's heavy-metal kid stuff! In spite of the strong opposition offered by responsible writers, the bands began to gather around the new power base: Ted Nugent, Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Rush, Uriah Heep, Aerosmith, Foghat. The guitar army was assembling, and a new generation of rock fans was eager to enlist in the cause. The previous generation, the people my

age, retreated posthaste, carrying their scratched copies of *Rubber Soul* and *Blonde on Blonde* between their legs.

By 1970, the heavy-metal minority was coming into its own. But something was still missing from the formula. Something intangible but vital. A harmless lad from the Midwest, Vinnie Furnier, came up with an alter ego who not only discovered the missing element but made it commercial—which, in business terms, makes it right! A pound of lip gloss, a guillotine and a noose later, one Alice Cooper was born and, along with him, a startling school of rock theatrics. The violent undertones of chromatic cretinism were brought explicitly to the foreground. Alice's bouts with the hangman, Mr. Tooth Decay and the Devil himself made Alice the darling of the metallic minions world wide. As Furnier sees it, Alice is popular because he "is a rebellion figure. He doesn't answer to anybody." Or anything, for that matter.

And thus, from Alice, was cloned Kiss, the final Mott the Hoople and the new axiom, "If you can't kill them with music, use your hands." The audience responded to the grim goings on with theatrics of their own. Today, at most heavy-metal concerts, both sides of the stage explode with wild antics and well-aimed cherry bombs, M80s and ash cans. But, hell, if Starsky and Hutch can blow off people's heads to relax, why can't rock fans do the same for each other?

The times they are achangin', and Paul Stanley of Kiss, one of the *primo* heavy-metal deviates, admits that the basic premise of the genre is fairly *Clockwork Orange*sque. "It appeals to you on a very low level. There's a lot of animal in all of us and you're a lot healthier if you let it out with music."

Patti Smith, no slouch in the current vanguard of New York punkishness, adds: "It's no coincidence that a gun and a record are both called forty-fives."

And so, heavy metal, the offspring of the desensitized Seventies, blossoms. The Beatles' *All You Need Is Love* has collapsed under the weight of Cooper's *Raped and Freezin'*. The rock culture of this decade is not about to be Maced and clubbed in defense of Camelot. They're going to respond to harsh reality with an upraised middle finger and, if they can't do it personally 'cause mom and pop won't let 'em, then Black Sabbath's Ozzie Osborne will do it for them.

And so it goes. Heavy metal blunders on, with Led Zep, Blue Oyster Cult and Sabbath still packing them in at concert halls. Why, the movement has even begun to produce offshoots! Thin Lizzie and Robin Trower—factions that are musically literate—are making headway; and, at the other end of the spectrum, the lobotomized punk rock of New York makes the original heavy-metal boobs sound positively sophisticated. But, there is a sense of change. Jesus! Some daring bands are going from four-chord structures to five and, God help 'em, even six. (I think if you get to seven, you have to declare yourself jazz.)

The kids keep on loving it, and the post teens either hate it or ignore it. But a few of us aging hippies still hang around, wrapping our newly purchased LPs in brown paper to avoid undue grief. What the hell. Loud, sensual music still makes you jump and shout. Amped catharsis can be induced just as easily by Lynyrd Skynyrd as it can by Spooky Tooth. It still relieves tension. Cools you out. It's cheaper than acupuncture and less complicated than TM.

So let Joni Mitchell get her teeth fixed. Let Jackson Browne tell a joke. Let Carly Simon get varicose veins. I don't care. I have Ted Nugent bellowing *Motor City Madhouse* in my living room when I get home. Ahhhhhhh.

And, after a hard day at the office, that's a hell of a lot better than punching out your wife. —Ed Naha

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LEAH

SHE GETS THE LEAD OUT

When the sun first peeks its rosy-fingeredness over the craggy Normandy horizon, it finds Leah Leveque already under way at full steam. She has long since checked her rigging and hoisted a full head of sail; she has secured her supports and fueled up with yoghurt and a hefty dose of black coffee laced with calvados. She greets the day as though it's an afterthought of her own schedule. This girl means business. This girl isn't fucking around. She's tired of having things put off. If she knew about Sherman's traveling style when he toured Georgia, she would have thought that was a keen way to get a point across. When she is given a project, she jumps at the chance to flex her muscles. She throws caution to the wind when those around her are playing with kites. Her appetite for risk is flawless; her dedication to duty, sublime.

Photography by Jeff Dunas

MILES TO GO BEFORE SHE SLEEPS. PROMISES, PROMISES.

Leah is in love. She is a work horse of love. She does not have any reservations. She gives her all to a man, and if he shows reticence of any kind, she packs it up and leaves him holding his hat. There's just no time for doubts. She told us recently that her time is too valuable to squander on candy-assed gangsters of love. She wants no hit-and-run man. But, she was quick to add, she doesn't smother, she doesn't mother. She doesn't do laundry. Dishes can stack up in the sink for weeks. Her clothes clutter the two chairs in her bedroom. Sometimes she doesn't have anything to wear. Sometimes her feet get dirty through her socks. Thank God jewelry doesn't soil. Thank God she has time to herself; her things have to wait. She looks out the window. She gets pretty just sitting there. She is organizing her mind. This goes here; this goes there. This goes anywhere it will fit. This I have no time for. This may make me cry.

LOVE HURTS, LOVE SCARS. LOVE IS ALL AROUND HER.

Leah is thinking about business. She is thinking about the business of love. Love hurts. And not just the first time. Love is never having to say "Excuse me." Love hurts those who aren't strong enough to ride its idiot wind. Love grows stale if left in bed all day. Love is a commerce, a checkerboard of pleasure, hard work, late hours, good cuisine, substantial furniture, sensible clothes, nylons, erotic poses, seeing your lover clip his toenails. Love is a crazy woman's quilt. A cottage industry—Leah's industry, an insolence, an intolerance, a way of combing her hair. Leah can't wait any longer. You can save this girl or you can turn the page.

THE GRAND-DAME DIARIST WEAVES AN EROTIC MEMOIR OF PARIS AND GREENWICH VILLAGE IN THE DAYS WHEN EVERYONE WAS YOUNG, TALENTED AND HUNGRY FOR SEX

FICTION BY ANAIS NIN

One morning I was called to a studio in Greenwich Village, where a sculptor was beginning a statuette. His name was Millard. He already had a rough version of the figure he wanted and had reached the stage where he needed a model.

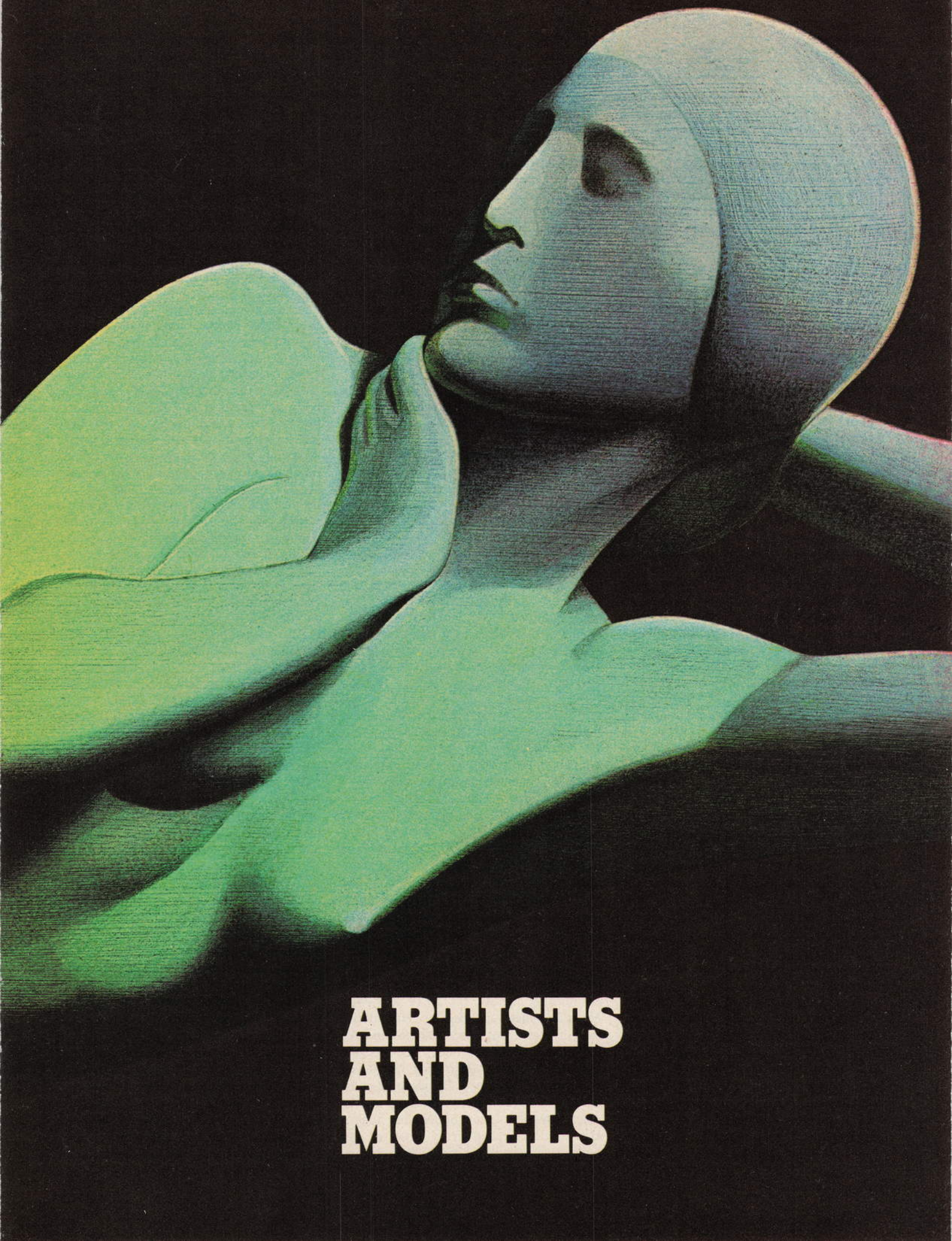
The statuette was wearing a clinging dress, and the body showed through in every line and curve. The sculptor asked me to undress completely, because he could not work otherwise. He seemed so absorbed by the statuette and looked at me so absently that I was able to undress and take the pose without hesitation. Although I was quite innocent at that time, he made me feel as if my body were no different from my face, as if I were the same as the statuette.

As Millard worked, he talked about his former life in Montparnasse, and the time passed quickly. I didn't know if his stories were meant to affect my imagination, but he showed no signs of being interested in me. He enjoyed re-creating the atmosphere of Montparnasse for his own sake. This is one of the stories he told me:

"The wife of one of the modern painters was a nymphomaniac. She was tubercular, I believe. She had a chalk-white face, burning black eyes deeply sunk in her face, with eyelids painted green. She had a voluptuous figure, which she covered very sleekly in black satin. Her waist was small in proportion to the rest of her body. Around her waist she wore a huge Greek silver belt, about six inches wide, studded with stones. This belt was fascinating. It was like the belt of a slave. One felt that deep down she *was* a slave—to her sexual hunger. One felt that all one had to do was to grip the belt and open it for her and she would fall into one's arms. It was very much like the chastity belt they showed in the Musée Cluny, which the crusaders were said to have put on their wives, a very wide silver belt with a hanging appendage that covered the sex and locked it up for the duration of their crusades. Someone told me the delightful story of a crusader who had put a chastity belt on his wife and left the key in care of his best friend in case of his death. He had barely ridden away a few miles when he saw his friend riding furiously after him, calling out: 'You gave me the wrong key!'

"Such were the feelings that Louise's belt inspired in everyone. Seeing her arrive at a café, her hungry eyes looking us over, searching for a response, an invitation to

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko



ARTISTS AND MODELS

sit down, we knew she was out on a hunt for the day. Her husband could not help knowing about this. He was a pitiful figure, always looking for her, being told by his friends that she was at another café and then another, where he would go, which gave her time to steal off to a hotel room with someone. Then everyone would try to let her know where her husband was looking for her. Finally, in desperation, he began to beg his best friends to take her, so that at least she would not fall into strangers' hands.

"He had a fear of strangers, of South Americans in particular, and of Negroes and Cubans. He had heard remarks about their extraordinary sexual powers and felt that if his wife fell into their hands, she would never return to him. Louise, however, after having slept with all of his best friends, finally did meet a stranger.

"He was a Cuban, a tremendous brown man, extraordinarily handsome, with long, straight hair like a Hindu's and beautifully full, noble features. He would practically live at the café until he found a woman he wanted. And then they would disappear for two or three days, locked up in a hotel room, and not reappear until they were both satiated. He believed in making such a thorough feast of a woman that neither one wanted to see the other again. Only when this was over would he be seen sitting in the café again, conversing brilliantly. He was, in addition, a remarkable fresco painter.

"When he and Louise met, they immediately went off together. Antonio was powerfully fascinated by the whiteness of her skin, the abundance of her breasts, her slender waist, her long, straight, heavy blond hair. And she was fascinated by his head and powerful body, by his slowness and ease. Everything made him laugh. He gave one the feeling that the whole world was now shut out and only this sensual feast existed; that there would be no tomorrows, no meetings with anyone else—that there was only this room, this afternoon, this bed.

"When she stood by the big iron bed, waiting, he said, 'Keep your belt on.' And he began by slowly tearing her dress from around it. Calmly and with no effort, he tore it into shreds as if it were made of paper. Louise was trembling at the strength of his hands. She stood naked now except for the heavy silver belt. He loosened her hair over her shoulders. And only then did he bend her back on the bed and kiss her interminably, his hands over her breasts. She felt the painful weight both of the silver belt and of his hands pressing so hard on her naked flesh. Her sexual hunger was rising like madness to her head, blinding her. It was so urgent that she could not wait. She could not even wait until he undressed. But Antonio ignored her movements of impatience. He not only continued to kiss her as if he were drinking her whole mouth, tongue, breath, into his big, dark mouth, but his hands mauled her, pressed deeply into her flesh, leaving marks and pain everywhere. She was moist and trembling, opening her legs and trying to climb over him. She tried to open his pants.

" 'There is time,' he said. 'There is plenty of time. We are going to stay in this room for days. There is a lot of time for both of us.'

"Then he turned away and got undressed. He had a golden-brown body, a penis as smooth as the rest of his body, big, firm as a polished wood baton. She fell on him and took it into her mouth. His fingers went everywhere, into her anus, into her sex; his tongue, into her mouth, into her ears. He bit at the nipples, he kissed and bit her belly. She was trying to satisfy her hunger by rubbing against his leg, but he would not let her. He bent her as if she were made of rubber, twisted her into every position. With his two strong hands, he took whatever part of her he was hungry for and brought it up to his mouth like a morsel of food, not caring how the rest of her body fell into space. Just so, he took her ass between his two hands, held it to his mouth and bit and kissed her. She begged, 'Take me, Antonio, take me, I can't wait!' He would not take her.

"By this time, the hunger in her womb was like a raging fire. She thought that it would drive her insane. Whatever she tried to do to bring herself to an orgasm, he defeated. If she even kissed him too long he would break away. As she moved, the big belt made a clinking sound, like the chain of a slave. She was now indeed the slave of this enormous brown man. He ruled like a king. Her pleasure was subordinated to his. She realized she could do nothing against his force and will. He demanded submission. Her desire died in her from sheer exhaustion. All the tautness left her body. She became as soft as cotton. Into this he delved with greater exultancy. His slave, his possession, a broken body, panting, malleable, growing softer under his fingers. His hands searched every nook of her body, leaving nothing untouched, kneading it, kneading it to suit his fancy, bending it to suit his mouth, his tongue, pressing it against his big, shining, white teeth, marking her as his.

"For the first time, the hunger that had been on the surface of her skin like an irritation retreated into a deeper part of her body. It retreated and accumulated, and it became a core of fire that waited to be exploded by his time and his rhythm. His touching was like a dance in which the two bodies turned and reformed themselves into new shapes, new arrangements, new designs. Now they were cupped like twins, spoon-fashion, his penis against her ass, her breasts undulating like waves under his hands, painfully awake, aware, sensitive. Now he was crouching over her prone body like some great lion, as she placed her two fists under her ass to raise herself to his penis. He entered for the first time and filled her as none other had, touching the very depths of the womb.

"The honey was pouring from her. As he pushed, his penis made little sucking sounds. All the air was drawn from the womb, the way his penis filled it, and he swung in and out of the honey endlessly, touching the tip of the womb; but as soon as her breathing hastened, he would draw it out, all glistening, and take up another form of caress. He lay back on the bed, legs apart, his penis raised, and he made her sit upon it, swallow it up to the hilt, so that her pubic hair rubbed against his. As he held her, he made her dance circles around his penis. She would fall on him and rub her breasts against his chest and seek his mouth, then straighten up again and resume her motions around the penis. Sometimes she raised herself a little so that she kept only the head of the penis in her sex, and she moved lightly, very lightly, just enough to keep it inside, touching the edges of her sex, which were red and swollen and clasped the penis like a mouth. Then suddenly moving downward, engulfing the whole penis and gasping with the joy, she would fall over his body and seek his mouth again. His hands remained on her ass all the time, gripping her to force her movements so that she could not suddenly accelerate them and come.

"He took her off the bed, laid her on the floor, on her hands and knees, and said, 'Move.' She began to crawl about the room, her long blond hair half covering her, her belt weighing her waist down. Then he knelt behind her and inserted his penis, his whole body over hers, also moving on its iron knees and long arms. After he had enjoyed her from behind, he slipped his head under her so that *(Continued on page 116)*

GET IT STRAIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL:
THIS IS TORTONI; THIS IS SPUMONE

Got that?
OK, here are some other things we all get confused, straightened out, once and for all.

Claudia Cardinale (left), Gina Lollobrigida (right). Got that?

Ask Claudine Longet: Manslaughter is homicide without malice aforethought—the destruction of a human life through criminal negligence, an illegal act or a fit of passion. Murder is where you plan ahead. The difference: 20 years to life or the hot seat.

Art deco (above) is big business these days and costs big bucks at auctions. *Art nouveau* (below), on the other hand, is a big bore, as always.

Leek (left), scallion (right). Both go into salads; leek, though, should be cooked first.

When the revolution comes, Gucci (above) bearers will be shot first; Puccis (below) next.

Woodward (above right, below left) went to college and is a reporter and eats out a lot. Bernstein (above left, below right) eats crazy salad at home.

Goodyear pays for the blimp, while Goodrich makes fun of it. Pssssst.

Come the revolution, Pumas (below) wearers will get away. Adidas (above) sympathizers won't.

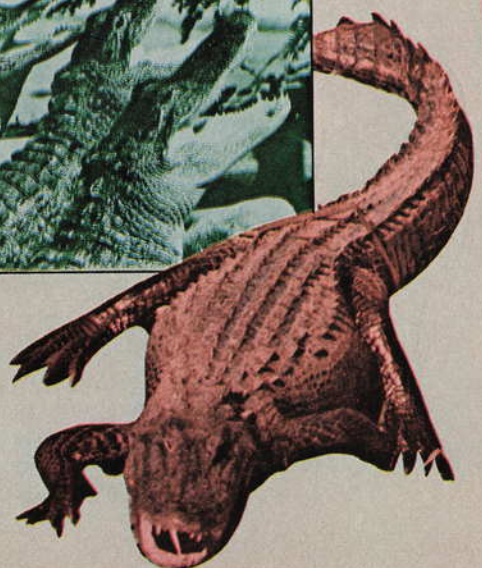
Sushi (above) is raw fish rolled around mustard rice balls—a sort of Jap Big Mac. Sashimi (below) is just the raw fish—a sort of bare-ass Burger King.

If you still can't tell, assume this position and wait. We can't help you with your own; hers are obvious.

Bordeaux bottle (left) is square-shouldered. Burgundy (right) is rounded.

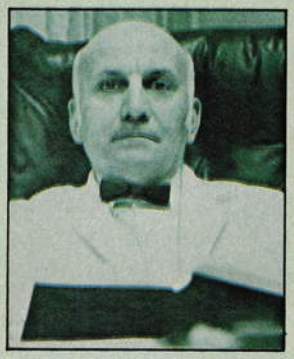
Let's see: Pathos was one of the three musketeers and bathos was where Bette Midler got her start. Wrong. OK, pathos is a stirring evocation of the human condition. Bathos is a comedown, a swift descent from the sublime to the ridic.

Endangered alligators (above) make good wrestlers. Endangering crocodiles (below) make really good handbags.



Steeleye Span (above) is English and visible; Steely Dan (below) is American and is seldom seen out of the studio.

Manet (above) made art history with hard-focus group shots. Monet (below) made it with water lilies.



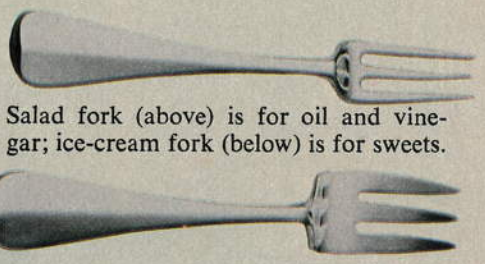
Masters (left), Johnson (right), or, if they take their own advice, Masters (below) Johnson (above).

Lie (lay, lying, lain) is to be at rest in a horizontal position. Lay (laid, laying, laid) is to beat or strike down with force. Sometimes they describe different aspects of the same event; e.g., to lay someone is to change her position from vertical to horizontal, sometimes by force; to lie is what you do afterward.

Iran is the country club for the CIA; Iraq is the summer resort for the K.G.B. Iran has more oil and rugs.

Lamborghini (left), Maserati (right); on the road, however, it's Lamborghini (front), Maserati (back).

The difference between excess and surplus: Excess is more than a mouthful (left); surplus is the other one (right).



Salad fork (above) is for oil and vinegar; ice-cream fork (below) is for sweets.

Chow mein is served with crunchy, deep-fried noodles.

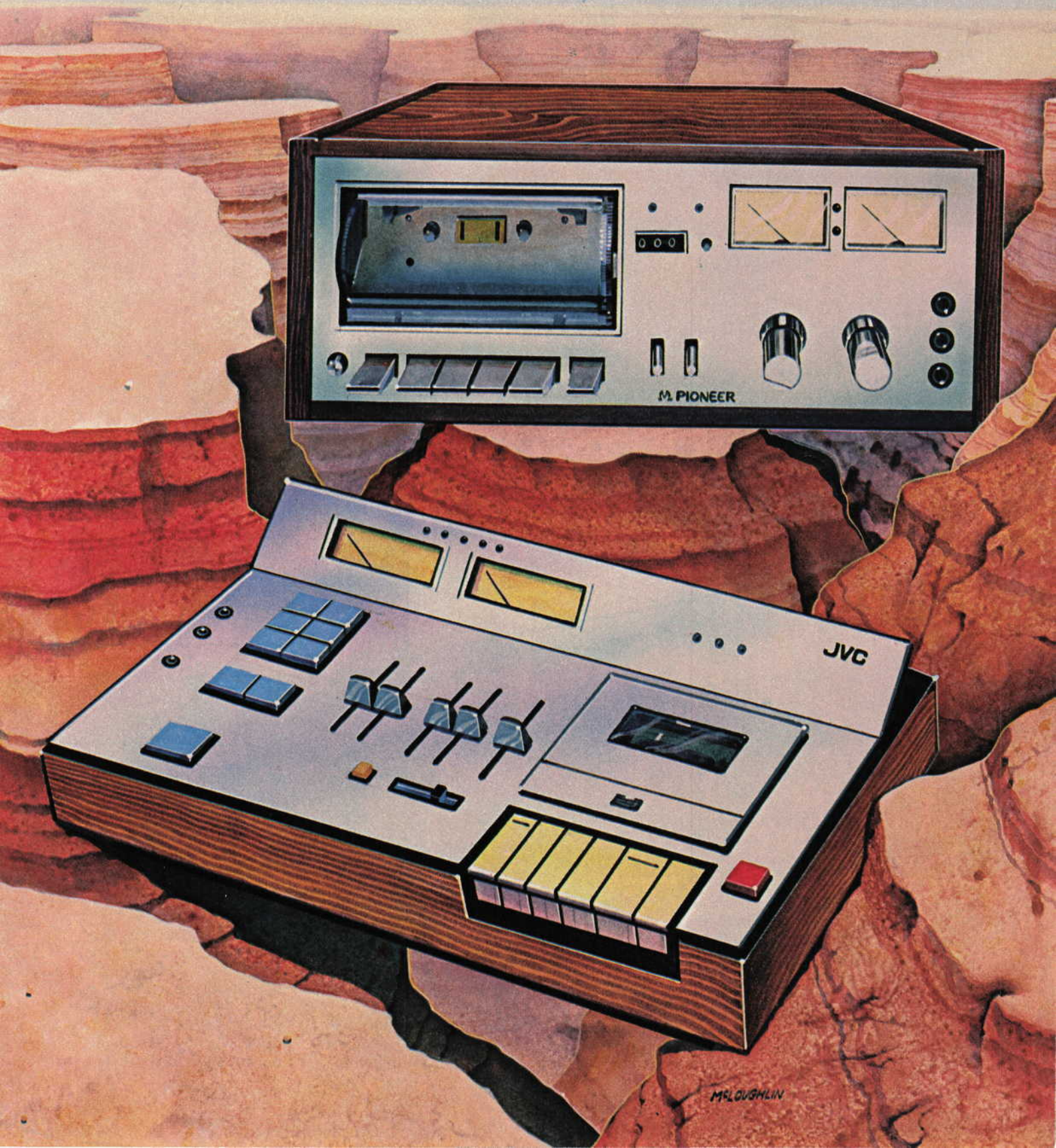
Chop suey is served with gooey rice. Neither is Chinese.

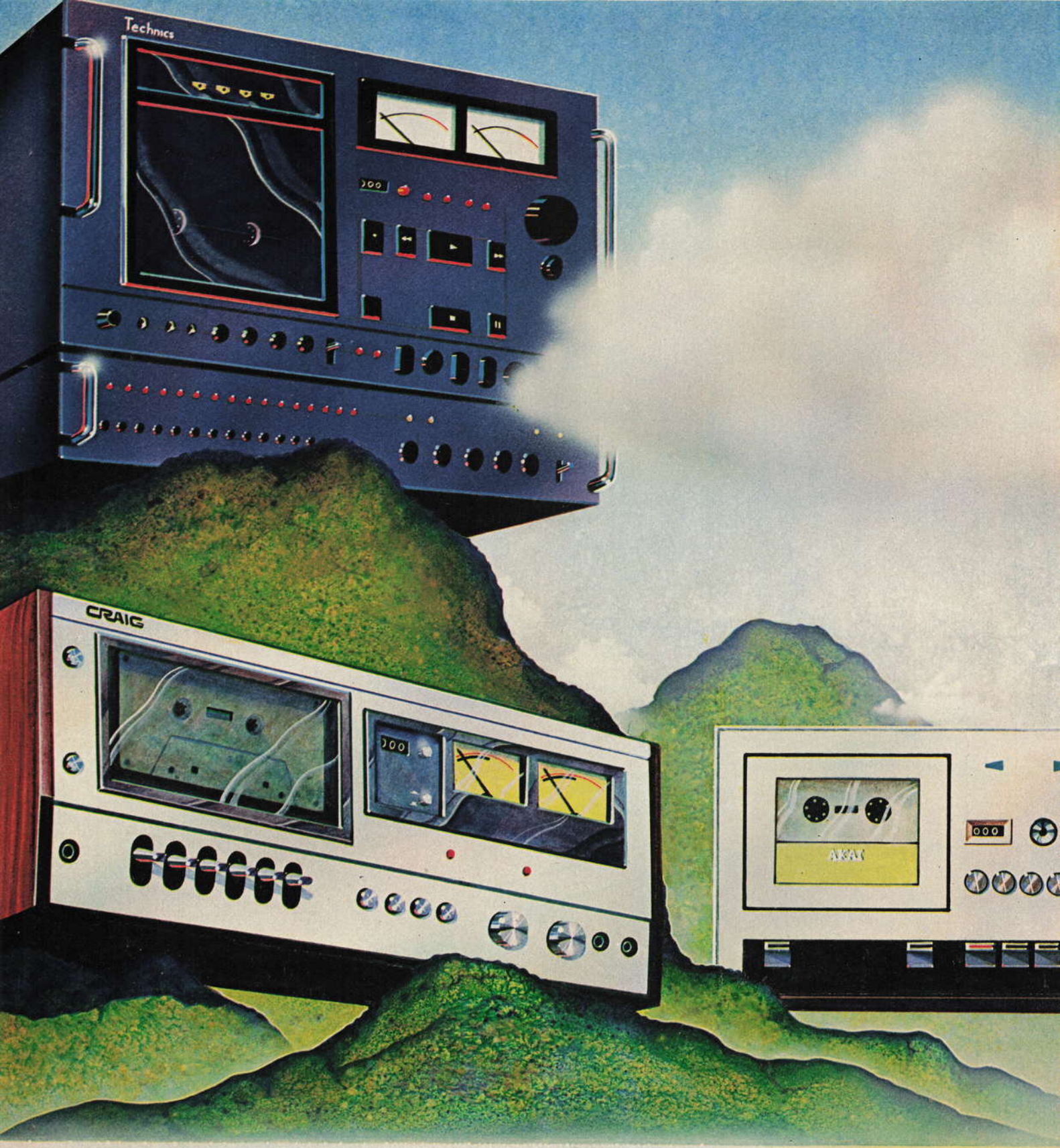
THE NEW FIDELITY

EIGHT NEW CASSETTE DECKS RECOMMENDED BY THE EDITOR OF *SEX TAPES*

Illustrations by Wayne McLoughlin

For serious listening, cassettes used to play second fiddle while the reels took the lead part. No more. The cassette decks on these pages do not hiss. They do not flutter. They are as close to perfection as technology can get them. The Kenwood KX-920 (bottom left) has a high-power motor and a massive flywheel to keep tapes running smoothly. It adjusts automatically to tape type, and a pitch control makes it possible to change tape speed by as much as three percent ($300). JVC's CD-S200 (bottom right) has five peak-level indicators for sensitive volume adjustment. Its two-belt drive system with frequency-controlled motor stabilizes tape speed ($300). The Elcaset (top left) solves the old problem of how to get high fidelity from narrow tapes that run slowly: It spins cartridges that are twice normal cassette width at twice the normal speed; meet Sony's EL-7 ($900). The Pioneer CT-F6262 has a direct-transport mode-selection system that makes it unnecessary to press STOP before playback ($270; nationally advertised value).





Technics by Panasonic's Elcaset RS-7900US, the colossus (top left), has four direct-drive motors. It also has four heads: record, erase, playback and programing (the electronic brain underneath the set is the optional RP-7000 Program Control Unit). Special controls include a pitch adjuster that varies tape speed up to six percent (about $2000). The Craig 5201 (bottom left), for less-ambitious tapers, nevertheless has highly competitive frequency response and signal-to-noise ratio ($250). Akai's GXC-730D (center) is a three-headed unit with soft-touch controls. It's geared to play either side of a cartridge, both sides consecutively, or both sides continuously, all without your having to remove it ($500). TEAC's Esoteric 860 (top right) has a trimotor system, with a dual capstan that is impervious to wars and earthquakes. Its four-input, two-output mixer—with a pan control that allows you to move your sounds around—produces tapes of studio quality ($1600; nationally advertised value).

TEAC 860

THE AGE OF DISCIPLINE

Active sportswear has come out of the locker room, and men of fashion sing "Rah, rah, rah!" It is the jock's turn to teach the rest of the world to dress. Is the rest of the world ready to listen?

Consider modern man: He respects Picasso, Klee and Rauschenberg; but he is gradually coming around to a point of view wherein art is something that you carry on your bicep. In high school, as a wrestler, he never got past the intramurals; and now he works in an office, where he doesn't have to pick up anything heavier than the telephone. But recently he has seen both *Rocky* and *Pumping Iron*, as well as most of the better Charles Bronson movies—notably *Death Wish*, which he has seen repeatedly and which he can't get enough of. *And he has begun to like keeping his body in shape.* All those muggers. The feeling of exhilaration. The self-righteousness. And, by gad, the health club—strategically located in his own apartment building—has made a hard-to-resist, hard-sell introductory offer. In the morning, when only a year ago he would still have been slumbering, he now jogs between rows of apartment buildings. And in the evening, when he steps out, he has taken lately to wearing a freshly laundered warmup suit with a bold racing stripe on it.

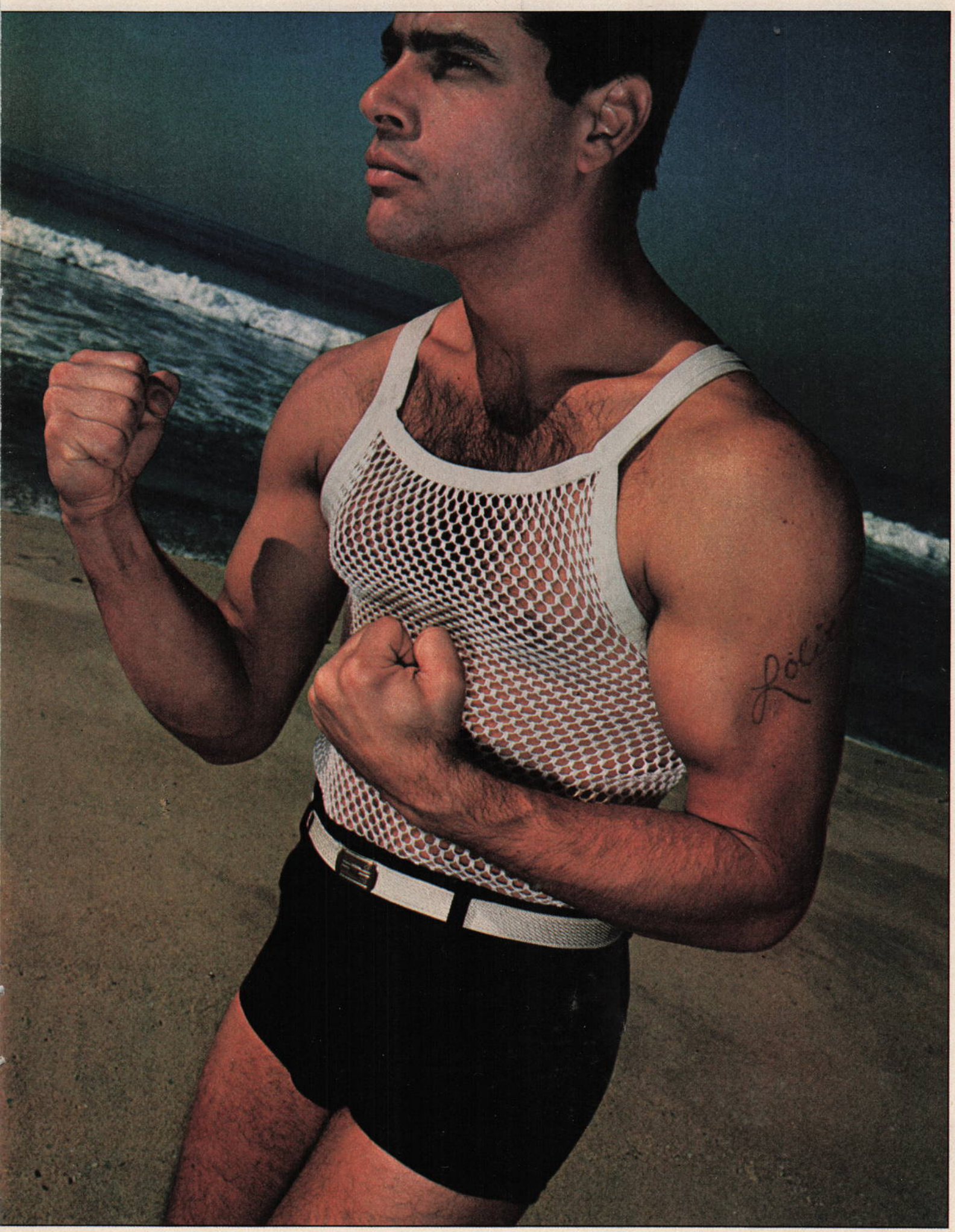
Jock chic is indeed upon us. Jock chic is here. The clothing of the active sports life is no longer shed in the locker room in favor of—street clothes. Active sportswear fashion has itself taken to the streets—and to the offices and the airports and even the *discos*. The precursors: the tennis sneakers that college lads and Andy Warhol coordinate with oxford-cloth shirts, tweed jackets and ties with regimental stripes; sweat shirts, not least of all the ones that proclaim themselves the property of some university's athletic association; and whatever were T-shirts but the mufti of jocks? But now the functional wardrobe of jock has come back to us redesigned as fashion. The functional has been made beautiful. And accessories? Betsy Gonzalez, the lusty designer who was featured in last month's *Who* section, intimates: "Black eyes are one of the sexiest things a man can wear now."

W.W.D. predicts that *Rocky* star Sylvester Stallone will change the male silhouette. Jackets may soon be modeled along beefier lines. Pants will be overhauled for smaller waists and flaring thighs. Hip-huggers will be replaced by trousers with bunched-up elastic-band middles. (The elastic, unlike the cloth waist, makes it possible for the diaphragm to do its work.) Pegged-leg pants will be back, too—the better to show off rippling calves.

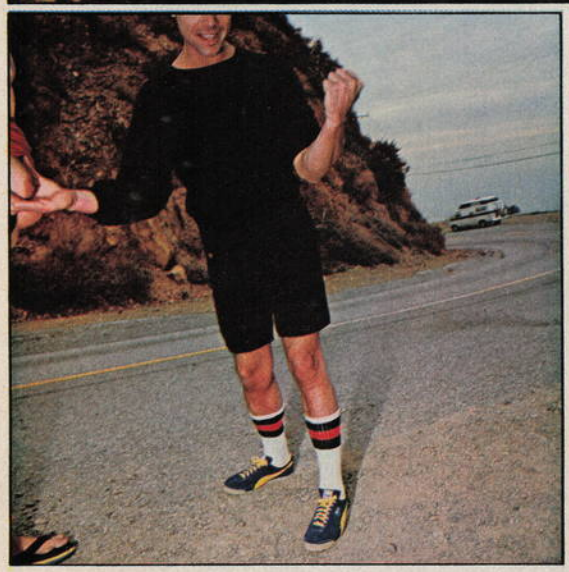
The fashion trend is the visible, tangible sign of a new mental climate. People who once took enough pain killers to twist an army now pop 1000-unit E vitamins and look on fat as a moral shortcoming of the weak-spirited. The same gourmets who only a few years ago were giving up sweet and sour spareribs in favor of the spicier cuisines of Szechwan and Hunan now eat frozen yoghurt for lunch. The chic set is sweating health this year. Healthy is beautiful. Even Lou Reed looks better.

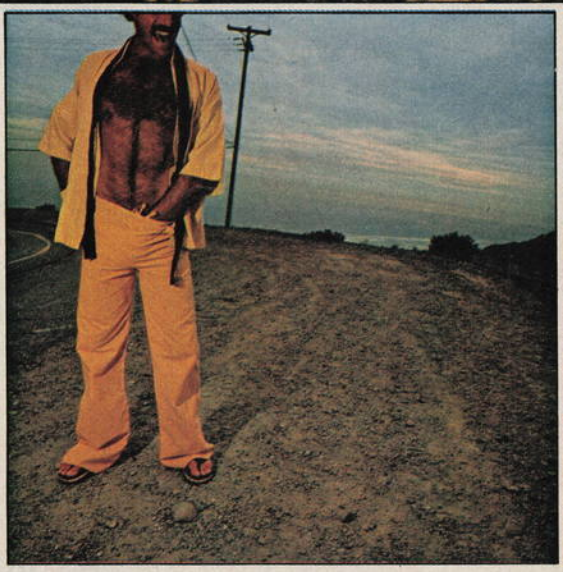
And the evidence keeps mounting up. Guccis have yielded to sneakers, namely, Adidas, Pumas, or Nikes—the Big Three of the athletic-shoe world. Boxer shorts are the shorts most often seen when the lights go out in high-rise bachelor pads, while boxer trunks, especially the ones rendered in shiny silvers or golds, are making a big splash at hipster beaches from Key West to Venice, California. Europeans are even mirroring

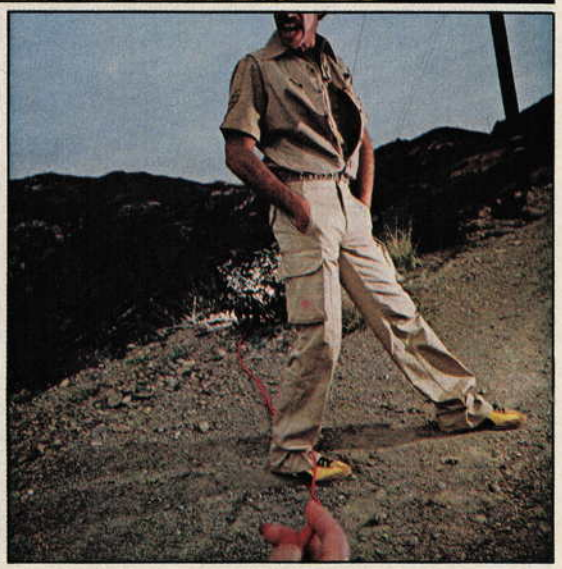
Don't mess with the man when he's in his Thirties wool trunks ($5) and Sixties fishnet top ($5), both from Reminiscence in Greenwich Village, New York. Bill adopted the athletic look when Lolita, an artist friend, convinced him that sweat suits and swim trunks are great for, oh, *discos* and opening nights at the opera. And they are. But keep your dukes up!



Photography by Moshe Brakha







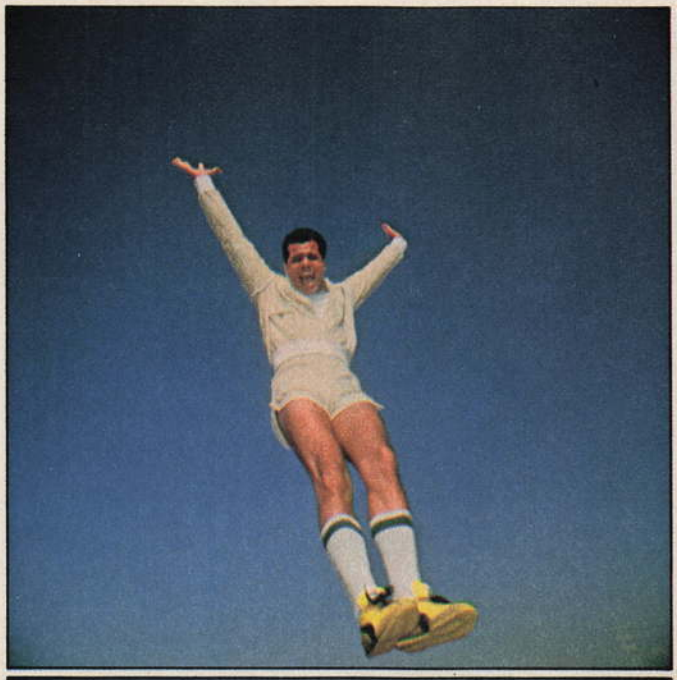
our jock fashion back to us. Typically, they are using a fun mirror. French designer Castelbajac, for instance, recently freaked out on our Army-Navy stores (where the jock look has its roots, developing out of an interest in durable work clothes). Castelbajac lengthened quilted parkas to the floor, and once, instead of stuffing the garment with drab duck's down, he did the parka in see-through vinyl and stuffed it with colored feathers, gumdrops and lollipops, proving that jock chic is not all work-ethic grunt and groan. Jock chic can be silly, too, just like any other style.

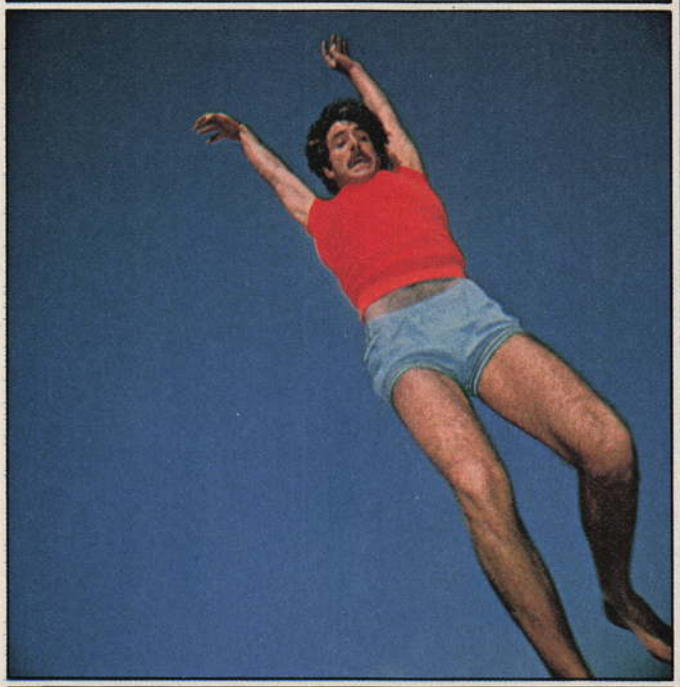
But why now? Why, when decadence seemed to be having such a dark way with things? Perhaps it is the post-Watergate spruce-up that has inspired us to thoughts of health and clean living. Or perhaps it is our models. Our futuristic models. What were the Star Trekkers wearing if not track suits? And, in real life, track suits were literally the leisure suits of astronauts. (One imagines grounded astros

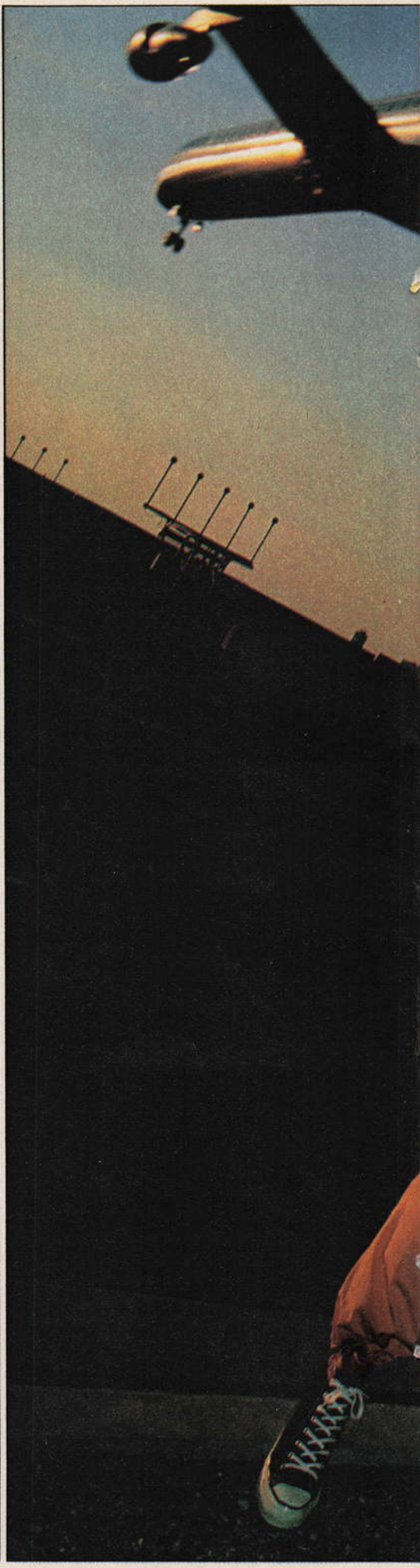
Lolita is a body artist, and Bill, in the red-nylon poncho ($22) by Paul Ressler for Gist, and Nick, in the yellow-plastic suit ($110) by Georges Laroque for Zazu, throw *bellisima* kisses at her whenever she pops out her artworks. Recently Lolita incorporated herself, with Bill as president and Nick as titular head. Below we see a board meeting. From left to right: Bill samples the art concept in his terry top ($40) and pants ($55), both by John McNamee for Visoni. Nick samples the aesthetic reaction in his karate pants ($20) and jacket ($22) by Hari Imports. The artist herself raises two points in her shorts ($12) by Suzanne Smeltzer for Bare Ware. Bill reads the minutes in a baseball pullover ($15) and lightweight cotton jacket ($23), both by Collage Man, and Snapfinger pants ($23). Lolita is about to veto Nick right on his ear in his khaki shirt ($20) by Michel-Man for St. Michel Sportswear, his vest ($21) by Paul Ressler for Gist and his hiking pants ($25) by Made in Paradise.

always racing one another and drinking Tang.) Another factor is Carter. Carter is a healthy President. So was Ford, but, being a Republican—let it be said—he was not fashionable with the most fashionable people. Carter is, in fact, our first fashionable president since J.F.K., who, like Carter, took the political stance of new idealism, then founded the President's Council on Physical Fitness, played touch football on the White House lawn and made the 50-mile hike into a national pastime. Remember Pierre Salinger? Heaven help a fat man, then and now.

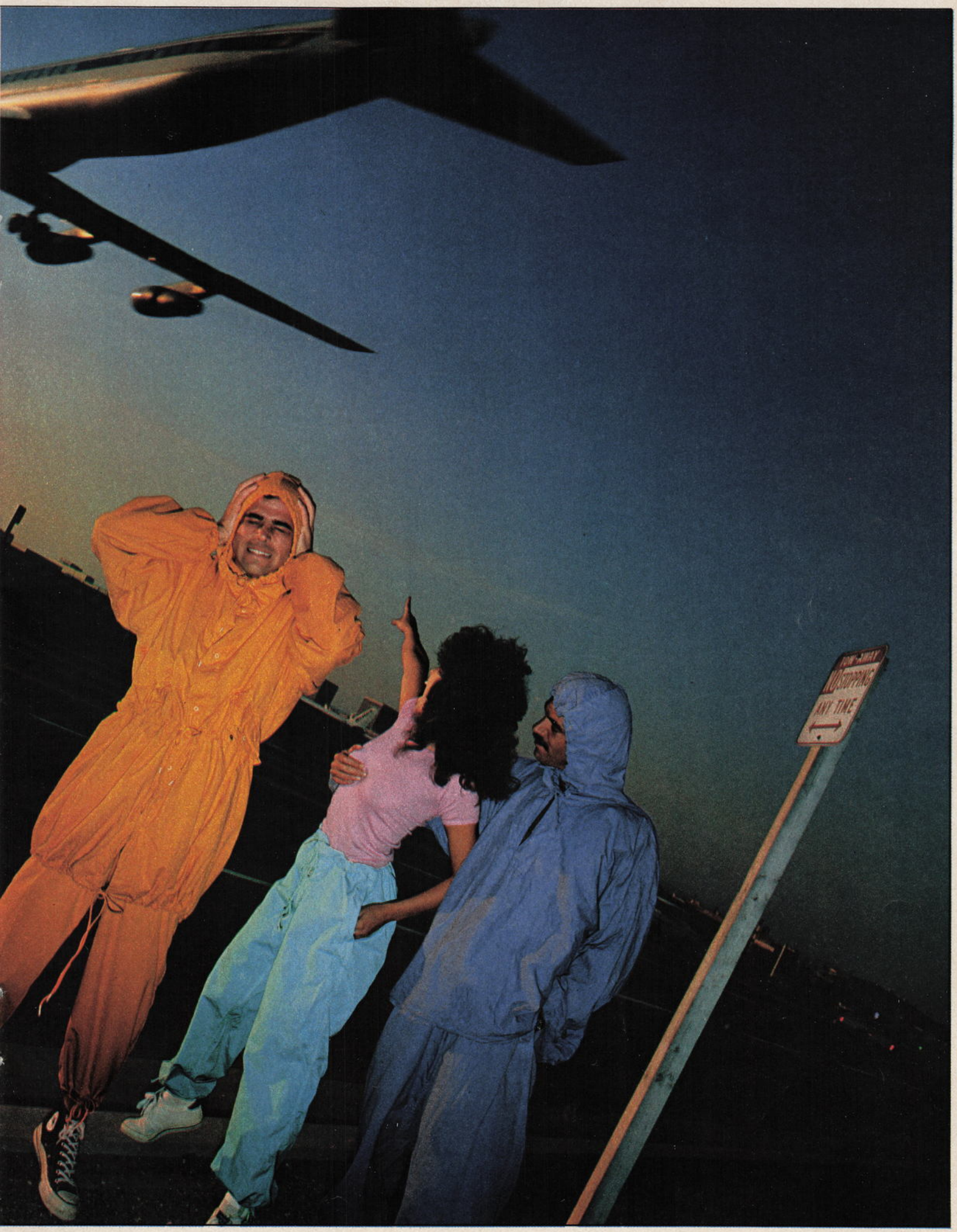
So fashion has swung from Let-It-All-Hang-Out to Get-Your-Act-Together, from anarchy to form-fascism. The Age of Discipline has come to mean functional clothes for functional bodies in this, the most functional of all possible worlds. But *handsome*, functional clothes. It is time for another costume party of sorts. And since we are the children—perhaps it is more correct to say the survivors—of the Sixties, rubberized trim suits, hiking pants and karate outfits are not only our due but our heritage. Look at the pictures. And then turn to page 114 to see where to buy these wonderful things. This has been OUI magazine reporting on the latest fashion trend.

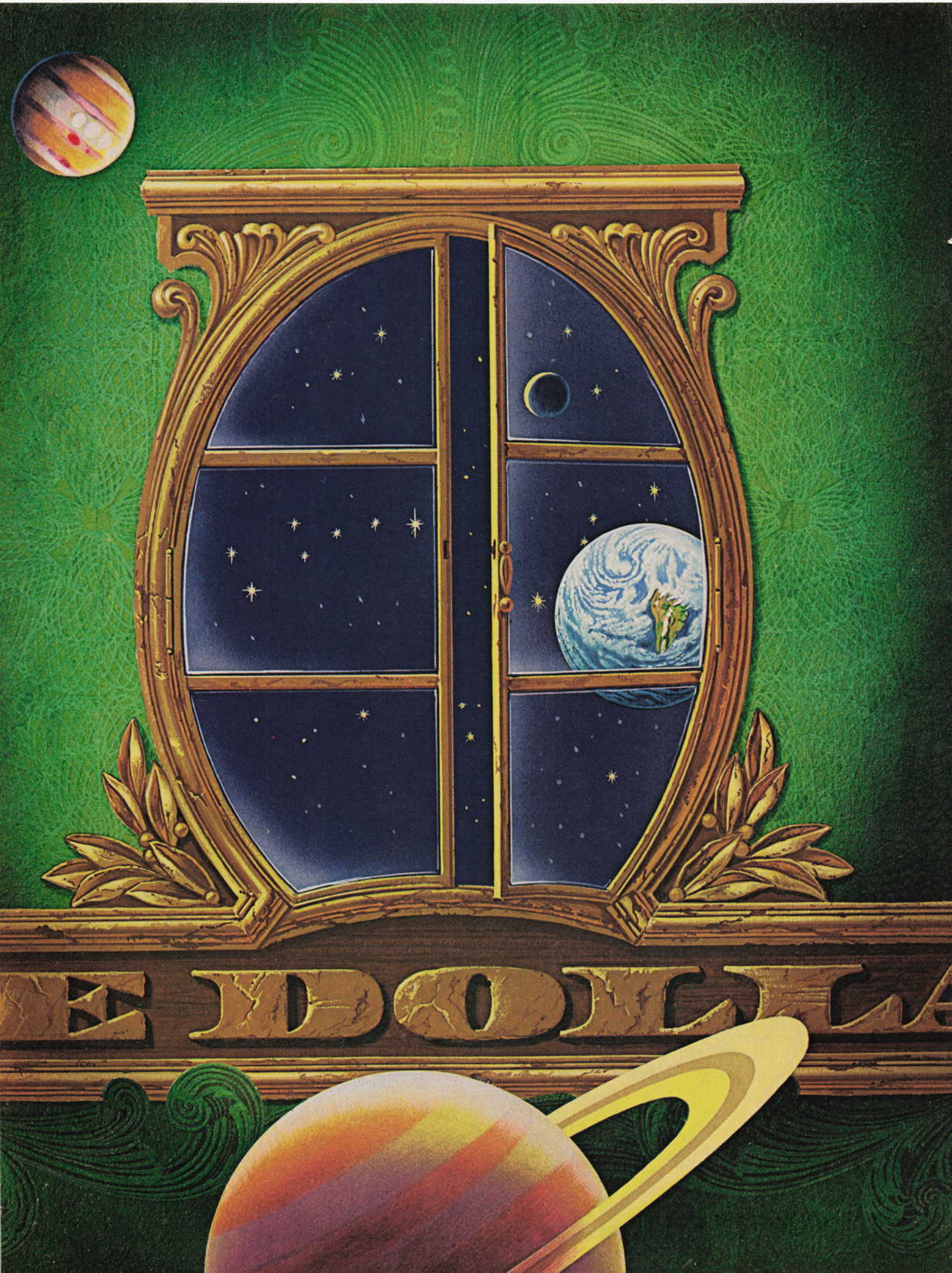






Meeting adjourned! The boys jump for joy: Bill in cream terry top ($33) and shorts ($12) by John Karl for Charsel; Nick in Logistix by Huk-A-Poo terry top ($14) and Men's Huk-A-Poo shorts ($10). Meanwhile, Lolita is gripped by the mysterious hand of inspiration in her silver-nylon jacket ($28) by Paul Ressler for Mespo. She announces that they must go to the airport at once! They put on their paratrooper pants ($9) from Reminiscence, where Bill also got his yellow jacket ($10) and Nick his blue snow jacket ($8) and pants ($9). On the runway, Lolita decrees that they must hop the first plane, no matter where it's going. Bill won't hear of it; Nick considers her talent. In the end, they board, agreeing with Duchamp that art is an expensive addiction.


NO STOPPING
ANY TIME



"WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?"
IS THE MOST BORING QUESTION
OF THE SEVENTIES.
FAR MORE INTERESTING IS THE QUESTION
"IS ANYONE GETTING
RICH OFF IT?"

The Astrology Industry

ARTICLE BY HENRY WEIL

Thirty-two million Americans believe in astrology, according to the Gallup Pollsters, and a growing number believe that the astrology industry harvests colossal profits. Yet, when I asked New York astrologer Diane Gusick who was getting rich mulcting the believers, she grimaced: "There's not enough money in this business to make ripping off worth anyone's while."

Energetic, pretty and 30ish, Gusick casts charts for a broad spectrum of clients, of whom 80 percent are repeaters—a figure that she describes as "a knockout statistic." Like most astrologers, Gusick can't make enough money to survive. She dreams of writing a regular astrology column in a newspaper or magazine and spent almost as much time during our interview asking me about the business of writing as I did asking her about the business of astrology.

The truth is, if every professional astrologer had to live on astrology earnings alone, the great majority would starve to death.

There are few print openings of the sort Gusick dreams of, because, according to the Gallup Poll, less than a quarter of all astrology believers actually check the newspapers for their forecasts, and very few of the hardcore buffs do much more than that. The most popular astrological magazine, Dell's *Horoscope*, has a circulation of 300,000—not bad, as special-interest publications go, but not enough to support a large staff or writers' stable. In fact, most astrology fans are still so fearful of ridicule that they prefer to buy their magazines at the newsstand rather than let the postman know of their interest.

The deepest shame of the astrology believer is the clumsy way in which the subject is promoted. Newspaper "sun sign" columns are calculatedly vague and filled with gross generalities designed to apply to the greatest number of readers. Even individual natal charts can cause apparently competent astrologers to come up with widely conflicting interpretations. And media-conscious astrologers regularly go public with their forecasts—"Jackie to marry Pope"—in the hope of gaining attention and respect, but succeed only in tainting the whole profession with their spectacular bloopers. Also, astrology is a traditional *sine qua non* of the nut fringe—beginning with Adolf Hitler and fellow Nazi Heinrich Himmler. All of which makes it easy for establishment scientists to dismiss astrology out of hand. In 1975, for example, 186 scientists—including 18 Nobel Prize winners—published a statement in *The Humanist* denouncing astrology as dangerous rubbish that leads to "irrationalism and obscurantism."

Serious stargazers, however, are quick to point out that many people who call themselves astrologers are charlatans, whose idea of stargazing is watching a *Dean Martin Celebrity Roast*. Anyone can learn to cast a chart in a week, the purists contend, but it takes years to learn how to interpret it. ("Three to five years," said one astrologer. "At least ten years," said another. "You never stop learning," insisted a third.)

Besides, they ask, how many of *The Humanist*'s 186 scientists know anything about the history and discipline of astrology? Or can explain *any* of the mysteries of the skies and space? Why do sunspots interfere with radio transmission? Why is there a verifiable increase in criminal activity during a full moon? Why, on the day of Karl Marx's birth, was there an eclipse visible across the length and breadth of Russia?

Is it, they wonder, merely the peer pressure of modern, institution-minded science that induces group condemnation of astrology? Before astronomy there was only astrology as a science of the heavens, and the discipline was as respectable as medicine or mathematics; since the development of the telescope, there have been periods and incidents during which astrology has risen above the level of faddism. There was, for example, the case of Evangeline Adams. American astrology had remained pretty much a backwatered cult until Miss Adams, a proper Bostonian, consulted her chart one day and saw that it advised her to move to New York City. She arrived during the middle of March 1899, checked into the Windsor Hotel and, taking a look at the proprietor's star alignment, promptly predicted that catastrophe was at hand. That night the hotel burned down. The Windsor's proprietor, who lost a daughter to the blaze, told reporters about Adams' unearthly foresight, and soon the lady from Boston was ensconced in a studio above Carnegie Hall, giving readings to the likes of Enrico Caruso, J. P. Morgan, Mary Pickford and Edward VII.

Then the police arrested her for fortunetelling. In court, Adams spoke dramatically of the ancientness of her art: of Babylonians predicting floods and dynastic deaths; of the Greek mathematician Ptolemy, who had reduced astrology to a formula in which a certain configuration of planets meant not merely death but death by beheading. Why, said Adams, in the Middle Ages astrology was taught in universities; in the Renaissance it was an artistic force; even the enlightened Queen Elizabeth

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati

THE ASTROLOGY INDUSTRY *The seriously troubled are always referred to psychiatrists by reputable astrologers. "I can help neurotics," says one astrologer, "but I won't touch psychotics."*

was said to have had a court star reader.

The judge looked at Adams—flushed with the emotions of her defense—gave her the natal chart of a Mr. X and asked her to comment. Adams described the unknown man in such vivid detail that the judge, who turned out to be the father of Mr. X, ruled that she had "raised astrology to the dignity of an exact science." Victorious, Adams returned to her Carnegie Hall studio and her diamond-studded clientele. In 1930, she began a thrice-weekly radio show that reputedly brought 4000 requests a day for personal readings. She died two years later—as she had predicted—and left behind a large audience.

But what is astrology? "It's a science," says A. Charles Emerson, secretary-treasurer of the National Council for Geocosmic Research. "It can explain everything."

Henry Weingarten, executive secretary of the National Astrological Society, is more cautious: "Astrology, like all sciences, seeks to predict phenomena," he explains, "and a good astrologer can forecast an individual's personality, as well as the breaks—both good and bad—he will encounter in life." Or, as Gusick puts it: "You can read a person's energy and help him make the most of it. It's the original self-help field."

Basically, the premise of astrology is that the positions of the sun, the moon and the planets, relative to one another and to the 12 constellations of the zodiac, influence our world and ourselves at any given moment; also, that the celestial positions at the instant we draw our first breath influence us throughout our lives, leaving an imprint that is as crucial as our genetic make-up.

Natal charts are cast by consulting several books. The crucial factor is the exact time and place of birth. So you need an atlas to determine the exact latitude and longitude of the birthplace, a book of time changes to calculate the exact moment of birth, an ephemeris to locate the exact positions of the planets at the time, and a table of ascendant houses to determine which signs of the zodiac lay behind the sun, moon and planets. Calculating all this, one astrologer suggests, is about as complicated as calculating your income tax.

The true challenge comes in interpreting these data. A planet's mass, weight and distance from the earth determine its influence, as do the collective groupings of planets within the signs of the zodiac and their geometric relation to one another in the immensity of space. Each zodiac sign relates to a part of the body—Aries, the head; Scorpio, the genitals; as do the planets—Neptune, the nervous system; Jupiter, the liver. The zodiac sign on the horizon at the moment of your birth is called your ascendant and determines your personality. The sign next up over the horizon, as well as the planets positioned in front of it, influences money and worldly possessions. The sign next up after that governs your education and relationships with your family. This astrological formula goes on and on throughout the zodiac and becomes increasingly complicated.

Charles Emerson claims that everything has a horoscope: people, nations, oceans, Hostess Twinkies—and that if all these destinies were traced, the future would be wholly knowable. This would mean that an astrologer could tell whether you would have an accident driving to the drugstore by looking at your car's horoscope, your city's horoscope, perhaps even your country's horoscope, certainly the horoscopes of all the drivers (including yourself), all the pedestrians and all the traffic lights on your way.

Serious astrologers insist that their predictions are the same as a doctor's or an economist's, which is to say, they all deal in probabilities. They urge each client to reveal all about his life so that these probabilities can be pinpointed. Invariably the skeptic will cry, "Aha! The more you tell about yourself, the more probable appropriate predictions can be made without ever looking at the stars." And astrologers admit that the best of their breed do have an extraordinary gift for insight—as do the best psychiatrists, whose fees run a good deal higher. Few generalizations can be made about astrology as a career. It attracts the lonely, the homely and the disaffected, the dynamic, the handsome and the gregarious. While there are some astrologers who seem to hold conversations with nonexistent people, most are unblinkingly down-to-earth. Yet even the most realistic ones seem to have a reference point that is entirely different from the rest of us, even a bit askew.

Few who study astrology work hard enough to become experts (the N.A.S.O. School of Astrology in New York City, which trains astrologers, usually has 15 to 20 students in its beginning courses, but seldom more than five in its advanced). Those who *are* experts rarely have the talent for self-promotion necessary to big-time stargazing. And the big time is not all that big. Even well-known astrologers are listed in the telephone book. Not only that, they pick up their own phones! The famous and obscure alike all long to break into a social circle where their talents will be talked about, where a passing reference during a dinner party will bring in a new client who, in turn, will create more conversation, more clients and ultimately a busy consulting schedule. Psychiatrists often start out this way—but a handful of patients can keep a psychiatrist busy for years. Astrologers rarely see their clients more than once a year—if a client returns at all.

Astrologers charge according to their reputations—or what they think the traffic will bear. One obscure stargazer grandly advertised $100 readings in an Ivy League alumni magazine, apparently assuming that the graduates could easily afford it. Carroll Righter, perhaps the country's best-known astrologer, won't discuss his fees, but is said to get annual four-figure retainers from his many movie-star clients. The average astrologer, though, will seldom ask for more than $50 per session, and beginners can be had for as little as ten dollars.

Perhaps 25 percent of the clients come out of curiosity. The rest have problems. The seriously troubled are always referred to psychiatrists by reputable astrologers. "I can help neurotics," says one astrologer, "but I won't touch psychotics." The neurotics generally want advice on sex, health or money.

Some clients come for business advice, treating star readings as they do market analyses. Charts have even been written off as business expenses! Charlie Finley recently hired Chicago astrologer Laurie Brady to forecast for the Oakland A's. One New York astrologer reportedly advises two major recording companies. She determines compatibility between a record company and prospective recording artists by comparing natal charts. She also advises when and where albums may most profitably be released. For these services she earns between $100 and $500 per chart (depending on complexity). Similarly, Marie Elise Crummere advises several Broadway producers, including *Hair*'s Michael Butler. The only time he ignored her advice was when she told him not to open *Hair* in Mexico City. He did and the local church officials padlocked the theater.

But professional astrology is an unceasing hustle, as Henry Weingarten well knows. Now probably in his early 30s (he won't give his birth date, probably to keep competitors from forecasting his next move), Weingarten realized that success resided in that all-important chain of *(Continued on page 106)*

Patty

PLAYS PEEKABOO WITH THE SUN

Photography by
Francis Giacobetti

SHE LIKES TO TEASE THE SUN AS IF IT WERE A RECALCITRANT LOVER

Patty likes to play peekaboo with the sun. In the Bahamas, it's the best way to avoid getting a bad burn. Somehow it seems hottest in the Out Islands, those nearly uninhabited bits of coral and sand that stretch eastward from Nassau. Patty's parents own one of them—yes, an entire island—but they scoot back and forth between the island and the mainland. For the first time, at 19, Patty has been allowed to stay by herself on the island. T. S. Eliot notwithstanding, June is the cruelest month, at least in the Bahamas. In April, the sun is like a new lover. Cooled by spring breezes, it flirts with the body, tickling a freckle here,

PATTY
IS NOT A
FOOL;
SHE KNOWS
THAT
THE SUN'S
KISS CAN
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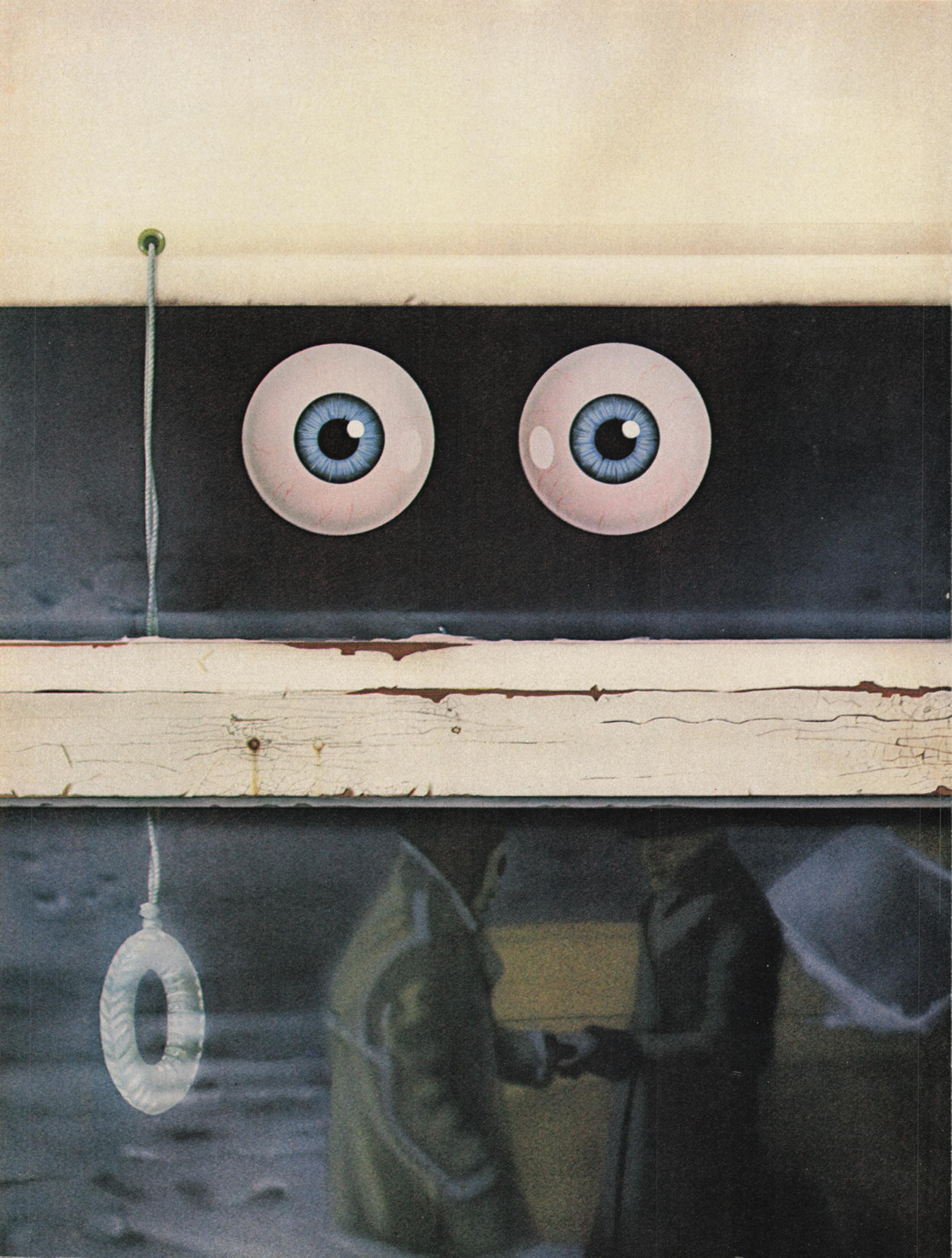
TURN
TO FIERY
WRATH

a nipple there. By May, the sun has become much more intense; it bears down on the body with long fingers of warmth that close over every pore and enter every secret crevice. It's in June, though, that the heat becomes really intense. Like a demanding lover, the sun beats down, relentless, punishing. It is Patty's favorite time. The sudden, intense heat after a winter in Boston squinting at rocks—she's a geology major—is heady stuff, and for this last week, she's decided to do as little as possible. Alone with the sun, she acts out a striptease, baring her body little by little. She hopes her flesh won't get any redder.

THERE IS NO ONE ELSE ON HER ISLAND, NO ONE ELSE AT ALL

oui



ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION:

UNDERCOVER WORK

Five spies who came in from the cold discuss their most vivid exploits, their risky dealings with informants and their not-always-friendly relationships with other intelligence agencies

Cointelpro, Chaos, Garden Plot, Cable Splicer—the exotic names, usually preceded by the word Project, poured forth from previously classified Government documents and transformed our front pages into a Bondlike wonderland of spies, informers and secret agents. The rest of the news was equally unfamiliar: the FBI charged with amassing files on more than 500,000 Americans; the CIA charged with illegal domestic surveillance; the Drug Enforcement Administration charged with harassment of innocent people; American agencies and corporations charged with conspiring to overthrow foreign governments and plot assassinations.

The press told us plenty about the operations but little about the operatives—the men who played the dirty tricks, placed the bugs, overthrew the governments. The top men were discussed at length in the press and were seen testifying on television, but the field men with the most direct hand in these affairs were nowhere to be seen or heard.

Consequently the questions remained unanswered: What manner of man would either direct or take part in such operations, whether working the street for hard-dope busts in New York, infiltrating a radical group in Chicago or working deep cover for the CIA in Brazil or Yugoslavia? What are their experiences, their attitudes, their lifestyles? And what was their reaction to the criticism that their work attracted from Congress, the press and the public?

To help find answers to these questions, OUI *assembled a panel of veteran experts of undercover work, representing a broad cross section of the American intelligence community. The panelists are:*

- *W. Mark Felt, a 30-year veteran of the FBI who rose to become the Bureau's acting associate director before his recent retirement. Rumored by some to be "Deep Throat" of the Watergate saga, Felt handled informants in the FBI's criminal and security areas and was also actively involved in the Cointelpro surveillance of New Left activists in the radical Sixties.*
- *David Atlee Phillips, former high-level CIA operative whose assignments placed him in Guatemala during the fall of the Arbenz regime in 1954, in Santo Domingo during the Dominican crisis of 1965–1966 and in Washington, as senior officer in charge of Latin-American operations, during the destabilization campaign against the Allende government in Chile. Phillips is now active as an author—most recently "Night Watch" (Atheneum)—lecturer and head of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers.*
- *Lieutenant Colonel Jack Coakley, whose career in military intelligence spanned 16 years and included desk work as staff officer of the Defense Intelligence Agency and sensitive field work as an officer in West Germany and several Eastern European nations.*
- *Major John F. Regan—presently head of the Massachusetts State Police Bureau of Investigation—who was instrumental in establishing and running the state's narcotics and gangland squads. Regan himself worked undercover in the Boston area for many years and has been involved in more than 200 murder investigations.*
- *"Mike," a man who recently concluded a seven-year stint as an undercover operative for the Drug Enforcement Administration and whose involvement in ongoing investigations makes it necessary to conceal his true identity. He is currently working as a private investigator on cases both in the U. S. and abroad.*

OUI *assigned free-lance writer Peter Manso to moderate the panel and to discuss the outstanding business of the intelligence-surveillance-undercover controversy. Manso reports: "The subject is immense and attitudes and experiences vary widely; but, while an undercover narc in Boston may have little in common with someone running Czech informants in Prague in regard to motive, their methods—deception and trickery—are quite similar. These men are convinced that such methods are acceptable as a means of solving crimes and safeguarding the nation's security, but they differ in interesting ways on the matters of degree and moral complicity. The most logical way to begin our discussion was with the question of how to rationalize spying within and on behalf of the United States, home of the supposedly free and open society."*

OUI: Is it true that the United States is a nation of spies, with undercover agents operating widely both at home and overseas, despite the disclosures and criticisms of recent years?

"MIKE": I know it's true domestically, where narcotics now account for maybe 90 percent of the undercover work being done by the state and local police, as well as by the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. Agents need to go undercover in narcotics because ordinary police methods won't work. Dope dealers, guys on the street, tend to be extremely paranoid; they won't have anything to do with anyone who doesn't walk and talk like they do, so a law-enforcement officer has to adopt all the mannerisms of a member of the drug culture. It's like being a salesman, because he's got to come on sincere, like a dealer, and at the same time try to stay one step ahead of these guys. It's street smarts, pure and simple.

OUI: That sounds like a TV scenario. Is that the reality?

"MIKE": Not at all. The popular conception of the undercover narcotics guy as some kind of hot-shot detective is nonsense. He is under the thumb of the

Illustration by Fred Nelson

UNDERCOVER WORK *I've known cases in which the desk guys have stopped agents who have actually been invited to make major buys of heroin abroad—just told them to drop it.*

courts and the desk guys, who are taking away the freedom he needs to operate. I'm not talking about bullshit grass cases but about going after the heavies, the guys in the Cadillacs who're putting shit into people's arms. The biggest violators in this country don't have their names in the files, not even the FBI's files. And unless a guy's name checks out in D.C., the desk men will tell you to forget him and go after some college kid. I've known cases in which the desk guys have stopped agents who have actually been invited to make major buys of heroin abroad—just told them to drop it.

REGAN: Nevertheless, undercover narcotics work is the most dangerous job in law enforcement today. Back in the Fifties, undercover work centered on gambling. The gamblers may not have been particularly pleasant, but today's narcotics people are another breed entirely. Many of them are on drugs themselves, they're always armed and they know that if they're arrested, they're going to be buying some hard time. So the undercover man has got to be on his toes; he has to know how to handle himself and how to get these people to relax. It's a special talent, and those who are the best at it are usually guys who come from the street themselves, who don't mind going around with a couple days' growth, who can speak the language and who can build up rapport with contacts and get the information they need to make a case.

"MIKE": You've got to have a line of bullshit; you've got to get face to face with a guy and adapt to whatever comes up. When you're making a buy, you want to tell the guy as little as possible; you can't come on as a user, since that can get you into a lot of trouble, and when it finally gets to the point where someone calls your bluff, you've got to be able to put him on the defensive, call him a cop even. A good narcotics agent can pick up his money in the middle of a transaction and say, "See you later. There's a better price down the street." Nine times out of ten, the dealer will stop you and suggest that maybe you can work things out; then you know you've got the guy. The whole thing's an impersonation, a mind game.

OUI: Are there any rules?

"MIKE": Every day you have a new question and you've got to come up with a new answer; you think you've got the routine down pat and then some guy will throw a kicker at you and you're back at square one. That's the only rule.

OUI: And it's this independence that is the intriguing part of the job?

"MIKE": Yeah. It can get pretty hazardous though, when you lose control of the situation. Once I wound up in a hotel room with a one-eyed guy who told me to lock the door and turn on the TV. When I pointed out that he was shorting me on weight, he pulled a gun; my comrades in the next room were listening through the wall and they almost came busting through the door when they heard the voices from the cop show on the tube. That could have been disastrous. Later on it was rather amusing, but at the time, all I was able to do was distract the guy and, when he put the gun down, break his neck a little.

PHILLIPS: Our objectives in the CIA are quite different, of course, since the Agency doesn't have arrest power. We're interested in long-range rather than short-range intelligence—in gathering information as opposed to evidence. Still, many of the same factors apply to intelligence people, too. There are two kinds of people working undercover for the CIA: first, those under "light" cover, such as embassy staff members or other U. S. officials who are almost always known to local officials as intelligence officers; and secondly, those who go abroad pretending to be businessmen, writers, journalists or any number of other things, and who live under cover—often with their families—without the protection of a diplomatic passport. It's this second category that most closely parallels someone working under cover in narcotics, since, if he doesn't maintain his cover, he can get into a lot of trouble and, indeed, might not even survive.

OUI: Are you saying that the Agency just cuts the undercover man loose?

PHILLIPS: What else can it do? The agent's superiors will feel sorry for him, just as they felt sorry for the two CIA men who spent 15 years in China, but the only chance he has, really, is if he's an important enough fish that a swap can be arranged—like when Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot, was exchanged for the Soviet master agent, Colonel Rudolf Abel. With the run-of-the-mill case officer, however, the CIA is not going to come out in the open and try to help, because its efforts may only make matters worse. The deep-cover CIA man is effectively on his own, possibly more so than someone working undercover in this country.

COAKLEY: One major similarity between domestic guys—especially the FBI—and people working overseas is in the use of sources. For both military intelligence and the CIA, information is the name of the game, and there are situations in which we don't use our own people. Instead we hire locals. Back in the Sixties, for example, the other side conducted a major military maneuver, and, for some reason, the Soviet troops who were participating were not supplied with toilet paper. Consequently the troops had to wipe themselves with whatever was at hand, which for many of them was their personal letter from home. We heard about this and got some locals to go over to the East and pick these soiled letters up in the field, put them in plastic bags and bring them back; the excrement then was cleaned off and the information analyzed. We recruited the operatives locally, told them what to do and they delivered.

OUI: How do you recruit someone to penetrate hostile territory, where the penalty, in case of capture, can be rather severe?

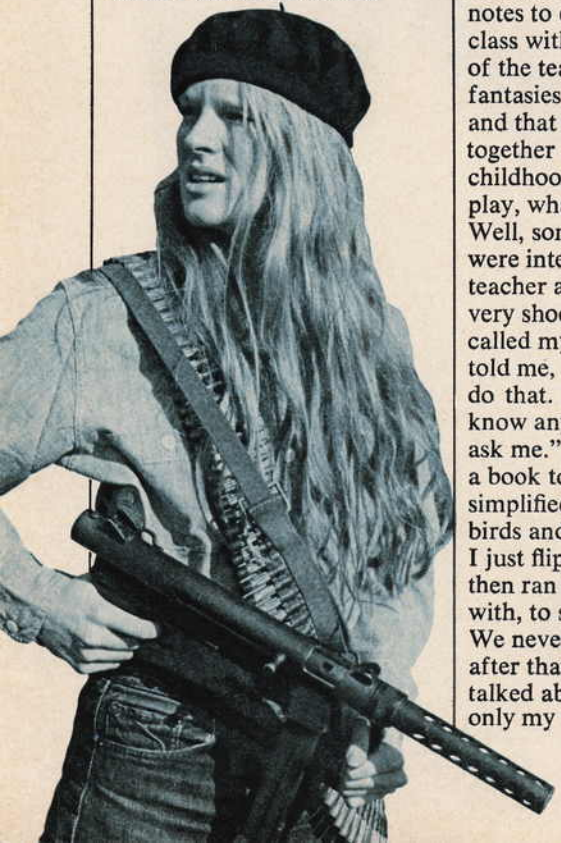
COAKLEY: For the most part, we recruit people at a fairly low level—local nationals who work as guards and laborers at our own installations and who are therefore likely to be solicited by the K.G.B. or some other foreign agency to spy on us. We try to turn them into double agents, because, among other reasons, these people have reason to be traveling over to the East. What we do is work out a game plan, narrowing it down to the ones most likely to be approached by the K.G.B. or East German intelligence; then we make sure that the enemy agency finds out about these individuals to ensure the contact. As for our own initial approach, our cover story might be that we are checking his employment record or doing a background investigation of a friend or relative. We have to guard against the possibility of the guy double-crossing us, so we want to be sure the man is ideologically motivated. Finally, once things are under way, we will help him construct a letter to his relatives on the other side, a letter that we know is going to be read by the opposition, which contains enough of this and that to make them grant him a visa quite quickly. We brief him, of course, and make it absolutely clear that, unless he follows instructions to a tee, we have the power to put him into some very deep trouble—namely, that there's nothing to stop us from dropping a message over on the other side that will keep him from coming back. What we are doing, though, is trying to pull someone rather than push *(Continued on page 120)*

"One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other."
—Jane Austen

HOW I LEARNED ABOUT SEX

What do the rich and famous tell their kids about the birds and the bees? To hear their children tell it, it's a mixture of hard facts, big words and a lot of the stuff *our* parents told *us*.

KATHY CRONKITE
(Walter Cronkite's daughter):
When I was in the fourth grade, I got into some trouble at school because friends of mine and I were passing notes to each other in class with obscene drawings of the teacher and little fantasies about this teacher and that teacher getting together and, with all our childhood imagination at play, what they were doing. Well, some of these notes were intercepted by the teacher and everybody got very shook up about it. They called my mother and she told me, "You don't have to do that. If you want to know anything about sex, just ask me." So she gave me a book to read—one of those simplified versions of the birds and the bees—which I just flipped through and then ran off to the girls' john with, to show my friends. We never really discussed sex after that. My father never talked about it with me—only my mother did.



TISHA STERLING
(Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling's daughter):
My mother just told me to be cool. "Don't be loose and get a bad reputation. And whatever you do," she said, "don't get pregnant."
The attitude was if you're with the person you love, it's OK. In the puritanical Fifties, parents didn't talk very specifically to their children about sex. And inasmuch as I went to a Catholic girls' school, gossip was my main source of misinformation. My mother was very discreet and I never knew anything about anything until I learned for myself—and that's a hard way to go. I remember my first experience with sex was my worst. I prayed every night afterward, saying, "Oh, Lord, if you'll just forgive me this one time, I'll never do it again."
Oh, well.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
(William F. Buckley's son):
I think I was about 16 when my dad called me into his study one day. He was nervous and fumbled the words—highly unusual for my father—but finally he got it out. It was a birds-and-bees session, and it went something like this: "You're reaching a, uh, certain age, uh, certain things occur at that age, and, uh, well, if you have any *questions*, you know, about, uh, well, about *sex*"—he rushed through the dreadful word—"you know, well, I want you to know you can, uh, come to me with the questions." I loved him for trying, but felt perfectly awful and terrifically guilty. I couldn't think of any questions. At 16, there is nothing—*nothing*—a Catholic prep school boy does not know about the way of all flesh.
It was my mother, amazingly cool despite a British colonial upbringing, who told me a few months later always to scrub "vigorously" afterward with strong, black disinfectant soap.

LORNA LUFT
(Judy Garland's daughter):
Once, when I was about 11 years old, I was watching a program about sea horses, and I asked my mother how they were born. She started laughing, because she thought this was a funny way for me to make my first inquiry about sex. But she was glad I came to her, as she always told me everything I wanted to know about. She would rather have me learn the facts from her than ask a kid in school, who might not know the right answer.

MACKENZIE PHILLIPS
(John Phillips' daughter): I went through three stages. For a long time, I kind of believed in a baby supermarket, where you just went in and got a baby. Then my mom told me this wonderful little story in which she and my father were running through the woods in Japan when they came across this little pink house. Inside there was a pile of cabbages and I was sitting on top smoking a cigar. So they took off and brought me home. Those were the first two stages. Then I found out the real dirt from my brother. I was about ten and a half or 11.

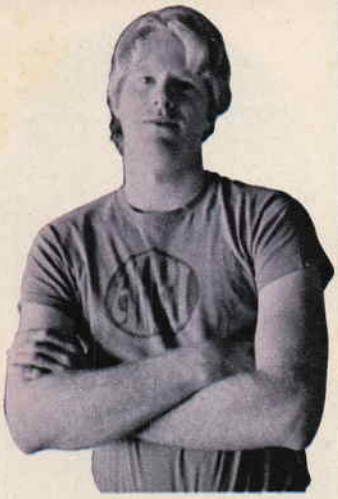
JEANNE PHILLIPS McKISSACK
(Abigail Van Buren's—Dear Abby's—daughter): Sex was not a topic usually discussed in my family unless my brother or I happened to have a question. When I was about seven and a half, I overheard my cousin Margo Coleman and a friend discussing a dirty joke. I still remember that joke: An Oriental woman was at the hospital, having just delivered an unmistakably Caucasian baby. Her astonished doctor asked how she had accomplished this. She replied, "Oh, my husband, he no fool-ie. He put Hi-Lex"—that was the Clorox of the Forties—"on his tool-ie." When I asked what this meant, she told me that babies didn't come from storks—I should ask my mother for further details—and there wasn't a Santa Claus, either. I asked Mother that afternoon. Her answer: a detailed explanation about penises, erections, vaginas and nine months. Then she took from a drawer in her bedroom closet a condom and showed me how pregnancy could be avoided even at my tender age. When I was in college and wanted to quit to get married, it was Father whose storehouse of knowledge came to the rescue. He said, "You'll never get a medal for being the oldest virgin in captivity. So if that's the reason for the rush, just calm down."

ROBERT DAVID CRANE
(Bob Crane's son): I found out about the birds and the bees when I was ten, from my father, who is very much into birds and bees and other related sexual paraphernalia. He stressed that I should never listen to old wives' tales about having sex with one's hand. I am presently 24 years old, legally blind and currently undergoing electrolysis for removal of vast amounts of hair from the palms of my hands.

SHARON PECKINPAH
(Sam Peckinpah's daughter): My parents told me about sex too soon. I guess a daughter's having breasts at 11 years worries a father. My parents came from very Christian families. My mother's side was very Scandinavian healthy. I used to run around naked all the time. My father was just the opposite; he told me he discovered sex through a young Indian girl when he was seven years old. His parents caught him and tried to make him feel guilty. Anyway,

BEAU BRIDGES
(Lloyd Bridges' son): I was 15, and a 65-year-old Ukrainian showed me everything I needed to know, if you can believe it. She was really wild, and I didn't know what the hell was going on. That's the truth.

one evening when I was 11, my father and I were alone, and he very uptightly sat me down and asked, "Did your mother ever tell you about sex?" He got more and more uncomfortable as I asked him questions. He basically said, "It's something married people do," and "Boys will try to take advantage of you." Once my parents were having a party and a man came into my part of the house and kept saying over and over to me, "You're a real woman now." I realize now what was on his mind, but he didn't do anything, because my father would have shot him. One of the first boys I went out with had to spend the night at my parents' house in Malibu and drive back in the morning. He asked my father's permission to sleep with me; he thought he was being hip. My father said, "No," and told me he thought the guy was an asshole. My two younger sisters had different introductions to sex from my parents. Dad told Christian, who is four years younger than I, "A stiff prick has no conscience," and that was his sexual lecture to her. He told Melissa, who is eight years younger than I, to tell him when she lost her virginity. She did, and he sent her two dozen red roses.



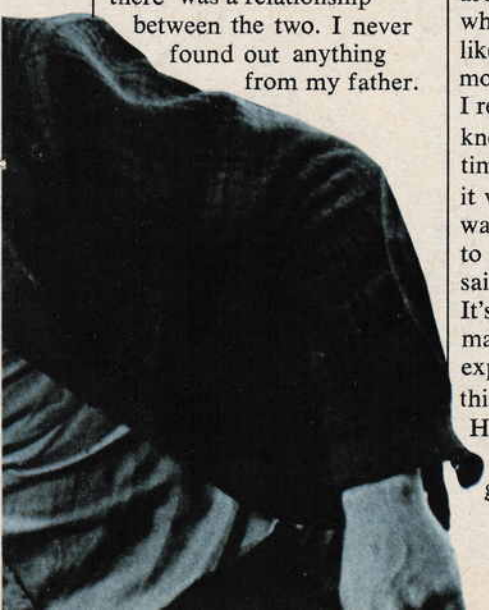
ED BEGLEY, JR.
(Ed Begley's son): I've never really told this to many people; it's pretty kinky, but it doesn't bother me. My dad never talked to me about sex or acting. During the crucial period of puberty, I was in military school. There wasn't much of an outlet for anything sexual. Either you developed a keen interest in firearms, or you went homo, or you just avoided the whole thing and remained a strict Catholic, like I was. After a while you get into some sort of sexual thing yourself. You have to have some outlet for it, so it's usually manual digitalis or something. So I began having sex with produce. I went with a crenshaw melon for most of the Sixties. I finally dropped the melon and started cruising Grand Central Market for some rough trade. I met a nice green cabbage from up north. Great head. That didn't last too long, though. Eventually I was approached by a woman. She asked if I were interested in water sports. I had some visions of romping through a Jacuzzi or foreplay with the Water Pik, but I found out that what she meant was a little too kinky for me, of course. If I had been going steady with her it would have been one thing, but—— the first time I actually got laid—this is the honest-to-God truth—was with this bisexual chick I knew and her friend. They came by and visited me and we all got drunk. I never really got along with the girl, so I guess it was just a grudge fuck. Kind of like a grudge match in wrestling. Looking back, I see that I was confused for quite a while. I wasn't quite sure what sex was about. I thought it was something that Puerto Ricans did. As it turned out, sex was pretty much as I had expected. I didn't expect to get two at once, though. That was a treat after all those years away. I was 21 years old. That's kind of late.

CHRISTIE HEFNER
(Hugh Hefner's daughter): My mother told me about sex in a way calculated not to appeal to any prurient interest. My father may have been into exotic erotica, but my mom lectured on the facts of life like a clinician. One day I saw a pregnant lady and asked, "What's that?" What followed was a brief description of the womb. After digesting that information I asked, "Well, how did the baby get there?" To which my mother replied that a woman had a hole, in which the man's penis released the sperm. That bothered me, and I asked, "Is it the same hole you urinate from?" Yes, *urinate*. I was the only first-grader who asked to be excused from class to urinate. Anyway, my mom was so clinical that my brother once asked if you *had* to go to the hospital to make babies.

MARGO COLEMAN
(Ann Landers' daughter): Let me tell you the most incredible story. Mumsy chose to explain the mysteries the same night she fired the governess—the only governess there'd ever been. Now, I must say that this incredible story is not mine. It happened to one of the Rockefeller cousins. The only reason that I mention her first recollection is that I simply do not remember my own. But now that we're all dying to know how the advice maven told Babykins the facts of life, I will tell you that I called her up and said, "Look, I don't remember a thing; how did the subject come up in the first place?" One of the joys of having Ann Landers for a mother is that not only did she remember the conversations I had forgotten but she told me *why* I had forgotten: "There wasn't any one big sit-down revelation; there were just good talks—and they were natural—so of course you don't remember." Of course. Anyway, Momma says the subject was introduced when I was five or six and saw a lady with a big stomach and asked what was going on in there. She says she responded with the standard "There's a baby growing inside." To which she insists I parried, "There's a *baby* growing in there! How did he get *in*?" Look, this is all so boring I can't bear it. What I'm going to do now is deal with the real subject of this question: No, I never saw my father nude and neither did I mistakenly walk in on any connubial carryings-on.

FRANCESCA HILTON
(Conrad Hilton and Zsa Zsa Gabor's daughter): Sex was something that was never discussed in my house. I do have a funny story to tell you, though. My mother was having a dinner party with some friends and Hedy Lamarr was there. After dinner, they realized that Hedy Lamarr was missing, so they looked around and found her upstairs in my room and they asked her what she was doing. She said, "I was telling Francesca the facts of life." My mother got very angry. I was only eight years old at the time and I had nothing to relate it to. I'm sure I had no idea of what she was talking about. My mother, when she was a girl, thought you got pregnant if you kissed someone, and apparently once she came home and she was very depressed—I mean totally—and my aunt asked her what was wrong. She said, "Well, I'm pregnant." What had actually happened was that she had kissed someone. That really shows how things have changed. My mother had boyfriends, but she was always very discreet. I think that was very thoughtful on her part. My mother will kill me for saying this, but she used to tell me to always sleep in a nightgown. "When you get older, you'll know why." I mean, nobody ran around the house nude. She was always very modest. I was actually behind in my sexual knowledge because from the time I was eight years old till I was 17, there was no "live-in" man around. So I never knew what even boxer shorts looked like. When I was 17, my mother got married again, and I remember her saying, "You know, my husband and I sometimes sleep together." I think it was sweet of her to think I was so naïve. She also used to stand at the door when I said good night to my date. It's not exactly the most romantic thing. You wouldn't expect my mother to do this, but she was brought up in Hungary where parents are very, very strict. I'm really glad the whole thing is over.

DAVID CARRADINE
(John Carradine's son): I learned about sex from a kid at boarding school. Now, I had known about fucking and I had known about babies, but I didn't know that there was a relationship between the two. I never found out anything from my father.

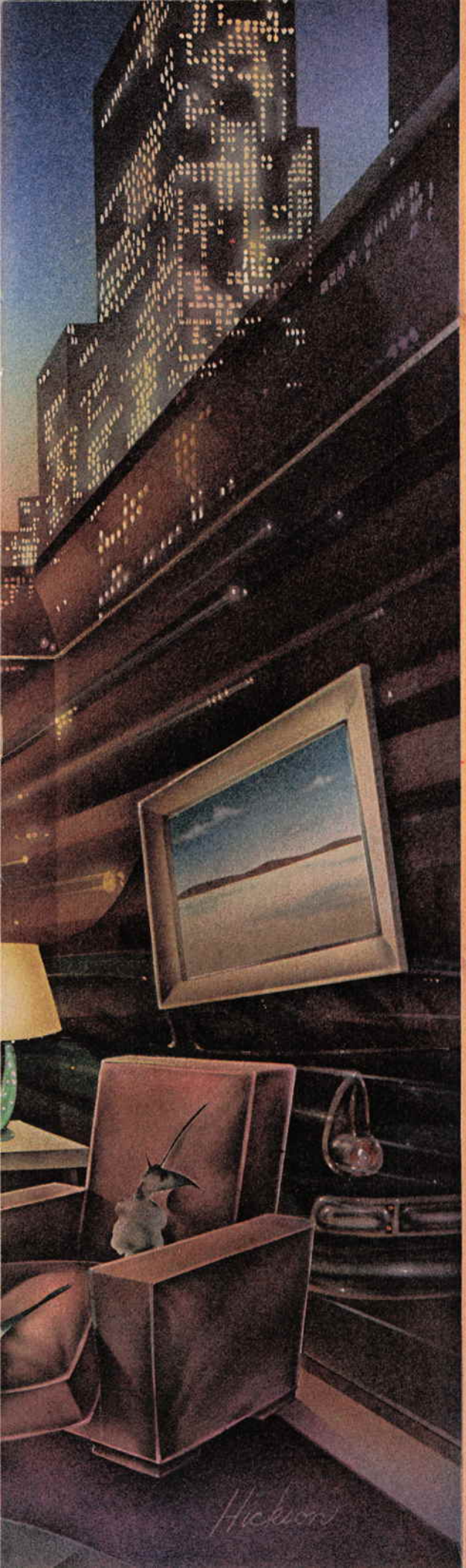


CHRIS MITCHUM
(Robert Mitchum's son): My dad never told me anything about sex. Everything I learned about it, I picked up in the streets.

DESI ARNAZ, JR.
(Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball's son): Did my folks ever say anything to me about sex? Bullshit! That's just sensationalizing on my parents and I don't go for that. Call *them* up and find out! Well, OK, sex is nature's way of saying hello. That's something they might possibly have said. The God's honest truth is that we never really sat down and had one of those talks. I learned about it on the farm when I was about seven or eight. My father had a ranch—a thoroughbred breeding farm. It's easy that way; you just watch the cows and horses. I picked it up by talking to the ranch hands and hanging around the haystack.

JAYNE MARIE MANSFIELD
(Jayne Mansfield's daughter): My mother never discussed the fact that she was an American sex symbol. She took it for granted that I just knew everything. She told me the facts of life at four and a half, maybe five. It was the first time I had ever seen her a little bit nervous. I don't know if this is to the point or not, but when I was 15 I could wear a bra only when she wasn't there to stop me. She didn't get me a bra until I was already very big. It was one of those stretchy trainer things, and it wouldn't go around me. I went straight into a 34D. Earlier, as I saw that I was getting bigger and bigger, I had thought, "If my bust is going to be like my mother's, I am going to put a stop to it, somehow." So I just starved myself for a while. I think my mother held out so long on a bra for me because she wanted to keep me young. Maybe her mother had done the same thing to her. She acquired many ingrained habits from her mother. ▣

TELEPHONE



MY LIFE ON THE LAM

FRIENDS, THE FUGITIVE LIFE IS NOT WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE; SOMETIMES EVEN SUICIDE LOOKS PREFERABLE

ARTICLE BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

Many moons have passed since I last communicated with the outside world. Moons of horror. The horror of life on the run. Of being hunted and of cracking up. This is a story I've long suppressed. During the three years I've lived as a fugitive, I've written and spoken several times about what it's like. But I've played up the euphoric peaks and played down the hardships. In interviews, articles and the book I co-authored, I made underground life sound almost appealing. So, before you dye your hair, collect a false I.D. and pack your bags, let me tell you of the loneliness. Let me tell you of the hard times.

During my first year under, I worked diligently to develop a new life. I learned to live with the terror of unfamiliar sounds in the night, anxiety about being recognized in the streets, the pain of separation from friends and loved ones and abrupt changes in class, culture and appearance. The universe still went Boo! But I disciplined myself and I survived. Smart money was laying eight to five that the house would catch me and win in six months. There were no takers. I was really buried away, mostly in a small boardinghouse, and I taught school and attended night classes. I doubt that any of the people in my new world would have known who I was even if I had told them. There were persistent nightmares, but I soon began to feel secure in my new identity. There was occasional contact with my past world, but no one, not even people forwarding mail, knew where I slept at night—because no one knew which of the false names and addresses ended the chain. Patiently I bided my time.

Then I emerged to pack a year's pent-up energy into two spring months of manic role-playing as the fugitive freak gone public. I opened with a TV show. To do so, I took a three-hour course in make-up and learned enough tricks to turn myself back into the media image of myself, simultaneously the most shocking and the safest disguise possible. I had to be able to say things I honestly felt, while at the same time blurring the truth and coquettishly dodging certain too specific questions about life underground. I had to recall each and every story I told in my cover life, continuously and rapidly. My passing comments about society, my political arguments and the stories I told about what I had been doing had to be carefully scrutinized. It was an ordeal to be so on guard. To top off the strain, we were stopped for speeding from the studio and an identification problem led to a tough grilling by the California Highway Patrol.

During this same period, friends smuggled my young son cross-country for an emotional rendezvous with me. We ran around to tourist spots, whipping on a wig and hippie getup, with Angel, my underground

MY LIFE ON THE LAM *We drive through the desert. C.B.ers broadcast contradictory directions. We have no receiver in the car. The ashtray, the doorknob pick up signals. I know I've gone crazy.*

soul mate, snapping photos. After carefully avoiding the telephone for a year, I exploded with a burst of hundreds of calls. I startled friends in the night, titillated reporters and defied the authorities. I called the New York Police Department and reported myself a missing person. God, the games we play. A large party was organized. Everyone knew who I was. If something went wrong, all I had to do was scale a wall and pilot the escape car to freedom. Some meetings with old friends were arranged with elaborate security precautions. And throughout this period: little sleep and constant speeding from hide-out to pay phone to parking lot to hidden farmhouse to Mexico and back. On top of this, I underwent a difficult operation. Just before the operation, the anesthesiologist asked what drug had been used on me in past operations. "Demerol," I replied, for a reason. Demerol does not render the patient unconscious. Lying unconscious on an operating table surrounded by complete strangers is the type of situation fugitives try to avoid. Hours later I was smuggled out of the hospital. During the recovery, I had to treat myself. Sometimes the pain was so great that I had to bite on a towel to stifle screams. All this combined to produce my first crack-up.

•

I am sitting in the middle of insanity on the floor of a Las Vegas hotel room. We have been racing madly for days, a step or two ahead of the body snatchers. Angel is trying to figure out what preparations are needed for what seems like inevitable capture. She's exhausted from watching the man she loves turn into a monster. The monster is Jacob, who must wrestle God's messenger to prove himself worthy in the task of leading the Canaanites. My lips are cracked from hours of talk binge. I think that the doctors inserted a transmitting device during the operation. I'm trying to decode the beeps. I crawl rather than walk, avoiding the gaze of the people behind the two-way mirror.

We have infiltrated the media. The TV set is talking to me. Everything is code. Saigon is being liberated. Dominoes are falling in my head. Soon Las Vegas will fall. Walter Cronkite announces that *New York Times* reporter Sidney Schanberg is trapped in Pnompenh. Sidney is my cousin and I launch into a "Free Sidney" campaign, telephoning antiwar activists (on tapped phones, no less) and the Vietnamese in Paris. Any whim or notion sets off a burst of new energy. Luckily I don't gamble a nickel. Conscious of the security blanket that covers the gambling tables, I avoid the casinos, but I do wander about mumbling incoherent phrases, engaging people in dialog, playing strange roles. Lucky for me it's Las Vegas. Temporary insanity is more commonplace than the cold.

We drive through the desert. C.B.ers broadcast contradictory directions. We have no receiver in the car. The ashtray, the doorknob pick up signals. It hurts inside. I know I've gone crazy. Finally we arrive at a friendly house isolated in the mountains. I am quieter and accept food and medication.

Ever so slowly sanity returns. We begin re-establishing our former underground lives. We return to where we were living and get jobs as caretakers of a large house managing smaller units. We live very cheaply and, using our wits, we manage to get by. Friends help occasionally. We survive. More than that, we frolic and enjoy life. We let new people share our guarded secret. We broaden the network of underground communication and survival.

•

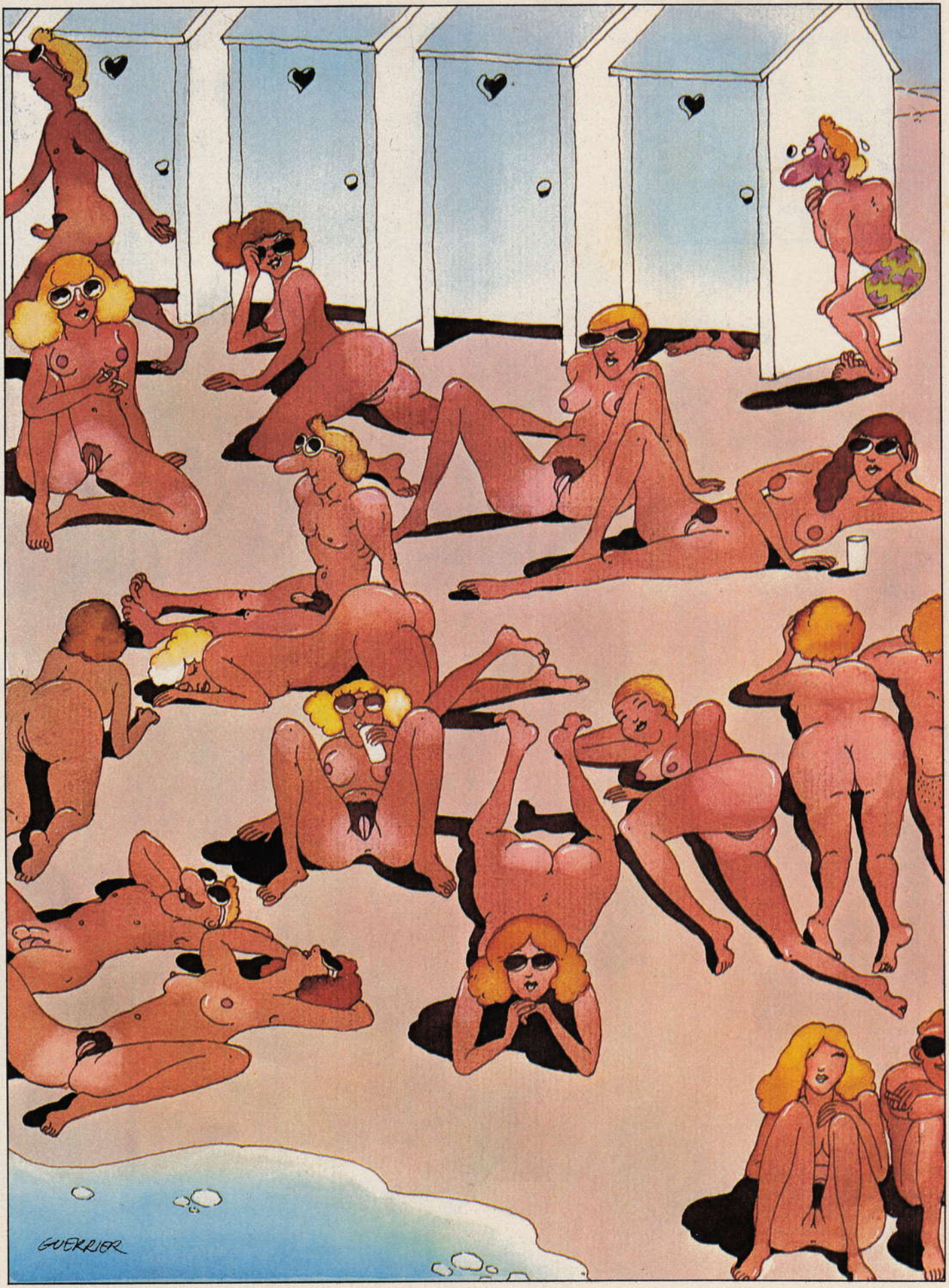
A year passed. It was again time to emerge. New facts about my bust were coming out. Illegal surveillance has been attested to by impartial witnesses in court. The police who arrested me were observed on several occasions posing as telephone repairmen in apartment buildings that I lived in and frequented. This contradicted their earlier statements that they hadn't known me until the night I was arrested. Each passing month brought new revelations of Government schemes to get me. In the spring of 1975, the CIA stated in court that it had no files on me, but several months later, the National Security Agency admitted to intercepting calls, telegrams and letters between me and others. In a Congressional hearing, the National Security Agency said it turned over all this data to the CIA. An intelligence officer who used to work for the Defense Department told lawyers that he saw a Pentagon plan to set me up on a dope bust. Our letters book, *To America with Love: Letters from the Underground*, was soon to appear. People were starting to write to District Attorney Robert M. Morganthau of Manhattan, asking that the charges be dropped. With enough public support, the case can be won.

A reporter from *Playboy* and I worked out arrangements for an interview. Sure enough, when Angel and I read it, we realized that our cover would be blown in two days. I went into a rage, lashing out at the magazine. Being right isn't enough in such a situation. I wrote *Playboy* a dumb letter and it slaughtered me with an editorial response. I couldn't make the relevant points. To do so would have made matters worse. Again, I exploded with a maniacal burst of energy. Beneath the surface, though, I was terror-stricken. In hours we had to uproot and disappear. I fled alone to Canada. Then to Chicago, of all places. Once even to New York, where I walked into the Phil Ochs Memorial Concert. Lonely for my friends who would be there, wanting to pay some extra tribute to my old trail buddy and anxious to defy those who hunted me, I took a dangerous and unnecessary chance to prove who knows what to whom.

Scampering through Media Center, New York, the flashing lights triggered electronic impulses in my brain. I weirded-out on the phone system—calling at times 100 people a night, reciting poems, singing songs, talking about life. Startled voices reacted to my laughter and screams. I walked into people's apartments and got kicks out of asking cops for information. I took so many needless chances that I must have desired to be caught or killed. Finally I was talked out of staying in New York and left.

Alone, in a strange city, the whirlywheels in my brain took off. I pictured myself growing old. I became old. I experienced false heart attacks. I talked to machines, people on the other side of the world and finally to the dead. I became obsessed with visions of my father, who had died three weeks after I disappeared. I wrote a piece about him for *The Boston Globe*. The writing was almost automatic. I had long discussions with him and, at times, became him. I imitated his gestures and his habits. I found myself referring and relating to people as if they were relatives or friends from a distant past. Often I would get lost in the streets. A fugitive's brain is filled with a mass of data—social security numbers, job histories, birth dates, coded contacts, even different birth signs. If he examines the problem of who he is, something everyone does in introspective periods, the problem only gets magnified. A simple "What's your name?" can produce insane giggles.

At the height of this hysterical episode, I was thrown into jail. There was a dispute as to whether or not I was actually under arrest or merely being detained until my credentials were checked. My cover story, concocted on the spot, was so overblown that the cops weren't sure I should be locked up or given the *(Continued on page 114)*


GUERRIER

MILLION DOLLAR BABIES

My name is Antonio, and these are handfuls of my million-dollar babies. People say I remade them; I like to think they remade me. I'm a fashion illustrator, and I'm always looking for a girl to inspire me, the kind who looks as if she smells of sex. I find these girls everywhere. When I first saw singer Betty Davis, she was dancing with a man in a wheelchair. Vivianne was teaching karate. Well, I usually go right up to them and say, "You should be a model. Come back to my studio and I'll draw you." A lot of times they think I just want to sleep with them. A lot of times I *do* sleep with them. But what I really want is to experiment with a new way of drawing women. I'll see a line in the girl's face, exaggerate it and create a hot new look. The girls in my hands all changed their make-up according to my drawings. Some of them moved in with me, like Jessica Lange, the *King Kong* girl. She was a mime in Paris, and I knew only the street she lived on, so

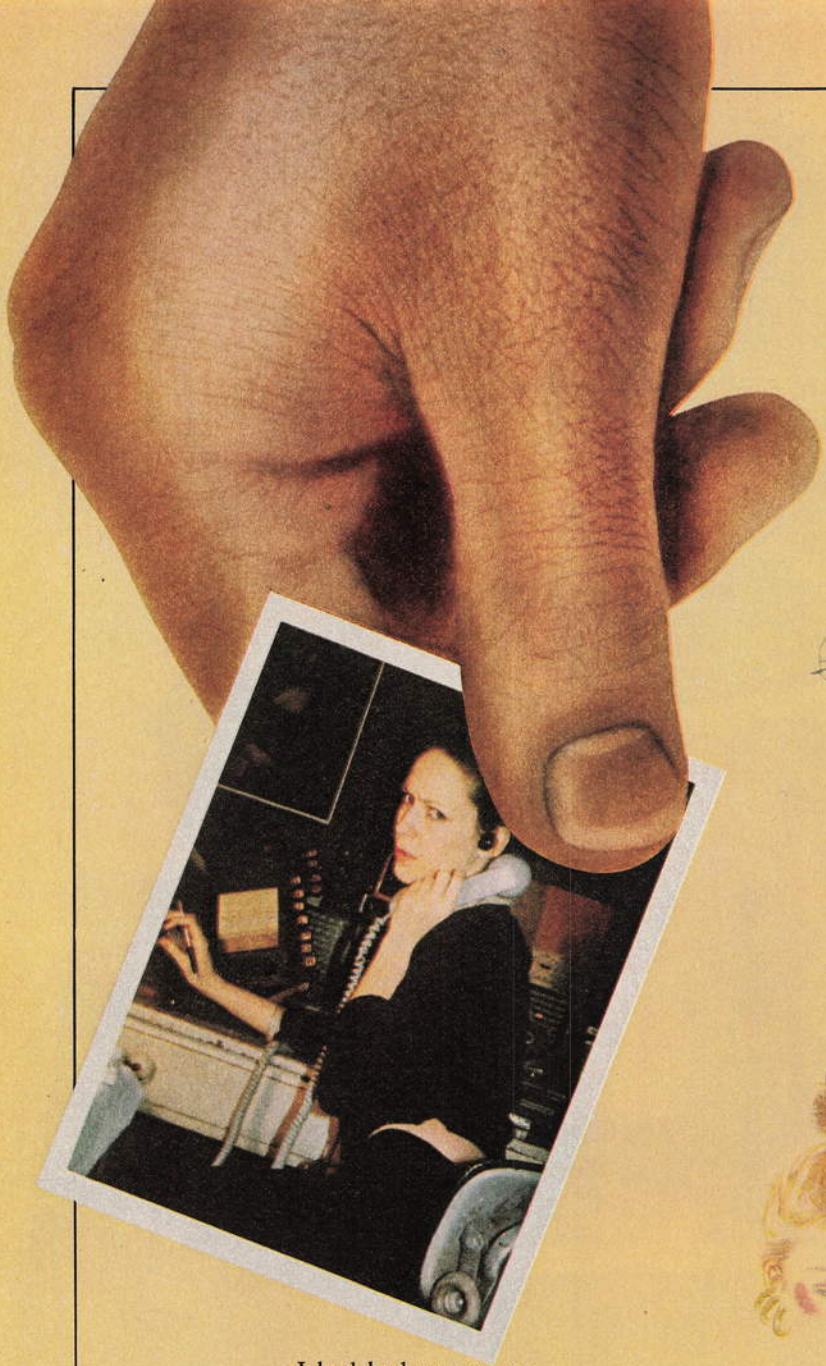
TWO FAIR LADIES MEET THE PUERTO RICAN HENRY HIGGINS

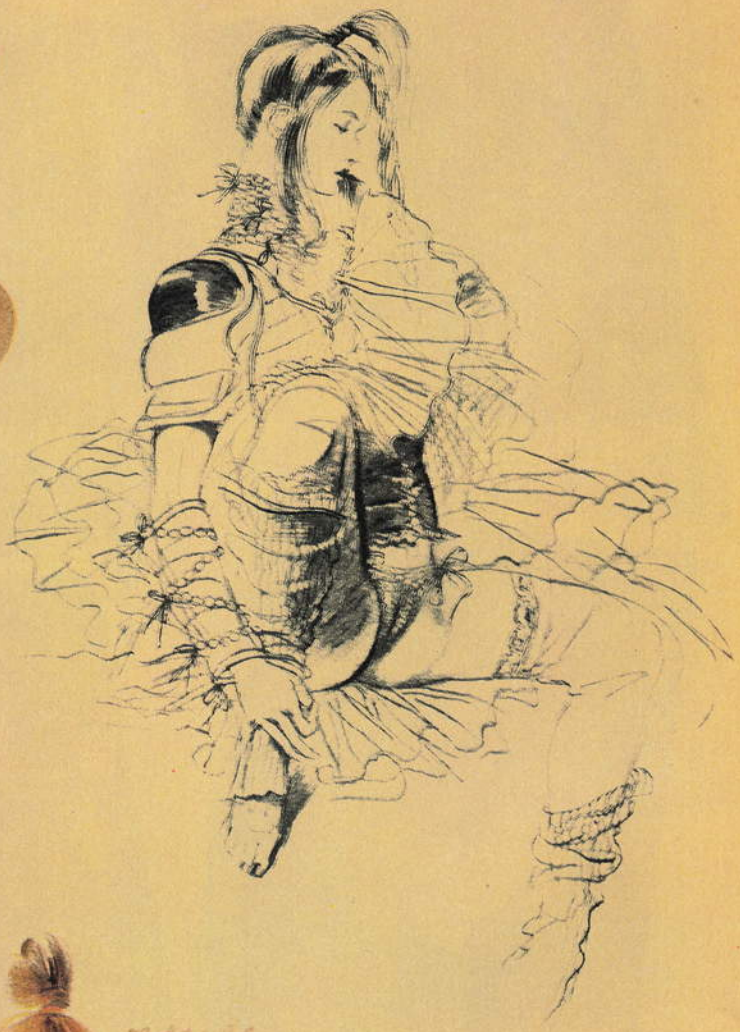
I put a note on every door: WOULD THE BLOND AMERICAN GIRL CONTACT ANTONIO. But I go through a lot of drawing styles, so I'm always looking for new girls. Patti d'Arbanville was my Ingres period; Jane Forth was pop art; and Jerry Hall was hyperrealism. I almost married Jerry; we even had British *Vogue* photographing the wedding. But right at the altar, when the priest asked us to say "I do," we both said "No, we don't." Oh, by the way, that's me nibbling on Manuela Papatakis' ear. Anyway, OUI asked me to remake two girls for them. I found one girl driving a cab on New York's West Side, and the other was a switchboard operator at the Chelsea Hotel.

"Where to?" Cherie asked when I first got into her cab. Her name wasn't Cherie then, and her voice wasn't the stuff of dreams. It was a Bronx honk. But during our ride uptown, I kept getting luminous flashes of her in the rearview mirror. "Hey, you should be a model," I said. "My name is Antonio——" "I'm supposed to faint,"

she replied. I gave her my card and told her to come to my studio. "I gotta make a fare now, man," she said. "So why don't youse, y'know, jerk off." Something told me this girl was a tough cookie. Still, I sensed that beneath her leather bomber was a coquette's heart and soul. Not to mention ass. And a week later, she did show up at my studio. *In lipstick*. "What the hell," she honked, "I've done everything else." I explained that I wanted to make her into a French postcard—a French postcard of today. I immediately drew the pictures, above. I saw

her as a living marionette; a sex kitten available to any man who pulled her golden strings. Later, I had the outfit made up and, with the help of my staff, changed my lady taxi driver into Cherie, the sex doll. We soldered jewels into her hairpiece, sewed pearls onto her girdle, rouged her nipples and put spikes on her ballet slippers. The heels were made longer than the toes, so she would be totally helpless. I don't know, I'm not a male chauvinist, but fantasy women in bondage—not leather bondage but the golden bondage of luxury—really raise my temperature.





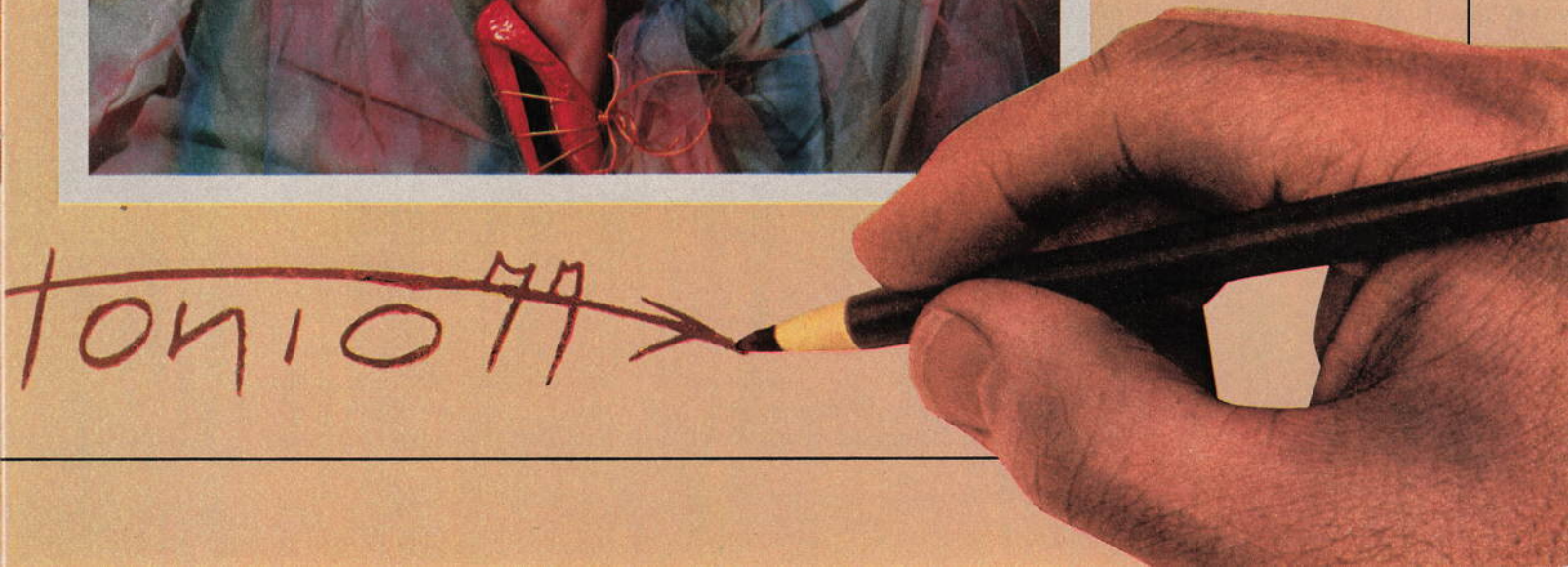
I had had my ear on Jane for a while. She had a real prissy telephone voice, and when I finally saw her scowling over the Chelsea Hotel's switchboard, I knew I had met my match. Tight-lipped, tight-assed, tight everything. You know, my favorite scene in a movie is when the boss takes off the secretary's glasses and she turns out to be Jane Russell. Well, I wanted to turn this Jane around, too. I told her that I was about to remake two girls into French postcards for OUI and asked her if she'd like to be one. "Gosh, I—gee, I—" She was from the Midwest. "How can I say no? All the girls you remake become supermodels and starlets." Actually, not all. One had become a countess. So plain Jane posed for me. I always intend my fashion illustrations to be sexually stimulating—what is the word? prurient—yes, to appeal to prurient interests. Well, when I showed Jane my drawings of her as a marionette cancan dancer, her interests got very prurient! And once we got the outfit made and the staff together, my quiet lady of the switchboard wouldn't stop flashing her *chocha*. "Jane, you're making it

hard on everyone," I said. Jane would not be restrained. "This is very cute, Jane, but come on." Jane continued. So I made her star-struck snatch my focal point, trimmed it into a valentine—she called it "the Antonio cut"—and dyed it hot pink. We put her in a satin corset, spiked ballet slippers and football gear. Jane was definitely getting behind the cancan fantasy and, with all the champagne being passed around, wanted to try a few high kicks, yells and splits. She was very keen on the splits. Finally I had to pull strings to make her do what I wanted.

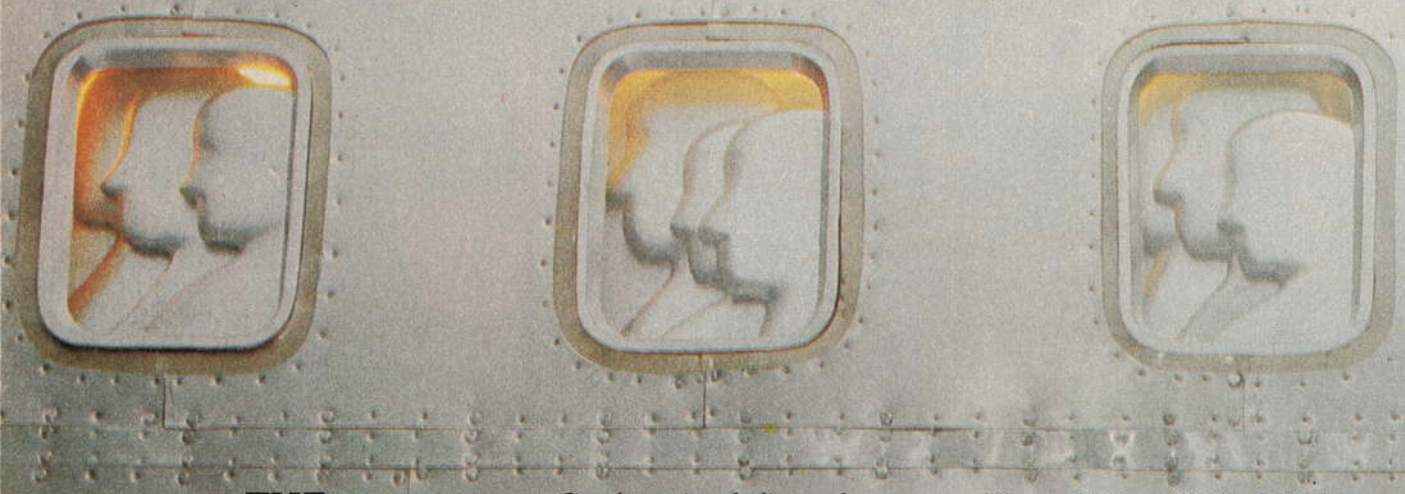
Voilà! My French postcards. *Mademoiselle* Jane, the girl you'd most like to cross wires with, on this page; and Cherie, the toast of Montmartre and the Bronx, on the next. I think of them as Toulouse-Lautrec fantasies. One OUI editor said he saw in them hints of darker realities: manipulation, sexual domination, rape, even evidence that I really

Antonio's staff: associate director, Juan Ramos; wardrobe mistress, Gabrielle Longhi; hair, Marcel Fiévé of Cinandre, Harry King; make-up, Margaret Nagy of Cinandre, Pierre La Roche; hair jewelry, Marcial Berros; jewelry, Richard Erker, Kenneth Jay Lane; photography assistant, Torkil Gudnason; shoes executed by Michael Thiele; masks, Corey Tippin; props from Jezebel.

see myself as a puppet-master of beautiful models. I don't know. If I could explain these things, I probably wouldn't feel I had to create them.



UNDERGROUND AIRLINES



THE CHARTERS HAVE FERRIED PILGRIMS TO MECCA, ORPHANS OUT OF VIETNAM, AND THEY'LL FLY YOU TO EXOTIC PLACES FOR PRICES PEDESTRIAN

ARTICLE BY JOHN ROEMER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of Captain King and the entire crew, I would like to welcome you aboard Trans International Airlines' charter flight number 2416 to Hong Kong with intermediate stops at Niagara Falls, Anchorage and Taipeh.

Winged Icarus soloed and Pegasus was self-propelled. But if you and I want to fly, we require an assist from the air-transport industry. Icarus crashed and the flying horse became a gas-station icon, so it's pretty clear we're better off.

The airlines' monotonously high safety records lull us into shrugging off the stupendous international spectacle: thousands of huge silver contraptions skipping nimbly aloft bearing tons of jet fuel and millions of human beings anxious mainly about choice of entree and loss of luggage.

Air travel is amazing! No! A flying-trapeze act is amazing; air travel boggles wonder. They bring us drinks six miles up at the speed of sound. We gaze at vast stratospheric vistas: neighboring clouds, hundred-mile-wide sunsets, living maps of rivers, mountains, cities. We doze. We read *Time*. We land. Bad form to show excitement. We rent flight, then we rent a car.

Behind all this technical airborne harmony, however, is a skyful of heavyweight conflict. An authentic revolution is under way in the 70-billion-dollar U. S. travel business. Ralph Nader estimates that regular air fares are overpriced by ten percent. A rare bird, recently near extinction, is reviving. It is called a charter airline. Its natural enemies have included the name-brand airlines, foreign governments and the Civil Aeronautics Board. It goes cheap-cheap.

The big-four U. S. charters are Capitol, Overseas National, Trans International and World. And there's still a whiff of uncommon adventure about a charter flight to Hong Kong, especially if you get off on saving money. Hundreds of intrepid air-travel consumers line up at J.F.K.'s Air France terminal on a typical Friday night. The French national airline has leased its Gate 25 to the enemy. Ticket holders board a T.I.A. DC-10 complete with captain, first officer, flight engineer, 11 flight attendants

Sculpture by Parviz Sadighian

UNDERGROUND AIRLINES *One of the main problems the charters have is their near invisibility in the crowded skies. By sked-inspired CAB decree, they're forbidden to advertise.*

and a guide from Creative World Travel, the San Francisco tour packager.

One couple has brought sandwiches and a Thermos. A man carries Mao's book and a guide to the girls of Bangkok. These passengers are ready for anything from safari to satori, and each one has paid just $799 for two weeks in the Orient.

The price includes round-trip air fare with standard amenities, bus rides and baggage portage to and from the Hong Kong Hilton, 12 nights in the hotel, two cocktail parties and a ten-course Chinese banquet. It all comes to about $53 per day. The guide will oversee things, sell sight-seeing options and take care of the tips throughout.

We ask that you fasten your seat belt, raise your seat back to an upright position and lock your tray table in place for the following announcement. Pan Am's price for a 14-to-21-day New York–Hong Kong round-trip ticket is $1489. Pan Am doesn't include the hotel, either. But Pan Am also doesn't include T.I.A.'s brief midnight visit to Niagara Falls Municipal Airport, where several busloads of passengers from Ontario board.

After the Niagara take-off, the crew pours drinks, serves ginger beef and shows *Rollerball.* It's seven hours to the first fuel stop at Anchorage. The plane is jammed. On a full DC-10, the scheduled airlines carry only about 242 people. And since the skeds' planned load factor is a low 55 percent, you have a good chance of traveling next to an empty seat. The charters shoehorn 376 people into the same plane and they fly full. Legs cramp. The seats are narrow. Even the aisles are narrow. The johns are jammed. So everybody's ready to flex his legs while the plane takes on fuel and changes flight crews in Anchorage. Ahead lies the 11-hour transpacific leg. A mild crush develops at the airport bottle shop, though imbibing from private stock is officially banned in flight.

"I do Valium," says Sara, a pseudonymous blonde who flies for one of the charters. "A downer and a long nap. But that's only for long commercial flights or when we're ferrying an empty plane around. For working flights I do No Doz. If I were a charter passenger, I'd definitely get zonked and try to ignore the whole thing. Especially the drinks and the food. I carry apple cider, so I simply fast and sleep on long, crowded flights. I land awake and hungry—and I know that whatever I eat is going to be better than something frozen in an Oakland flight kitchen."

Sara carries her pharmaceuticals in a very private place and she uses them judiciously. Charter flight attendants are true international nomads. They fly scores of hours monthly. The pressurization changes bloat their bodies, the dry cabin air ages their skin, the perpetual dislocation gnaws. They keep apartments near their companies' dispatch offices at J.F.K. or Oakland International, but their real home is an odd-hour blur of hotel rooms, transit lounges, crew limos, airplane aisles, galleys and jump seats.

Their coffee tables are littered with matchbooks from the Hyatt Rama Bangkok, the Zurich Hilton, the Frankfurt Intercontinental, the Aruba Holiday Inn and a dozen airport motels. They've flown Angolan refugees to safety, Indonesian pilgrims to Mecca, GIs to combat. They regard the route-bound sked stews as nine-to-five bus conductors.

Behind the professional smiles they are genuine pros at world-wide coping. They carry in-flight-announcement translations in seven languages. They can fix anything with masking tape. They can clear a DC-10 packed with bewildered pilgrims in three minutes when it slams down after catching a nose wheel on the lip of the Istanbul runway in heavy fog.

That one happened to O.N.A. in 1975, only weeks after a flock of gulls choked a jet and forced a flaming crash of O.N.A.'s other DC-10 on take-off at Kennedy. More than 120 O.N.A. crew members were aboard—but no passengers—for a ferry flight to Europe. Fire broke out immediately, but all escaped. The loss left O.N.A. with a dozen DC-8s and massive rescheduling headaches.

Charter ladies aren't dogmatic about it, really, but they prefer not to be called stews anymore. Airline sexism is dying, anyway; a lot of men now fly for the charters. They use the neutral term flight attendant, often shortened to F.A.

"During Vietnam, we'd go into Da Nang to pick up troops," recalls an ex-World lady named Judy. "They'd come aboard straight off a two-week jungle patrol sometimes, tired, dirty, and we were the first round-eyes they'd seen for a year. It was the first and last time I truly knew I was a sex object—it was classic Vietnam craziness, jetting in stews in miniskirts to airlift those poor guys in and out. We really tried to keep things light and friendly, but it got pretty emotional."

It was World's feisty Ed Daly, of course, who packed pearl-handled pistols as he rode the last refugee flights out of the war.

So flying tourists to Hong Kong is a relative snap. About the worst that happens is a little muttering when the second fuel stop at Taipeh or sometimes at Tokyo is announced. They've been chasing the sunset westward for nearly 24 hours through a dozen time zones. Circassian arrhythmia is making them cranky. The crew serves an herb omelet. The skeds can easily make it to Hong Kong on a single tank, but even moderate head winds force heavy charters down twice.

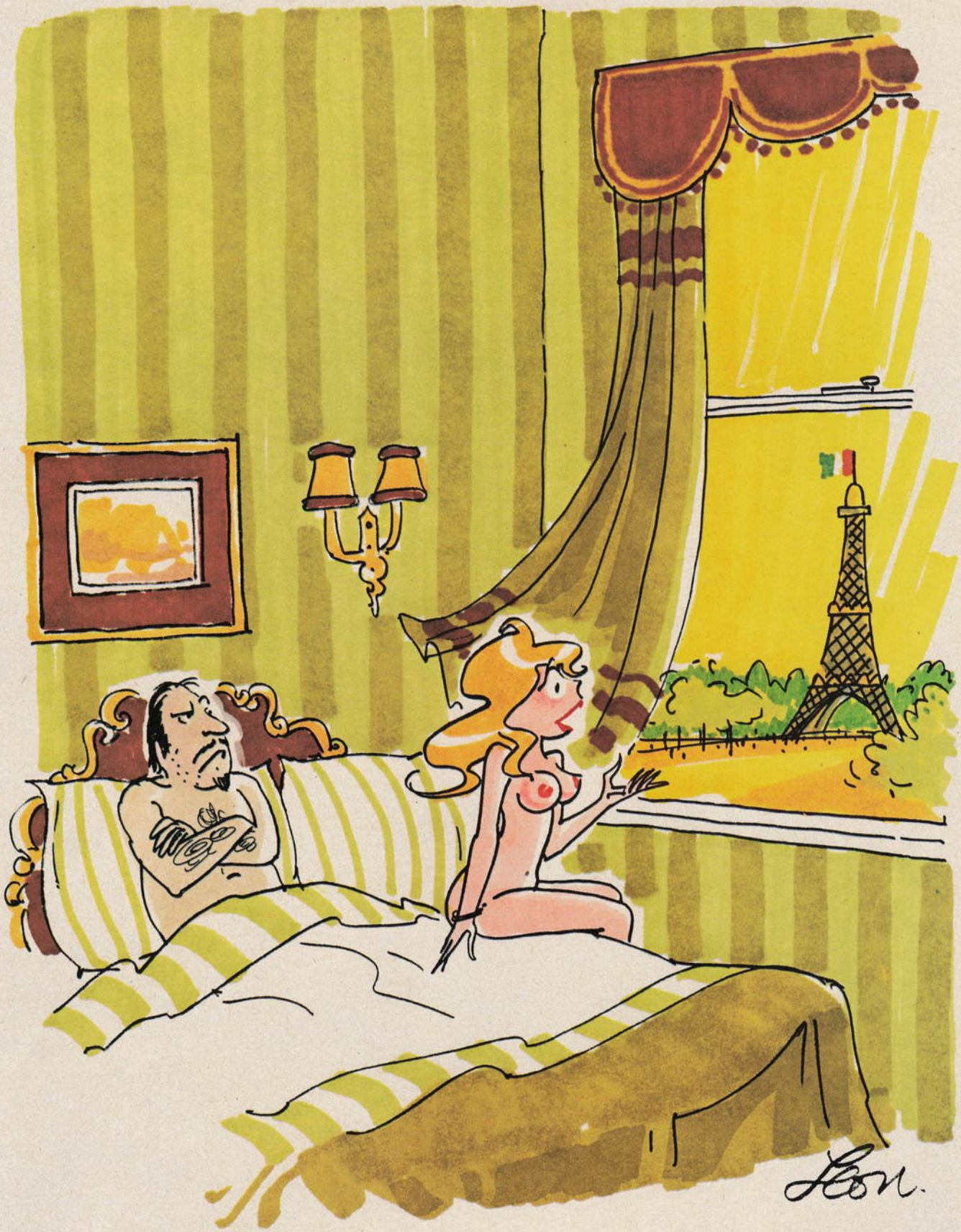
Hong Kong is a long ride, among the longest in charter flights. More commonplace tours are still great deals: a week in London (Sept. 11–18) for $369. Two weeks in Honolulu (Aug. 3–18) for $599. Four days in Las Vegas (Oct. 24–28) for $319. All these prices are from New York. They include air fare, hotel, transfers and taxes. If you are adventurous and prefer to make your own ground accommodations, you can fly to Bali from Los Angeles for 14 days in July for $770. Or to Rome from Chicago for 22 days in August for $399.

The above information and news of all available charter flights appear in a new directory called *JAX FAX*, published monthly in Stamford, Connecticut, and distributed exclusively to the trade. (*Good Deals*, a modified version of *JAX FAX*, is available to the general public.) One of the main problems the charters have is their near invisibility in the crowded skies. By sked-inspired CAB decree, they're forbidden to advertise. They keep overhead—and public awareness—low by maintaining no ticket offices or terminals. Travel agents, pampered by the skeds and used to high commissions on expensive individual tickets, are only slowly tuning in to charters. The charters have countered by encouraging specialist charter agencies like Pathfinder, Globus and American International Travel.

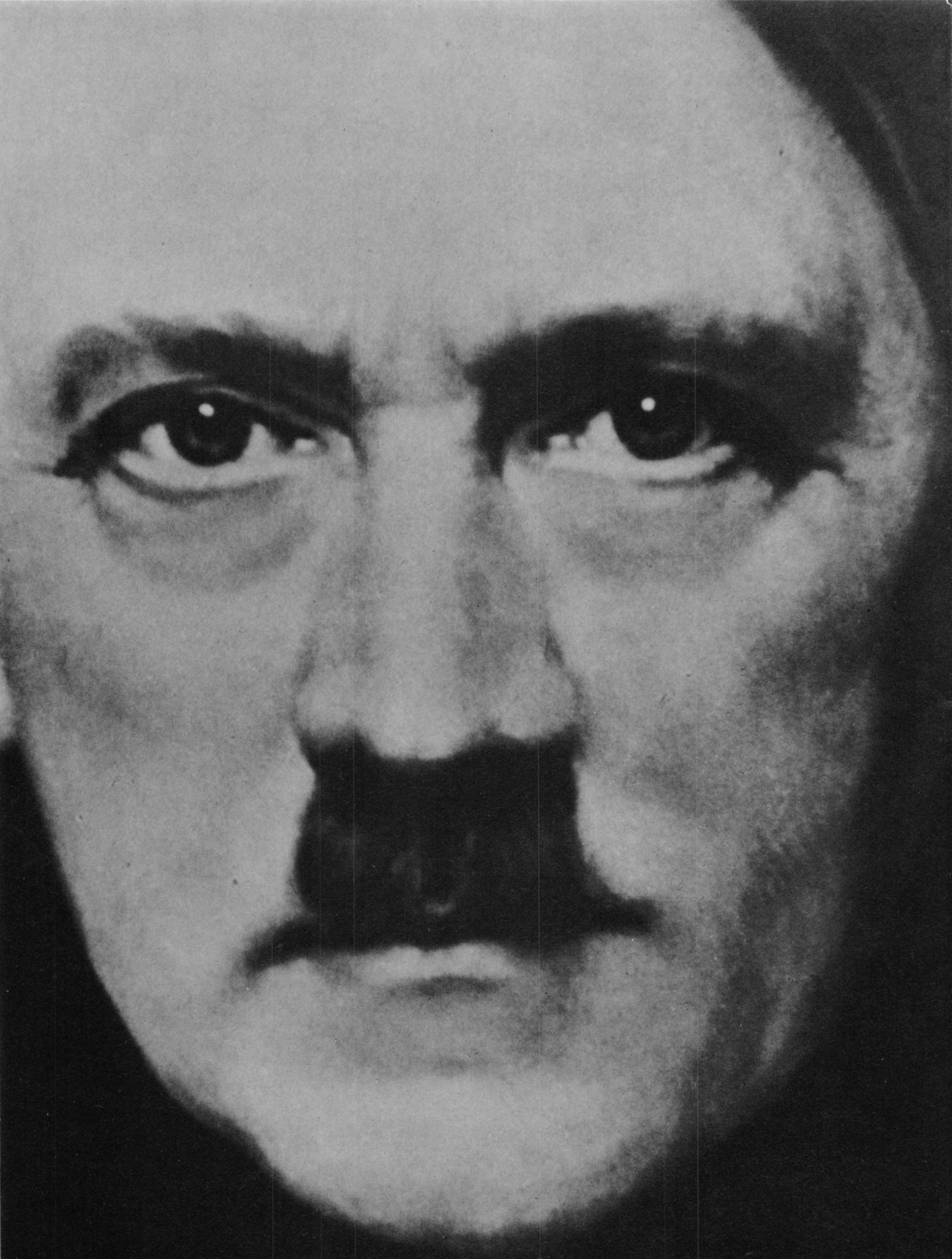
JAX FAX, which contains more than 300 pages of detailed charter information, cuts through the confusion. Trips are listed by destination months in advance. Each listing gives departure and return dates, price, airline, hotel information and the tour wholesaler's phone number.

The word is slowly getting around that for pleasure travel, to quote a T.I.A. bumper sticker, CHARTER IS SMARTER.

But if *(Continued on page 128)*



"And the Eiffel Tower isn't as big as you led me to expect, either, Monsieur Petit!"



MY BROTHER-IN-LAW ADOLF

The future Führer visits his relatives in Liverpool, England, and explains why he has decided to remain a bachelor

MEMOIR BY BRIGID HITLER

The typescript from which the following excerpts are drawn is perhaps the most intriguing literary curiosity of the Third Reich. The author's memoir of domestic squabbles with history's archvillain has been housed in the Manuscript and Archives Room of the New York Public Library but has never before been published. The origin of the typescript is uncertain. And so are the whereabouts and bona fides *of the author.*

Certain facts, however, are beyond dispute. Brigid Dowling, a generously proportioned Irish girl of 17, met Alois Hitler, the 27-year-old half brother of Adolf, at the Dublin Horse Show in 1909. They eloped to London the following year and then settled down in Liverpool, where their only son, William Patrick, was born. Alois Hitler opened a restaurant and later bought a small Liverpool hotel. Both businesses failed. In 1914, Alois left his wife and son to sell safety razors in Germany, and Brigid did not hear another word from or about her temperamental husband until the war was over. Then she heard from someone in Germany that Alois had died in the Ukraine.

Brigid, now apparently a widow, studied voice and toured the Continent with a musical-revue company. When Adolf Hitler made the headlines with his beer-hall Putsch *in 1923, young William Patrick wrote to the mayor of Munich for information about his imprisoned uncle. Eventually this letter led to bigamy charges against Alois, who was in fact alive and well in Hamburg—and married.*

William Patrick visited his father and uncle after the spectacular Nazi Party gains in the Reichstag *in 1931. According to Adolf, the boy and his mother were intent on blackmail. But William Patrick says that he merely wanted to get acquainted with his famous relatives. Adolf soundly upbraided his nephew for giving family secrets to the Hearst press and then flatly denied that he was the boy's uncle anyway. Brigid and William Patrick saw Hitler again in 1934 when he was Chancellor of Germany, but the estrangement then became permanent.*

In 1941, the Anglo-Irish branch of the Hitler family surfaced in the United States. Brigid went to work for the British War Relief Society in Manhattan and William Patrick joined the U. S. Navy. Then the OSS asked Brigid to write her memoir. The brief introduction to the manuscript explains that the OSS wanted the memoir "in order that the American public might be informed of the true facts about the man who has come to be regarded by all decent people throughout the world as the archenemy of humanity."

For some unknown reason, however, the document never found its way into print; indeed, it breaks off midsentence on page 225. When literary agent Edmond Pauker died in 1962, it was found among his papers.

Historians are of mixed minds about the memoir, which surprisingly places Hitler in Liverpool during a six-month period from 1912 to 1913. Robert Payne, in his acclaimed "The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler," devoted an entire chapter to the Liverpool episode and apparently relied heavily on the Brigid Hitler memoir as a source. John Toland, the author of the current best seller "Adolf Hitler," by contrast, calls the Liverpool story a "palpable lie." (The memoir is, at the very least, full of minor inaccuracies. The person Brigid refers to as Anton Raubal, for example, is actually Leo Raubal.) Toland contends that Brigid must have embellished her recollections to make them more salable, but he also believes that the memoir is not a complete fabrication.

According to a footnote in Toland's book, William Patrick Hitler resides in the New York metropolitan area under an assumed name, though OUI *has been unable to locate him, despite considerable effort. The fate of Brigid is unknown.*

—PHILIP NOBILE

It was at the annual Dublin Horse Show. Everyone had come to see and buy the fine Irish horses—English and Irish sportsmen, the nobility, tourists from all over the world.

I always enjoyed going anywhere with my father, and I must confess I was not unaware of the honor of being escorted by "the best-looking fellow in the countryside," as he was generally described. Many eyes turned toward us—the tall Irishman and the girl in a white muslin dress with flounces and a blue sash. My white hat was ornamented with ostrich plumes and I carried a parasol. This was the year 1909.

Father was discussing the horses with Mr. Tynan, a neighbor, and presently they were talking with a handsome stranger in a brown suit, a Homburg hat and immaculate spats. To my interested eyes, he represented the height of elegance, according to the vogue at the turn of the century.

A white ivory walking stick with a gold handle was hooked over his arm with inimitable dash. In his tie was

All photographs from
the scrapbook of Eva Braun/Uncovered and rephotographed by Curt Gunther

Most of these pictures are previously unpublished. Counterclockwise from top left: Hitler's honey, Eva Braun; Hitler with Reichstreasurer Franz Xavier Schwarz and his wife; Hitler wishes the Schwarzes farewell; Eva plays peekaboo; Hitler with Martin Bormann, Berchtesgaden. Center: Hitler with Herta Schneider's daughter, Uschi.

a pearl pin, and two rings on his left little finger—one a diamond and one a ruby—added just the right note of lavishness. Across his cream-colored waistcoat a heavy gold chain stretched from one pocket to the other, and his mustaches were waxed and twirled upright à la Kaiser. He introduced himself as Alois Hitler from Austria.

I cannot deny that this stranger with his fine foreign manners and his debonair Viennese ways made a great impression on me: His conversation was quite different from that of the commonplace, hard-working farmers and their wives who made up the society I was accustomed to. Everything he said was so new and interesting that even his broken English seemed charming.

When the horse show was over, we met in the Dublin Museum in Merion's Square. And then Alois invited me to tea. It was my first date with a man. Need I say that I was already head over heels in love?

My parents did not view our budding friendship with approval. Catholic and conservative, honest farmers for countless generations, they considered all strangers alien intruders. Consequently the idea of my becoming the wife of an Austrian—a foreigner—was decidedly repugnant to them. Their distress was aggravated by the fact that after my suitor had said he was in the hotel business and on a European tour to study the industry in France, Belgium and the British Isles, my father, who had been suspicious from the start, learned that he was employed at the Shelbourne Hotel as a waiter, sent there by a London employment agency.

Finally the situation became so unbearable that I had to choose between my family and my suitor. Perhaps I should have known better, but who could blame a 17-year-old girl for choosing the man she loved? We ran away to London without my parents' consent and were married there.

There was a great hue and cry at home after our elopement, and father threatened to appeal to the police and have "that Austrian foreigner" arrested for kidnaping, but he was dissuaded from doing so by my mother. It was not until a year later that I succeeded in making peace with my family when father came to be present at the baptism of his first grandson.

We had named our baby William Patrick, but it was not long before I found myself calling him Pat. Alois, however, addressed him as Willy. Both of us clung stubbornly to our chosen nicknames. I am sure Alois never forgot to say Willy and certainly it never occurred to me to call my baby anything but Pat. A little thing, perhaps, but it might have served as a warning. How long can a marriage endure when the parents fail to agree on so simple an issue as the nickname of their only son?

In the second year of our married life, Alois deserted his original profession, the hotel business, to become a salesman of safety razors, which were a novelty at that time. He began to dream of a great international sales organization and planned to entrust the Central European branch to his brother-in-law.

In order to further this project, Alois sent Anton Raubal traveling expenses so he and his wife, Angela [Alois and Adolf's sister], could come to Liverpool. Alois had often spoken of Angela and I was looking forward with pleasure to her visit. When we went to the Lime Street Station to meet them, I eagerly scanned the couples descending from the 11:30 train, wondering if I would recognize our relatives. Instead of Anton and Angela Raubal, however, a shabby young man approached and offered Alois his hand. It was my husband's younger brother Adolf who came in their place.

Looking back now, it would be very satisfying to say that my Irish second sight or even my woman's intuition had helped me recognize unusual qualities that might explain why the young man we met would one day become one of the most notorious figures in history. But there was certainly nothing about the pale, unsteady-eyed youth who began agitatedly whispering to Alois that distinguished him from thousands of others.

One would have expected that in making such a long journey he would have come fairly well-dressed. Certainly wearing such a worn-out suit could only mean that he had nothing else.

Even so, I would have welcomed him as I would any member of my husband's family had not Alois' angry voice startled me. He was furious. Forgetting his surroundings, he spoke so sharply and loudly that heads turned with astonishment.

At first, Adolf, obviously exhausted from the long journey, mutely listened while Alois berated him, but then he replied even more heatedly. At the height of the discussion, Adolf moved closer and grabbed Alois' topcoat by the lapels. For a second, the tension was so great that I decided I had better go. They had forgotten I was there, anyway.

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My brother-in-law Adolf remained with us from November 1912 until April 1913, and a less interesting or prepossessing house guest I cannot imagine. At first, he remained in his room, sleeping or lying on the sofa he used as a bed most of the time. I had an idea he was ill; his color was so bad and his eyes looked so peculiar, I felt rather sorry for him in spite of what Alois had told me. When I washed his shirt—he had no luggage with him—the collar was so frayed and worn it wasn't even worth turning. I persuaded Alois to give him a few things, and, as a matter of fact, he wasn't at all reluctant to do so. Indeed, I think he would have been more than willing to help Adolf if the latter hadn't been so unappreciative and difficult. Adolf took everything we did for granted and I am sure he would have remained indefinitely if he had had the slightest encouragement.

Thinking back, I found him only weak and spineless. Curiously enough, I think he preferred my society to that of my husband. After the first few weeks, he would often come and sit in my cozy little kitchen, playing with my two-year-old baby as I was preparing our meals. I thought he felt very much at home then. Usually he wouldn't say much, but just sit, from time to time telling me about different dishes his mother used to make.

Sometimes he would speak of the future. It had been a great disappointment to him that he was not allowed to enter the *Kunstakademie* where he had applied several times.

"The reason they gave for refusing me was that I didn't know how to paint. But if I could paint, why should I go to the academy? And that idiot of a professor," he complained, "said I had talent for architecture but not painting. I know that was only an excuse. He was prejudiced against me."

"But why don't you learn a

"Adolf took everything we did for granted and I am sure he would have remained indefinitely if he had had the slightest encouragement."

trade? Become an apprentice? You might take up something for which your interest in art might be helpful. Photography, for example. Or do you really feel you have to be a painter?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied uncertainly. "Up to now I always thought I had the ability to become a good painter, but maybe it's too late—as Alois always tells me." He sighed. "Maybe he's right. Of course, if I had another sort of brother—one who wasn't so selfish as Alois—he would give me enough money to live on for a few years while I develop myself."

This was one mood he displayed to me. Then there was another. In this respect, he resembled my husband; then they were always as alike as two peas in a pod. Alois had maps of every country and was always studying them. When Adolf was with us, I had to go through the same thing all over again. He would spread the maps out on tables or even on the floor and pore over them for hours. And he would never hesitate to interrupt my housework to explain how Germany was going to take her rightful position in the world. First would come France, then England. Naturally I didn't find this kind of talk very interesting. But whenever I would try to get away, he would begin to shout. Although I rarely troubled to contradict him, he would work himself up into a rage and go on until hoarseness or some interruption stopped him. I put it down partly to the pleasure he took in hearing his own voice—another trait he had in common with my husband—and partly to a desire to domineer over me.

As a matter of fact, I didn't pay a great deal of attention to his ravings. I suppose I was beginning to take shouting for granted, as a family characteristic. And then, too, Alois' German friends all talked the same way. I daresay this attitude was indicative of the general feeling at that time. Only occasionally did I retaliate. Once I just couldn't stand Adolf for another minute and burst out: "You have a fine nerve coming here as you have and saying such things. You'll never live to see the day England will be destroyed by Germany. If it ever comes to a fight, it's just as likely that the opposite will happen. Anyway, why do you take such an interest? You, and Alois, too, are Austrians, not Germans."

"He would never hesitate to interrupt my housework to explain how Germany was going to take her rightful position in the world."

He stared at me as though I had struck him in the face. For a while he had nothing to say, but his bewilderment soon passed off to be displaced by what I can only describe as a kind of sly pleasure in the fact that he had made a Britisher lose her temper.

One day he came back quite excited.

"Listen, Alois," he exclaimed. "They were playing the German national anthem on the river. All the men took off their hats and stood at attention."

"That's ridiculous," commented Alois.

"No, no. There were many people there and they all showed their respect." Adolf began to sing *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.*

The moment Alois heard the tune, he laughed. "You are crazy, Adolf. That's the English national anthem. The music is the same. Only the words are different."

At this point, I pause to ask myself some questions. Should I have been more sympathetic to Adolf? Would it have made any difference in the course of events? When Adolf was in Liverpool, I was young and thoughtless. Certainly I didn't concern myself with his future. If I had exerted my influence over him, it is quite possible he might have remained in England. At this time the country was full of Germans. Barbers, hairdressers, carpenters, all varieties of skilled workmen, came looking for work. Many of these visitors settled comfortably in England, never to return to the Continent. If I had insisted that Adolf learn English instead of practicing my stumbling German on him, he might have shared their obscurity.

As I think back to his departure, I see again the pale, thin face and haggard eyes of my young brother-in-law as he hastily kissed me and then Alois before he boarded the train. Leaning far out of the window as the train began to pull slowly past the station, he shouted something, ending "*Was dir zukommt wirst du später von mir erhalten!*"

I looked at my husband in amazement, for I couldn't understand why he suddenly turned red in the face and started forward as if he wanted to run after the moving train.

"What's wrong?" I asked him. "He only said you'd get what he owed you."

"Yes, that's what he said, but it had a double sense. He meant to threaten me, saying I'd get what was coming to me. But what do I care for the threats of a loafer like him?"

Who could have predicted that this loafer would one day hold my husband's, my own, my son's life, indeed, the life of all Europe in his hands?

The following passage picks up the relationship between the British Hitlers and the German Hitlers in 1931, when William Patrick Hitler discovered his uncle's name in a newspaper article about the beer-hall Putsch.

Pat, as proud as Punch, showed me a newspaper containing an account of an unsuccessful *coup d'état* that had taken place in Munich. It was the famous Munich *Putsch* organized by Adolf Hitler that had taken the military authorities 24 hours to suppress.

"Adolf Hitler," Pat was insisting. "He must be my uncle."

I took the newspaper in my hand. I looked at the photo. Adolf's face had grown more mature and somewhat fuller. Otherwise there was no great change in it, except for his mustache.

When Adolf had come to visit us in Liverpool, his mustache had been of the handlebar type, rather full and soft. Long before that I had persuaded Alois to cut off the waxed points of his à la Kaiser. When Adolf came, I set to work on him, too, and succeeded in getting him to trim it. Now I saw it had decreased still more, almost to a ridiculous degree. Alois' mustache had grown narrower, too, when I saw him in Monte Carlo, but looked much better than Adolf's. I had started them in the right direction, but Adolf had gone too far.

Pat brought out his own treasured photograph album and displayed a photograph. Alois stood with his arm on Adolf's shoulder. It had been taken on one of their sightseeing tours in London. As they stood in front of the photographer, they appeared to be loving brothers. Pat compared this old photograph with that in the newspaper. "They're exactly the same," he said. "And I'm sure Uncle Adolf will answer my letter."

I looked at him, amazed and inexplicably disturbed. "Your letter?"

I didn't know what to say. His desire to know all about his father was so natural, I could find neither heart nor courage to tell him the truth. I prayed his letter would never reach Adolf.

In 1931, William Patrick Hitler went to Germany to visit his father and uncle and

Counterclockwise from top left: Hitler at a rally with Ribbentrop and aides; unwelcome guest in Paris; the Thinker, at Chocolate Hill; Hitler addresses the *Reichstag*; Eva exercises at the Königssee. Center: Hitler with Blondi.

wrote the following letter home to his mother:

Dear Mother,

Uncle Adolf had been looking at me from time to time as though he were curious about me. Now he turned to me and said, "And you, you English boy, what is your opinion on the Jewish question? What are they doing about it in England?"

I was really embarrassed but tried to tell him as well as I could in my broken German that we didn't have any Jewish question in England and that we didn't make any distinctions about religion. I told him we had many friends whose religion we didn't even know.

In another letter, William Patrick described the peculiar relationship between his uncle Adolf and Geli Raubal, Adolf's niece:

Geli kept returning to the topic of Uncle Adolf. He seems to be very much on her mind. She was very young when she and her mother went to live with Uncle Adolf. Geli's father died in the war, so Uncle Adolf acted as father to her and the other two children.

"He was awfully strict," she told me, "though more with the others than with me. He was always different with me. I was his special favorite. He would never go to sleep without saying goodnight to me, even when he didn't get home until long after I was in bed. Lots of times he would wake me up in the middle of the night, just to say a few words."

I guess Geli is the only one Uncle Adolf is affectionate with. She told me that even when he's in a savage mood, storming about and breaking things, if she begins to cry, he pulls out of it and comforts her.

There were long periods when she scarcely saw him at all. He had no time for anyone when he was fighting for the life of his Party.

That was when Geli began to study music seriously. She has a fine natural soprano voice, and her teachers say she could be a success in opera if she would really devote all her time to it. But Uncle Adolf doesn't want Geli to have a career. He thinks she should learn to be a good housewife first. In fact, I don't think he approves of careers for women at all.

In 1934, Brigid Hitler joined her son at Berchtesgaden and had an encounter with the Führer that she describes as follows:

I turned to the path that led between the two houses into the garden. I saw my brother-in-law, dressed in the *volk* costume of the Bavarian mountain dweller, which consisted of short knickers that left his knees bare, heavy white stockings, a gray woolen jacket and a green hat. He was greatly changed. When I had last seen him, he was poorly dressed and thin. Now he had put on weight and was very well groomed. I thought suddenly of a *petit bourgeois* who has won first prize in the sweepstakes and come into possession of everything he formerly lacked.

As I walked toward him, he was holding up a heavy whip for three magnificent German shepherd dogs to jump at. Watching him as intently as I could without being too noticeable, I considered the fact that my son's and my own life were in the hands of this man who was studiously not seeing me. I kept recalling over and over his last words as the train pulled out with him from the Lime Street Station in Liverpool.

"You'll get everything that's coming to you. . . ."

Now he had his chance to pay everything back with interest.

It is difficult to deceive a woman. She can always tell when a man is posing. Adolf is a born actor who plays even for a one-person audience. I felt it clearly as he stood there, letting me come to him. When I was only a few yards away, he ordered the dogs to lie down.

One lay at his feet, ears pricked and tail wagging as I approached. Adolf touched him with the whip to make him stop. This made it necessary for him to offer me his left hand, as the right was occupied with holding the whip.

"I hope you're enjoying your visit and I am happy you are having a good time." He kept my hand in his and looked at me for a long time. "The years have passed over your head without touching you," he said at last.

Adolf spoke to the dogs, who eagerly got to their feet and began to walk. Adolf presented them to me by name: Blondi, Muck and Wolf. [Blondi, his favorite, was later poisoned.] He seemed to take great pleasure in their intelligent response to his commands. They understood every inflection of his voice and obeyed like good soldiers. It was interesting to note that he posed for the dogs almost as much as for me and equally enjoyed his success with them. They obviously liked him. But dogs, unlike some men, are happy in a state of subservience.

There were innumerable subjects I might have discussed with Adolf and a thousand questions I might have asked, but I didn't want to sound like a reporter, so I confined myself to uncontroversial subjects. One of the questions I asked, perhaps idiotically, is of wide interest, so I shall include it here.

"Why have you never married?"

For a tense moment, I thought I had made a *faux pas*.

"Do not be embarrassed, Brigid," he said, and his whole mobile mask assumed a droll, but shrewd, smile. "You are not the first to ask me that question and I shall tell you if you are interested. It is a question of statistics. You see, there are approximately twenty million women in Germany and all of them are more or less attached to me. Then, in the Hitlermaid battalions there are approximately twenty million girls being brought up as mine. Twenty million women plus twenty million girls equals forty million Germans. If I were to marry one of these women today, I'd lose the personal interest of 39,999,999 tomorrow. *Nein! Nein! Nein!*" he repeated boisterously. "I cannot afford to do it.

"No woman in Germany must ever be entitled to exclusive possession of me," he went on, as though taking me into his most intimate confidence. "They are charming, the ladies." His tone implied that he and I were worthy friends who could discuss such a matter from safe objectivity. "To love them is a privilege and a pleasure. But to love them too much might prove a pain and a penalty for a man in my position." He smiled at me in as nearly natural a way as is possible for a man who never forgets he must create an impression, even in the relaxation of his own home. "*Mein Gott!*" he exclaimed, as though it had just come to him as a great surprise, "I myself cannot explain it, but the women are mad about me. They all love me. And I assure you, I do nothing, absolutely nothing, to encourage that sort of thing."

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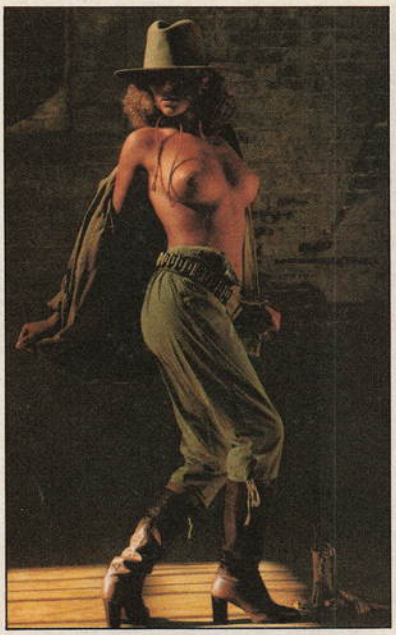
As I lay in bed, staring out of my window into the mysterious night, a chill crept around me. It had all sounded so simple when Pat and I had discussed my chances of escape. And the Hitlers had seemed so *gemütlich* at the afternoon picnic. Yet the horrors taking place in Germany were no longer remote. Every minute I had been here they came closer. I thought of Geli, the only human being my brother-in-law had loved. She was dead. And the Germany he claimed so fervidly to adore was dying. The silence of the mountain, which had seemed so tranquil and beautiful, was now like the silence of death. Uneasily I wondered what the future would hold for Pat, for me, for my strange family by marriage. ■

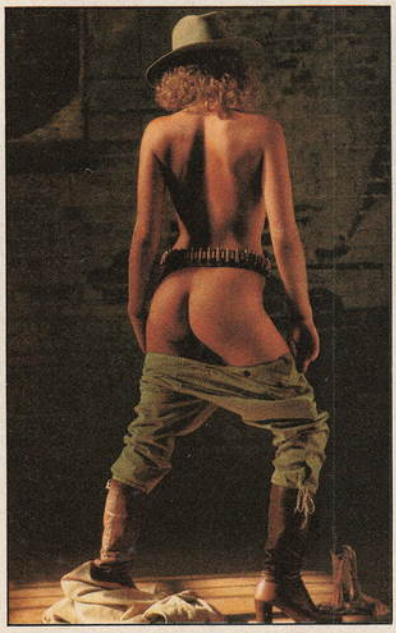
*"She's really quite respectable.
Ever since her husband died last month she insists on a black
olive in her martini."*

PASCALE
GOES ON MANEUVERS

The dawn is just breaking when Pascale calls it a day. She has been in the field all night, crawling on her stomach and climbing barricades. Her fatigues are damp and her body is moist. The constant interaction of cotton and flesh has her nerve ends alive, sending urgent messages to her secret centers. "I enjoy the maneuvers," she says, "but I enjoy the later release even more."



"There is danger in what I do and the exhilaration I feel when it is past is tremendously erotic. Every sensitive spot in my body is at full attention, and there is only one way to put them at ease."



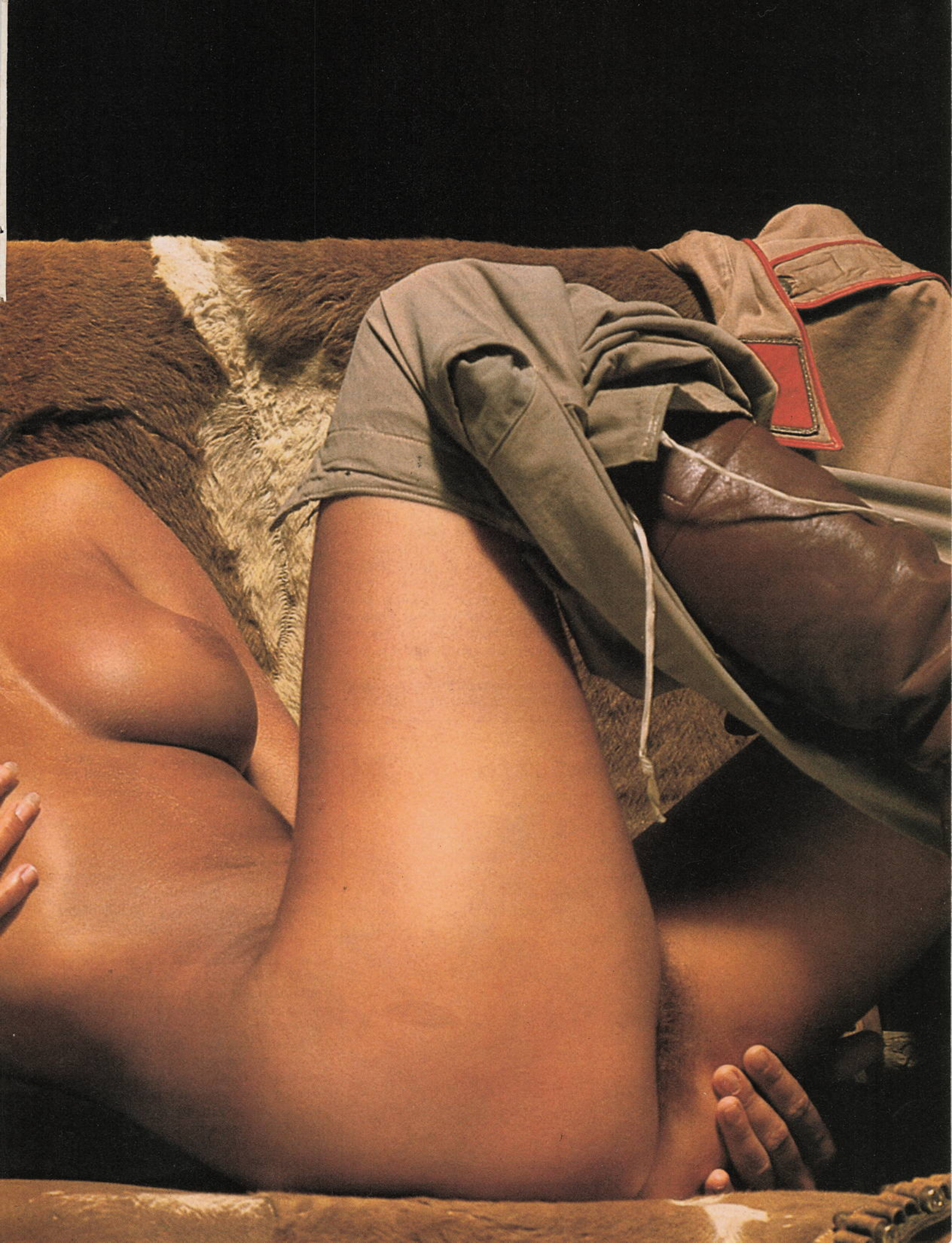
"My field uniform is simple and functional, designed to protect and disguise. Beneath it I am warm, vulnerable, naked to the world. I am aroused by such contrasts. Like soft skin and rough leather."

Photography by Suze Randall

"After you have spent several hours in intense concentration, you have to unwind by letting your mind go totally blank and letting your fingers do what they will. In one sense, my body is a finely tuned fighting instrument and, like any instrument, it needs care and attention. Lubrication. A gentle rubbing. I have not yet met the man who can treat my body with as much devotion as I can. This is not mere narcissism but an essential of my physical survival. I need my body; my body needs me."

"My ideal man knows only how to charge and never retreats."

"When I go into battle, I must put all my lovers behind me."



THE ASTROLOGY INDUSTRY *At A.F.A. conventions, often attended by thousands, the exposure is so massive that lecturers are not only not paid, they must buy their own admission tickets!*

(Continued from page 60) referrals. So he began The New York Astrology Center as a clearinghouse for referrals. Then, just as he had once paid astrologers to teach him their craft, he now recognized that, as the center's headmaster, students would pay him. So classes began at the center. He next realized that his students were a ready market for astrology books, which are often hard to get, so he started The New York Astrology Center Bookstore, which, he maintains, has the world's largest retail collection of astrological reading material.

Weingarten soon began his own magazine, *The Aquarian Agent* (now called *Astrology '77*), published books under the imprint of A.S.I. Publishers, Inc. (Astrology Services International), and finally, feeling that existing organizations failed to represent astrology as he practiced it, began the National Astrological Society. Today, N.A.S.O. publishes newsletters for its paying members, supports astrological research and holds yearly conventions, which have only just begun to make money. (This year's convention is being held at Virginia Beach, Virginia, June first through June sixth.)

Nevertheless, Weingarten, who also lectures, cannot make a living wage from any one of these operations (though he fiercely insists he could if he chose to).

Weingarten's N.A.S.O. is one of dozens of professional astrological associations throughout the country. Some exist only to pay their officers a living wage. Others are so embroiled in policy struggles that they cease to serve any purpose. But some, like the National Council for Geocosmic Research, operate effectively on the most negligible of budgets. N.C.G.R. has approximately 500 members, including scientists. Their goal is to rigorously test the statistical relationships between celestial and terrestrial events. The cost of research projects is defrayed through membership fees, sales of biannual journals and sporadic conventions (a recent one netted about $2000). Its officers are paid no salary. The whole operation thrives less on income than on the serious intent of its members.

But there is one association that is not living on love alone. The American Federation of Astrologers has more than 4000 paying members. A.F.A. members often elect to take tests, which will allow them to say in their ads that they are A.F.A.-certified. Not all astrologers accept this certification, and many grouse that the A.F.A.'s serve "the lowest common denominator of astrology." Nevertheless, the A.F.A. combined income from holding tests, publishing a monthly bulletin, issuing regional referral lists and hosting frequent conventions has recently enabled it to erect an elaborate office complex in Tempe, Arizona. No other zodiacal organization can make that statement!

All astrological conventions, A.F.A.-certified or not, are quite popular. For one thing, beginners and nonmembers can rub shoulders with famous pros. Also, lonely astrologers need to talk shop together. Astrologers are usually so hungry for exposure that they advertise in convention programs, peddle their books and, if invited, lecture without a fee. Occasionally an organization-backed lecturer will have his expenses paid for him, but the astrologer who gets even $50 for a lecture is making a killing. At A.F.A. conventions, often attended by thousands, the exposure is so massive that lecturers—no matter how famous—are not only not paid, they must buy their own admission tickets!

There are a few astrologers who survive solely by writing about the subject, but, by and large, it is next to impossible. Professional journals pay nothing, and the dozen or so popular journals pay a mere one-half cent to five cents a word. To make a living requires a gargantuan output. One man had to write daily columns (without by-line) for a number of astrology magazines, varying his advice as much as ethically possible so as to cover his tracks.

Only the editors and publishers of astrology magazines ever wind up in the black—and they are seldom astrologers themselves. They refuse to discuss just how profitable their publications are. Suffice it to say that many of these small-scale mags have been published on newsprint paper and with low-cost ad rates since the Thirties. Circulation rose in the late Sixties, peaked during the early Seventies and has since fallen off slightly, but shows no signs of dying. Yet, because the average circulation is only 50,000, they are not bringing down the big bucks, either. Perhaps this is due to their cheap print presentation. Such is apparently the belief of CBS Publications' *Astrology Today*, which now prints on glossy paper and has expanded its book size as it pursues a larger readership and classier advertisers.

Major book publishers tend only to dabble in the astrology field. Several years ago, Linda Goodman's *Sun Signs* was put out by a small publisher (Taplinger) and eventually sold more than 2,000,000 copies. It was no more than a list of lengthy profiles of each zodiacal personality. Bantam had bought the paperback rights and commissioned other

"I never knew there was a patron saint of schizophrenia."

The Most Dangerous Magazine in America.

America has two cultures. One you can see on television, read about in daily papers and slick magazines. The faces change but the stories stay the same.

The other culture isn't on TV. No magazine or newspaper covers this beat. It's where dope, sex and politics melt, mingle and fuse into ideas too hot for the official culture to handle. Ideas too mad, bad and dangerous to know. Ideas you get only in *High Times*.

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THE ASTROLOGY INDUSTRY *French statistician Michel Gauquelin ordered a number of computerized readings for lifers in solitary confinement. For many, the computers predicted marriage.*

astrology books, including the more advanced *The Compleat Astrologer* and a highly serious astrology series by Alan Oken. The market for Bantam's follow-up books, though less spectacular than that for *Sun Signs*, is at least steady and continuous.

Astrologers condemn books on sun signs as having too limited a focus. Your sun sign is the constellation behind the sun at the moment of birth, and while astrologers hold that it influences your whole life, it must share its authority with the ascendant and any other zodiac sign that has a large number of planets in it. Yet, since most people are interested in astrology only on a sun-sign level, wanting quick, three-sentence capsules of their destinies, the most prosperous astrologers are those who serve that market. Charles Jayne and his wife, Vivia, write such a column for New York's *Daily News*. "Astrologers who denounce sun-sign columns" says Mr. Jayne, "are either independently wealthy or haven't done it. There *is* a kind of general astrological weather that *can* be forecast."

Jayne, a gentle man in his 60s and one of the most respected professionals in the field, has been clawing out an astrology career since 1940. He has consulted, taught and formed his own astrological associations (the Association for Research in Cosmecology is one). When the Ford Motor Company introduced the Mustang II, he was hired to cast its chart. Once he even quit the stars and went to work on Wall Street. He has written the *News*'s sun-sign column since 1973. Though he considers the living he makes to be comfortable, he must live frugally. He says the greatest financial windfall of his career was a $1000 check he once received for an unsigned article in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The astrology-as-art picture is also pretty bleak. Sun-sign medallions, sun-sign T-shirts and rubber stamps of zodiac wheels for plotting natal charts do no better than other products in a manufacturer's line without such cosmic pretensions. Several companies sell charts by computer, such as Astro Computing Services, which spits them out at two dollars per (a timesaver, but for the professional astrologer only, as no star interpretations are included). Digicomp Research Corporation plans an astrological computer that will retail "somewhere between $1000 and $1800." The men behind each of these operations are electronics experts and only incidentally fans of astrology.

Laymen, too, can have their charts cast and interpreted by computer. Time Pattern Research Institute charges ten dollars and $20—depending on how much you want to know—and reportedly grosses more than $1,000,000. Its computerized competition is not so prosperous, and just recently this electronic branch of astrology got egg on its blinking, buzzing face: French statistician Michel Gauquelin, who has long been gathering data to either confirm or deny astrology's scientific basis, ordered a number of computerized readings for lifers in solitary confinement. For many, the computers predicted marriage and financial success.

That ends that, right? Why, then, is Righter getting his reported four-figure retainers a year per movie star?

Righter himself was fortunate. Scion of a wealthy Philadelphia family, he moved to Los Angeles in the Thirties, on the advice of the stars, to recover his failing health. His Eastern money and position allowed him easy access to Los Angeles society and eventually to its inner sanctum, the movie colony. Once on the glamorous dinner-party circuit, he would trot out astrology (a hobby—albeit a serious one) for the entertainment (and intimidation) of other guests. One evening in 1939 he told Marlene Dietrich that her sagging career would improve if she took a role in *Destry Rides Again*, which, he forecasted, would be a hot movie. She did. It was. And Dietrich commissioned Righter to supply her with daily reports.

So accurate was Righter that once, when he told Dietrich to stay home, she heedlessly went to the studio and broke her ankle. Word of Righter's skill spread throughout Hollywood and he was soon inundated with clients, including (or so the gossip-press alleges; Righter, like any good doctor, won't say) Ronald Reagan, Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, Robert Mitchum, Lana Turner, Red Skelton and the Gabors.

Today, Righter's daily predictions appear in more than 300 newspapers across the country. When he switched syndicates in the Sixties, his successor at the original syndicate was Sydney Omarr, who now appears in approximately 250 newspapers and writes annual sun-sign books. Because of the vast dissemination of their by-lines, Omarr and Righter are at the apex of astrological prosperity.

But there are others on the rise, too. Twenty-nine-year-old Darrell Martinie is scheduled to hit the national airwaves in a daily astrological "weather" report with different forecasts for each part of the country. At present, he broadcasts for WBCN-radio in Boston and WBLM-radio in Lewiston, Maine, and his gentle self-depreciations have earned him an ever-expanding following. One of astrology's rare success stories, the exuberant Martinie earns up to $500 for lectures in the Boston area and is astrologer to members of Sha-Na-Na. After a Boston d.j. dubbed him The Cosmic Muffin, a radio giveaway of Cosmic Muffin T-shirts was depleted in a matter of days.

How did he do it? When he first went to Boston a few years ago (on the advice of the stars, of course), he had only $35 in his pocket. Promptly applying for welfare, he wrote "out of work astrologer" as his occupation. He hustled astrology readings at the Bunker Hill monument, but nothing starry happened until he called up a local progressive-rock d.j. and chided him for broadcasting erroneous astrological information. The d.j. invited him to forecast regularly on the air and The Cosmic Muffin's career was off.

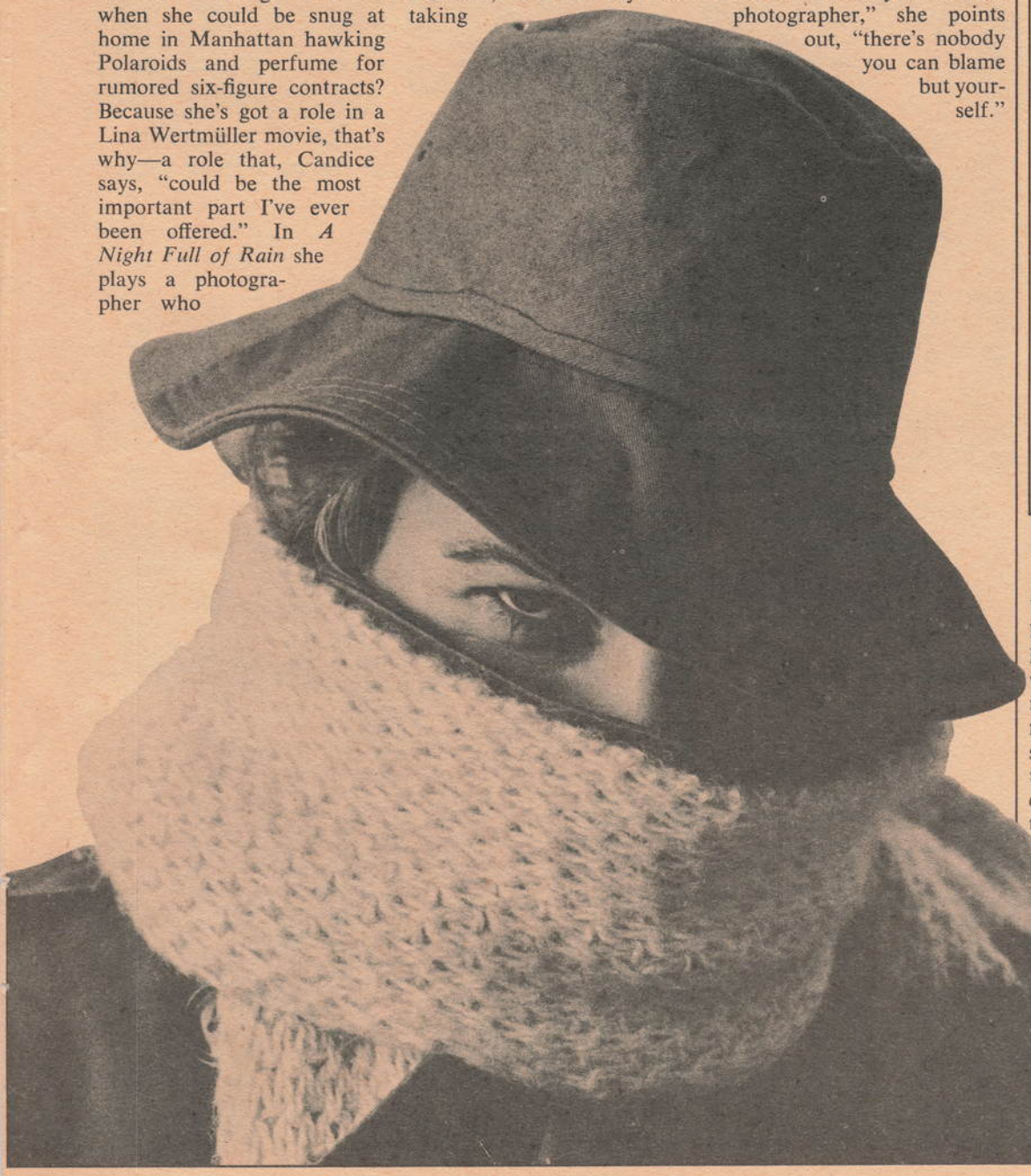
Now he has incorporated himself and is heading for possible television and radio syndication. But there are problems. The Code of the National Association of Broadcasters forbids the presentation of astrological material as anything but entertainment. It is alleged that Sydney Omarr was eased off Los Angeles radio when he too clearly expected to be taken seriously. Darrell Martinie also expects to be taken seriously, but shrewdly signs off with a pointed disclaimer: "It's a wise person who rules the stars and it's a fool who is ruled by them." Whether this will get The Cosmic Muffin off the hook remains to be seen. Nevertheless, he confidently predicts he'll earn more than $30,000 this year.

Joel Singer, Martinie's promoter, suggests that it's The Cosmic Muffin's star quality that attracts his fans, so that they can like him without admitting to a belief in astrology. Perhaps there are enough small pockets of astrological prosperity to suggest that a fortune awaits the first person to sell the high of astrology without the hangover of embarrassment. After all, can 32,000,000 Americans be wrong? ▣

WHO

Candice Bergen shutters when she shivers

So why is Renaissance woman Candice Bergen standing around shivering in Rome when she could be snug at home in Manhattan hawking Polaroids and perfume for rumored six-figure contracts? Because she's got a role in a Lina Wertmüller movie, that's why—a role that, Candice says, "could be the most important part I've ever been offered." In *A Night Full of Rain* she plays a photographer who has a stormy marriage to an Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini). Candice says that taking pictures professionally is a great deal harder than acting in them. "When you fail as a photographer," she points out, "there's nobody you can blame but yourself."



Mary Ellen Mark/Magnum

Mike Phillips

Peter Stocker: jogging along

When both his father and brother died young from heart attacks, Peter Stocker was shocked into doing something about his own physical fitness. Before long, he was setting up Parcourse centers—each a kind of jogging/exercise obstacle course. For those not near the centers, he's also invented the Parcourse Fitness Game, a kit of customized materials for exercising at home. "Let's face it," says Stocker, "jogging is a bore if that's the only exercise you do. Fitness should be fun."

Mark Sennet

Dr. Kasserla: tub shrink

Psychologist Irene Kasserla holds therapy sessions in bathtubs, sends clients to porn films and makes over $200,000 treating the simple folk of—where else?—Hollywood. She doesn't mind the label Celebrity Shrink. "Look, if I have to spend my life with sick people, they might as well be exciting," says the good doctor, who used to host a national TV show. What's next? "I'm in the middle of writing a book on sex," says Dr. Kasserla. "It'll be a sex book to end all sex books."

Martin Schreiber

Bobby Seale wants your gun

In the Sixties, Bobby Seale was all for picking up any and every gun. Now he wants people to throw their guns out. He started an organization—Homicide Prevention—and is going on TV to spread his message. "I asked myself how many of the 24,000 senseless gunshot killings that occur in the U. S. each year I might have helped prevent."

Lee Frank: Bigfoot fan

This man hunts monsters. Not to kill or capture them, mind; just to prove their existence. His name is Lee Frank and he says, "If I thought my investigations would lead to destruction, I'd get rid of all my evidence." So far Frank has logged time tracking the Loch Ness Monster, the Abominable Snowman, Bigfoot and some nameless creatures in Tennessee and New Jersey. What equipment does he use? "Just a camera and a fast pair of shoes." Oh, yes: Frank also wrote the biorhythms piece in the December 1976 OUI.

Martin Schreiber

Suze Randall: snapshooter

Former nurse turned model turned photographer Suze Randall says that she would never ask the girls she photographs to do anything she wouldn't do. But then, there isn't a lot that she wouldn't do, as she reveals in her autobiography *Suze*, just published by Dell. Suze wrote the book, she says, "to take revenge on my male competitors who are forever telling me that a woman can't take pictures. They talk about photography as if it were an art, for God's sake. It's really not that hard." Suze makes everything look easy—see what she did to Pascale in this issue (page 102).

Photos by Suze Randall

A Wilder Gene than ever

Gene Wilder wants to get out of dramatic roles—like the one he had in *Silver Streak*—and get back into comedy. "Drama is boring," he says. "I want to pull my pants down and show my tushie." He's currently writing a screenplay called *The World's Greatest Lover*, in which he plays a country bumpkin who comes to Hollywood in the Twenties with thoughts of replacing Valentino. Gene's harshest critic is his 16-year-old daughter, Kate. "If she doesn't like a scene, she draws a frown in the margin."

Mark Sennet

Raeanne Rubinstein

Ronnie Milsap: nobody can accuse him of being on a star trip

Ronnie Milsap, blind since birth, talks wittily about everything, including his ham-radio operation, his collection of tapes from old radio shows and his personal brand of country music, which has been described as a blend of bluesy ballads and which won him a Grammy this year as best country male vocalist. He's particularly funny when asked about his blindness. "Well, boy," he says, "in my show I like to get up from behind the piano once in a while. Of course, everybody always tenses up, thinking I'm going to fall off the stage. Well, one night I did—kee-rash, right into the pit. I saw some stars, but it was all right, 'cause they were the first things I'd seen in fifteen years."

Snuff Garrett goes ki-yi-yippie all the way to the bank

As a kid growing up in Dallas in the Fifties, Snuff Garrett wanted someday to be Roy Rogers.

Mark Sennet

"The only problem," he says, "was that I began to go bald just as my career got started." Instead, Garrett had to settle for being a successful Hollywood record producer, handling such diverse talent as Frank Sinatra, Telly Savalas, Gary Lewis and the Playboys, and Cher. Now, after this 20-year detour, Garrett is finally getting into Westerns: His new company, The Nostalgia Merchants, is selling prints of 13 classic Republic Studio oaters, featuring boyhood idols Roy Rogers, Red Ryder and Little Beaver, as well as an occasional masked marvel. Now cowboy freaks like Garrett can whoop it up in the privacy of their own living rooms. "It's nice to sit and look at the cowboy heroes of yesteryear; there aren't many heroes of any kind around today." Snuff said.

Julie Christie: trying to say no to mechanical sex

"Never act with animals, small children or computers," says Julie Christie, who gets mugged by an automated wheelchair in the film *Demon Seed*. Julie plays the wife of a scientist who has totally computerized their home. One of the computers eventually decides to hook up with Julie and breed electronic progeny. When asked how it felt to be raped by a computer, Julie just gave us an icy stare.

SHORT TAKES

FRED HALSTED

The male-porn director talks about arms up asses to the elbow, love, art and a new sexual experience called consentual death

Fred Halsted makes male-porn films. Fred Halsted is also a homosexual. But Halsted's films are not just male-porn films, and Halsted is not just a homosexual. Some people say his films, "L.A. Plays Itself," "Sex Garage" and "Sex Tools," which depict such things as fists fucking assholes and cocks fucking motorcycles, are art. Some say they are demented trash. Everyone agrees they are original. Halsted seems pretty original, too, in that he is very upfront about his main sexual fantasy—his death at the hands of his lover/slave/marriage person, Joey. We sent off-Broadway producer Leil Lowndes to visit Halsted and Joey in their New York apartment in the hope of some hot copy.

OUI: How can you tell a sadist from a masochist?

HALSTED: By the look in their eyes.

OUI: Doesn't it have something to do with their clothing?

HALSTED: If you're an S, you wear everything on your left side. If you wear your keys and your belt on your left side, that means you're a sadist. If you wear a red handkerchief in the left back pocket of your Levis, it means you're into anal—uh—entrances. If you wear a blue bandanna in your left pocket, it means you're into what Judith Crist calls scatology, which Divine made quite famous in *Pink Flamingos*. On the right side, it means you want it done *to* you. On the left means you want to do it.

OUI: Is sadomasochism a power trip? Is it the stronger person in a couple who is the S?

HALSTED: I find that it's usually a competition to see who can be the M fastest. A man wants to be dominated. I don't care if he's a stud with all the paraphernalia. You get him home and he wants to be dominated. This is true 95 percent of the time. I feel that homosexuals are almost exclusively masochists.

OUI: You say that Joey is your slave. He's your slave sexually, but is he your slave in other ways?

HALSTED: He is my slave 24 hours a day. He is also a masochist, but he's *my* masochist. He's not turned on to anyone else abusing him in any way.

OUI: *L.A. Plays Itself* features fist fucking, in which the S inserts his arm up to the elbow into the anus of the M. Is this part of your life?

HALSTED: Anything you see on the screen, we do. But in public, you see a censored version. What goes on in private is much more massive.

OUI: Isn't it dangerous?

HALSTED: If you get a fist shoved up your ass and a boot shoved up your ass and bananas shoved up your ass, you're going to bleed a little bit and have minor blood vessels broken. That's not uncommon; it's part of the risk. If you get extremely cruel, someone could be killed. The potential is there.

OUI: Where do you draw the line?

HALSTED: I know when to stop. There can be massive violence leading up to the entrance, but when my arm can feel all of the life functions—heartbeat, stomach, viscera, everything—at that point, something happens to my psyche. A person's life rests on my judgment of how to use my arm. I could kill that person in one second. Two lives are joined by my arm. It's the most erotic thing I can feel, because the person I am with knows he has given himself to the point of death, should I be a maniac. Life and death are so close.

OUI: Fred, do you think you could ever flip out and hurt Joey?

HALSTED: I already have. I can kill him and I will kill him.

OUI: Joey, how do you feel about that?

JOEY: Well——

HALSTED: I would like you to ask him the question "When are you going to kill Fred?"

OUI: It's not you who were going to kill him?

HALSTED: The day will present itself. But I am more concerned about the day when Joey will kill me.

JOEY: Fred really believes that at one point in time I will kill him, but I won't. I know that I won't.

HALSTED: I know you will. I will make you kill me. I know how to make you kill me, and when I feel that I'm ready to die, I know you will do it. I'll fuck up your head enough that you will kill me.

JOEY: At that point, I will walk away.

HALSTED: Believe me, you won't walk away.

OUI: Do you really want Joey to kill you?

HALSTED: Yes.

JOEY: He wants all or nothing.

OUI: What gives you the feeling of power that makes you think you can control life and death?

HALSTED: It's called raw emotion. I'm Russian. I'm paranoid. I'm nihilistic. I'm a gypsy band that's nearly extinct. I'm a black witch and I just know that Joey will kill me. I believe in reincarnation. I don't want to come back here. I want to solve everything karmically. I find it greatly irritating to be alive.

OUI: Do you think that the threat of death is necessary in the relationship between the S and the M?

HALSTED: That's a fraud. I feel that it is immoral to take someone and say, "Look, don't worry. I'm just going to tie you up and slap you around," and then you kill him. I believe in consentual death, in which both parties know that it is right, and it is the time, and it is good for them. Consentual death. You know you're going to die; I don't know why you can't have the opportunity to select the time. There are moments when it's time to die. It can be so beautiful. You can create a union in your death that goes beyond and after your death. It's like marriage in a way. That's the kind of death I'm advocating. ▣

MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?
One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by ¾" and nearly ½" in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L., Catford, London

My wife and I go to alot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now 1¼" longer and ½" thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women *do* think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of "The Penis." The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was 17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found. The following is a table of results obtained.

Case No.	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6:1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

Detailed Instructions

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, he illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step—detail by detail, he describes the effective methods, how to employ them, and how long it will take to achieve remarkable results.

Acclaimed in Europe

Dr. Richards achievement is truly a landmark. After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented. "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training... in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE. If for *any* reason you are not satisfied with the important information contained in *The Penis*, just return it within 10 days for an immediate refund.

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MY LIFE ON THE LAM *Wandering the new city, I searched for a cheap room. The only place I could afford was a broken-down rattrap in the slums. It was nicknamed Suicide Hotel.*

(Continued from page 80) keys to the city. The chief lit my cigar while a Telex operator ran back and forth with wanted posters. At one point, I was locked in a cell. The click of the door was one of the loudest sounds I've ever heard. It was a small, casual town, but I was certain that people there had an idea of who I was. I asked for a sandwich; seeing that it came in wax paper, I rubbed the wax into the whorls of my fingers. Sometimes you can alter your prints with wax. I put my address book in the sandwich and ate it. I took a healthy shit into the coffee cup and an hour later was released. Only in jail did I approach acting rationally. It seems that the alias I was using was that of some other outlaw who had passed that way before. What was equally strange was that about a month prior to my brief incarceration, someone named Albert Hoffman had been apprehended by the FBI in New Orleans, and the wire services started putting out reports that he was me.

Instead of shaking me out of the psychotic state, the trip to the slam made it worse. I felt I was invulnerable. I scorned sleep. Extra energy went into exercises. I wrote a half-dozen articles, some songs, poems, scores of letters. I started practicing with weapons, convinced I was becoming a criminal.

Finally, isolated, alone and broke, I crashed out of my manic cycle. I cried uncontrollably, realizing that I had chased away everyone I loved and had prepared myself for self-annihilation. I craved death but lacked the energy or initiative to do the deed. Instead I lay in bed and waited. Terror crept through my bones and I was afraid. Ashamed and afraid. I could barely write my name, *any* name; and scores of ideas died in the blur of my depression. Some studies have linked manic cycles with creativity; through the years, I had come to believe these studies. Several writers, such as Mailer and Vonnegut, had told me that they do their best work when miserable, though. I had always found this impossible, but now I realized that I had to learn how to harness misery as well as euphoria. The realization was hard to translate into action. Mind and body fatigue seemed to overwhelm any effort I made to pull myself together. Every day began with thoughts of suicide and turning myself in; I was convinced that I had failed all those real and imaginary people cheering for me to go the distance. On more than one occasion, I made plans to return to New York defeated.

I tried to help myself. I even checked into a psychiatric clinic but left before seeing a therapist. The effort itself had a beneficial effect. Convinced that the authorities had plentiful leads to me (I couldn't pay the forthcoming phone bill anyway), I decided to move again—this time to a large city in the northeast. The landlord drove me and my two suitcases to the bus stop; we went into a restaurant and I told him I was a fugitive. We had become close in a short time and something told me I could trust this man. He sat in silence, listening to my story of fighting against the war and being hunted by the police. Soon he was talking of his own life—how he had been in jail, how his brother was killed in Korea, how he had lost his business and was tired of life. I never mentioned my real name, but later I sent him an autographed book. When we parted friends, he pressed some bills into my hand.

Wandering the new city, I searched for a cheap room. The only place I could afford was a broken-down rattrap in the slums. It was nicknamed Suicide Hotel. Twenty-five dollars a week got me a hole in the wall: Give the inmate a key to his own cell. Winos crowded the stoop. Prostitutes clicked their heels in the hall. A pimp drags one by the hair out of the elevator. Saturday night brings the shoes: I.D. checks and illegal room searches. Everyone lives in fear, shaking in his withered skin.

After four days, I met a guy in the street who asked me if I were looking for a place to rent. I followed him to his apartment. Piles of left-wing literature were scattered about. I noticed one of my books on his shelves. I took a deep breath and collapsed into a chair. I told him who I was and what had been happening during the past months. He listened quietly. The picture in the book and my face bore some similarity. We agreed to meet the following day. He said he would help, but he wanted me to meet a friend of his.

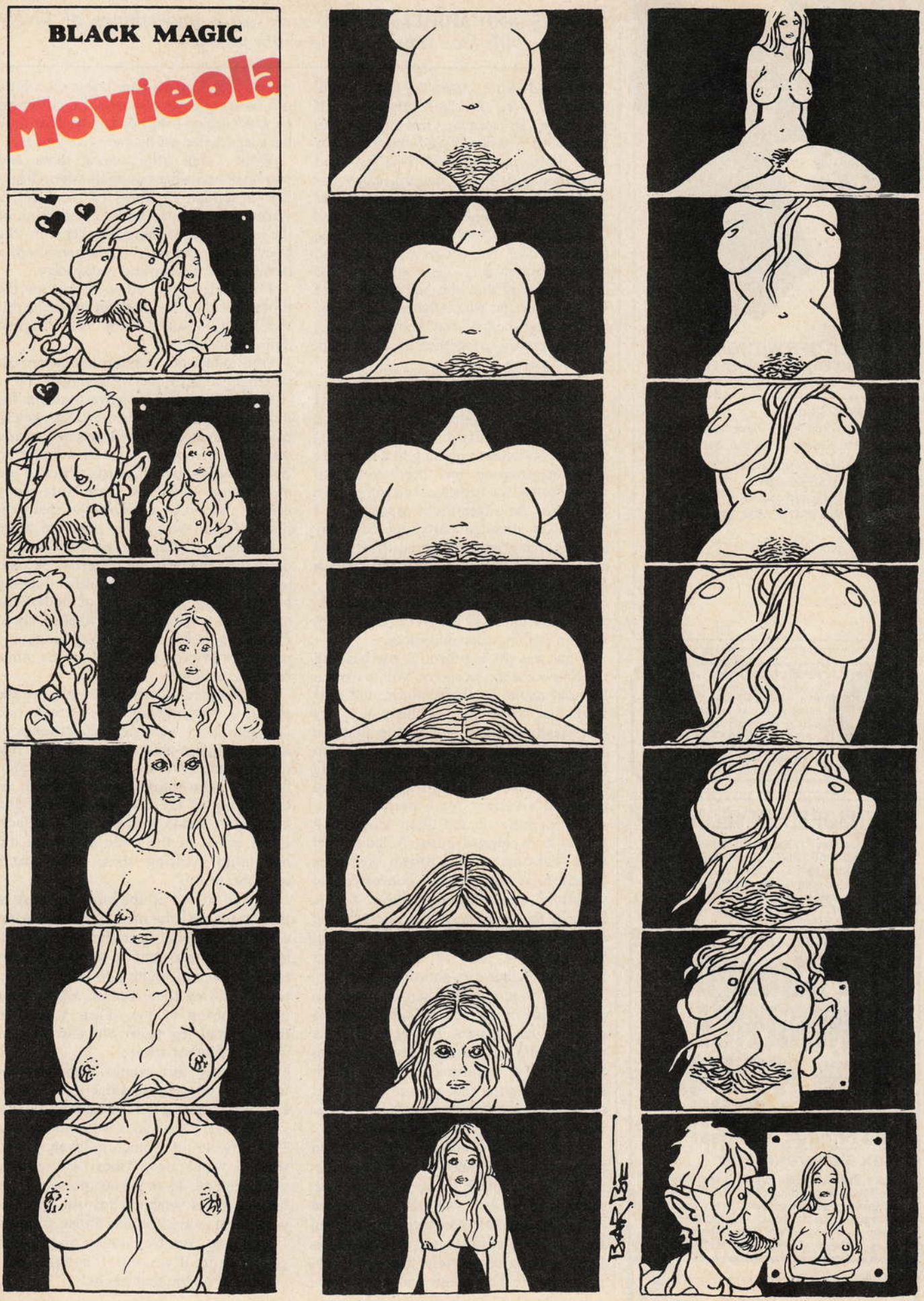
The next day we met in a café. His friend was a Marxist psychiatrist who had once heard me speak. It was not long before they believed me and offered help. My new friend, John, let me have his apartment and he moved in with his girlfriend. The psychiatrist agreed to see me every day. I found odd jobs, eventually one involving tarring a roof. Manual labor proved to be the best therapy. It felt good to make something happen through physical work. The work ran out and I decided it was again time to move on. On to another town, another job.

I like it where I am now. I'm making friends, working hard. Like everyone else, I worry about the job market and cold winters. At times, there is a haunting fear that someday someone's going to slap the cuffs on me and drag me off, but mostly there's the same sort of anxieties the other workers on the job face: fear of being laid off, fired or reprimanded for screw-ups. The company cheats on the time clock, the work conditions are unhealthy and there's almost no job security. In future writing, I hope to describe this life in more detail. There are stories here that need telling. Other people's stories.

It's a strange thing about madness. It can be, as R. D. Laing suggests, breakthrough as well as breakdown. In retrospect, I no longer associate the periods where I fell apart with weakness or evil. I'm not proud of falling off sanity's rim, but I'm learning not to be ashamed about it, either. I doubt it will happen, but I could crack again. If I do, it won't be because I've seen my situation as unique—for I recognize that as part of the problem. The single unifying ingredient of all madness seems to be an inability to transcend the ego long enough to experience other people. By seeing all people who are struggling to survive on marginal incomes as fellow fugitives, I'm beginning to sense that class consciousness and group identification hold the key to my own problem of isolation. Maybe it applies to others trying to hang on as well. ▣

DISCIPLINE
Fashion Information

(Continued from page 57) Pages 52 and 53: Bill's trunks and top at Presence, Chicago; Reminiscence, New York.
Pages 54 and 55: Bill's poncho at Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Nick's suit at Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago; Wallach's, New York. Bill's pants and top at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Nick's karate outfit at Patras, New York; International Male, San Diego. Lolita's shorts at Bloomingdale's, New York; Raku, Santa Barbara. Bill's pullover and jacket at Rich's, Atlanta; Robinson's, Los Angeles. His pants at Just Pants, Chicago; J. Riggings, Dallas. Nick's shirt at J. Riggings, Dallas; Ohrbach's, Los Angeles and New York. His vest at Jordan Marsh, Miami; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. His pants at Rich's, Atlanta; Macy's, New York.
Pages 56 and 57: Bill's top and shorts at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bloomingdale's, New York. Nick's top and shorts at Madigans, Chicago; Bambergers, Newark. Lolita's jacket at Sanger Harris, Dallas; Burdines, Miami. Paratrooper pants and jackets same as pages 52 and 53.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(Continued from page 44) he could suckle at her luxuriant breasts, as if she were an animal, holding her in place with his hands and mouth. They were both panting and twisting, and only then did he lift her up, carry her to the bed and put her legs around his shoulders. He took her violently, and they shook and trembled as they came together. She fell away suddenly and sobbed hysterically. The orgasm had been so strong that she had thought she would go insane with a hatred and a joy like nothing she had ever known. He was smiling, panting; together they lay back and fell asleep."

•

Whenever I left the sculptor's studio, I would stop in a coffee shop nearby and ponder what Millard had told me. I wondered whether anything like this were happening around me, here in Greenwich Village, for instance. I began to love posing for the adventurous aspect of it. I decided to attend a party one Saturday evening that a painter named Brown had invited me to. I was hungry and curious about everything.

I rented an evening dress from the costume department of the Art Model Club, with an evening cape and shoes.

What was passing through my head all the time were the stories of Montparnasse life told to me by the sculptor, and now I felt that I was entering this realm. My first disappointment was seeing that the studio was quite poor and bare; the two couches without pillows, the lighting crude, with none of the trappings I had imagined necessary for a party.

Bottles were on the floor, along with glasses and chipped cups. A ladder led to a balcony where Brown kept his paintings. A thin curtain concealed the washstand and a little gas stove. At the front of the room was an erotic painting of a woman being possessed by two men. She was in a state of convulsion, her body arched, her eyes showing the whites. The men were covering her, one with his penis inside of her and the other with his penis in her mouth. It was a life-size painting and very bestial. Everyone was looking at it, admiring it. I was fascinated. It was the first picture of its sort that I had seen, and it gave me a tremendous shock of mixed feelings.

Next to it stood another that was even more striking. It showed a poorly furnished room filled by a big iron bed. Sitting on this bed was a man of about 40 or so, in old clothes, with an unshaved face, a slobbering mouth, loose eyelids, loose jaws, a completely degenerate expression. He had taken his pants down halfway, and on his bare knees sat a little girl wearing a very short skirt, to whom he was feeding a bar of candy. Her little bare legs rested on his bare hairy ones.

What I felt after seeing these two paintings was what one feels when drinking: a sudden dizziness of the head, a warmth through the body, a confusion of the senses. Something awakens in the body, foggy and dim, a new sensation, a new kind of hunger and restlessness.

I looked at the other people in the room, but they had seen so much of this that it did not affect them. They laughed and commented on it.

One model was talking about her experiences at an underwear shop:

"I had answered an advertisement for a model to pose in underwear for sketches. I had done this many times before and was paid the normal price of a dollar an hour. Usually several artists sketched me at the same time, and there were many people around—secretaries, stenographers, errand boys. This time the place was empty. It was just an office with a desk, files and drawing materials. A man sat waiting for me in front of his drawing board. I was given a pile of underwear and found a screen placed where I could change. I began by wearing a slip. I posed for fifteen minutes at a time while he made sketches.

"We worked quietly. When he gave the signal, I went behind the screen and changed. They were satin underthings of lovely designs, with lace tops and fine embroidery. I wore a brassiere and panties. The man smoked and sketched. At the bottom of the pile were panties and a brassiere made entirely of black lace. I had posed in the nude often and did not mind wearing these. They were quite beautiful.

"I looked out of the window most of the time, not at the man sketching. After a while, I did not hear the pencil working any longer and I turned slightly toward him, not wanting to lose the pose. He was sitting there behind his drawing board staring at me. Then I realized that he had his penis out and that he was in a kind of trance.

"Thinking this would mean trouble for me since we were alone in the office, I started to go behind the screen to dress.

"He said, 'Don't go. I won't touch you. I just love to see women in lovely underwear. I won't move from here. And if you want me to pay you more, all you have to do is wear my favorite piece of underwear and pose for fifteen minutes. I will give you five dollars more. You can reach for it yourself. It is right above your head on the shelf there.'

"Well, I did reach for the package. It was the loveliest piece of underwear you ever saw—the finest black lace, like a spider web, really, and the panties were slit back and front, slit and edged with fine lace. The brassiere was cut in such a way as to expose the nipples through triangles. I hesitated because I was wondering if this would not excite the man so much that he would attack me.

"He said, 'Don't worry. I don't really like women. I never touch them. I like only underwear. I just like to see women in lovely underwear. If I tried to touch you, I would immediately become impotent. I won't move from here.'

"He put aside the drawing board and sat there with his penis out. Now and then it shook. But he did not move from his chair.

"I decided to put on the underwear. The five dollars tempted me. He was not very strong and I felt that I could defend myself. So I stood there in the slit panties, slowly turning around for him to see me on all sides.

"Then he said, 'That's enough.' He seemed unsettled and his face was congested. He told me to dress quickly and leave. He handed me the money in a great hurry, and I left. I had a feeling that he was only waiting for me to leave to masturbate."

Everyone laughed at her story. "I think," said Brown, "that when we are children, we are much more inclined to be fetishists of one kind or another. I remember hiding inside of my mother's closet and feeling ecstasy at smelling her clothes and touching them. Even today I cannot resist a woman who is wearing a veil or tulle or feathers, because it awakens the feelings I had in that closet."

As he said this, I remembered how I hid in the closet of a young man when I was only 13, for the same reason. He was 25 and he treated me like a little girl. I was in love with him. Sitting next to him in a car in which he took all of us for long rides, I was ecstatic just feeling his leg alongside mine. At night, I would get into bed and, after turning out the light, take out a can of condensed milk in which I had punctured a little hole. I would sit in the dark, sucking at the sweet milk with a voluptuous feeling all over my body that I could not explain. I thought then that being in love and sucking at the sweet milk were related. Much later I remembered this when I tasted sperm for the first time.

•

I was growing sad, sad with restlessness and hunger. I felt that nothing would happen to me. I felt desperate with desire to be a woman, to plunge into living. Why was I enslaved by this need of being in love first? Where would my life begin? I would enter each studio expecting a miracle that did not take place. It seemed to me that a great current was passing all around me and that I was left out. I would have to find someone who felt as I did. But where? Where?

It was at the theater that I met John and discovered the power of a voice. It rolled over me like the tones of a pipe organ, making me vibrate. When he repeated my name and mispronounced it, it sounded to me like a caress. His was the deepest, richest voice I had ever heard. I could scarcely look at him. I knew that his eyes were big, of an intense magnetic blue, that he was large, rather restless. His foot moved nervously, like that of a race horse. I felt his presence blurring everything else—the theater, the friend sitting at my right. And he behaved as if I had enchanted him, hypnotized him. He talked on, looking at me, but I was not listening. In one moment I was no longer a young girl. Every time he spoke, I felt myself falling into some dizzy spiral, falling into the meshes of a beautiful voice. It was truly a drug. When he had finally "stolen" me, as he said, he hailed a taxi.

We did not say another word until we reached his apartment. He had not touched me. He did not need to. His presence had affected me in such a way that I felt as if he had caressed me for a long time.

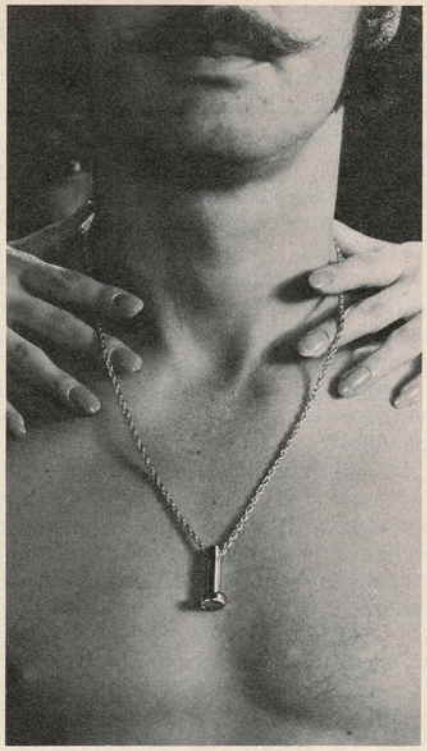
Then he kissed me. His tongue went around mine, around and around, and then it stopped to touch the tip only. As he kissed me, he slowly lifted my skirt. He unrolled my garters, my stockings. Then he lifted me up and carried me to the bed. I was so dissolved that I felt he had already penetrated me. It seemed to me that his voice had opened me, opened my whole body to him. He sensed this, and so he was amazed by the resistance to his penis that he felt.

He stopped to look at my face. He saw the great emotional receptiveness, and then he pressed harder. I felt the tear and the pain, but the warmth melted everything, the warmth of his voice in my ear saying, "Do you want me as I want you?"

Then his pleasure made him groan. His whole weight upon me, pressing against my body, the shaft of pain vanished. I felt the joy of being opened. I lay there in a semidream.

John said, "I hurt you. You did not enjoy it." I could not say, "I want it again." My hand touched his penis. I caressed it. It sprung up, so hard. He kissed me until I felt a new wave of desire, a desire to respond completely. But he said, "It will hurt now. Wait a little while. Can you stay with me all night? Will you stay?"

I saw that there was blood on my leg. I went to wash it off. I felt that I had



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not been taken yet, that this was only a small part of the breaking through. I wanted to be possessed and know blinding joys. I walked unsteadily and fell on the bed again.

I left him in the morning, dazed, but with a new joy of feeling that I was growing nearer to passion. I went home and slept until he telephoned.

"When are you coming?" he said. "I must see you again. Soon. Are you posing today?"

"Yes, I must. I'll come after the pose."

"Please don't pose," he said. "Please don't pose. It makes me desperate to think of it. Come and see me first. I want to talk to you. Please come and see me first."

I went to him. "Oh," he said, burning my face with the breath of his desire, "I can't bear to think of you posing now, exposing yourself. You can't do that anymore. You must let me take care of you. I cannot marry you because I have a wife and children. Let me take care of you until we know how we can escape. Let me get a little place where I can come and see you. You should not be posing. You belong to me."

So I entered a secret life, and when I was supposed to be posing for everyone else in the world, I was really waiting in a beautiful room for John. Each time he came, he brought a gift, a book, colored stationery for me to write on. I was restless, waiting.

The only one who was taken into the secret was the sculptor, because he sensed what was happening. He did not want me to stop posing, and he questioned me. He had predicted how my life would be.

The first time I felt an orgasm with John, I wept because it was so strong and so marvelous that I did not believe it could happen over and over again. The only painful moments were the ones spent waiting. I would bathe myself, spread polish on my nails, perfume myself, rouge my nipples, brush my hair, put on a negligee, and all the preparations would turn my imagination to the scenes to come.

I wanted him to find me in the bath. He would say he was on his way. But he would not arrive. He was often detained. By the time he arrived, I would be cold, resentful. The waiting wore out my feelings. I would rebel. Once I would not answer when he rang the doorbell. Then he knocked gently, humbly, and that touched me, so I opened the door. But I was angry and wanted to hurt him. I did not respond to his kiss. He was hurt until his hand slipped under my negligee and he found that I was wet, in spite of the fact that I kept my legs tightly closed. He was joyous again and he forced his way.

"Why do you make me wait so long? You know that it kills my desire for you. I feel cold when you come late."

"Not so very cold," he said.

I closed my legs tightly against him; he could not even touch me. But then he slipped in quickly from behind and caressed me. "Not so cold," he said.

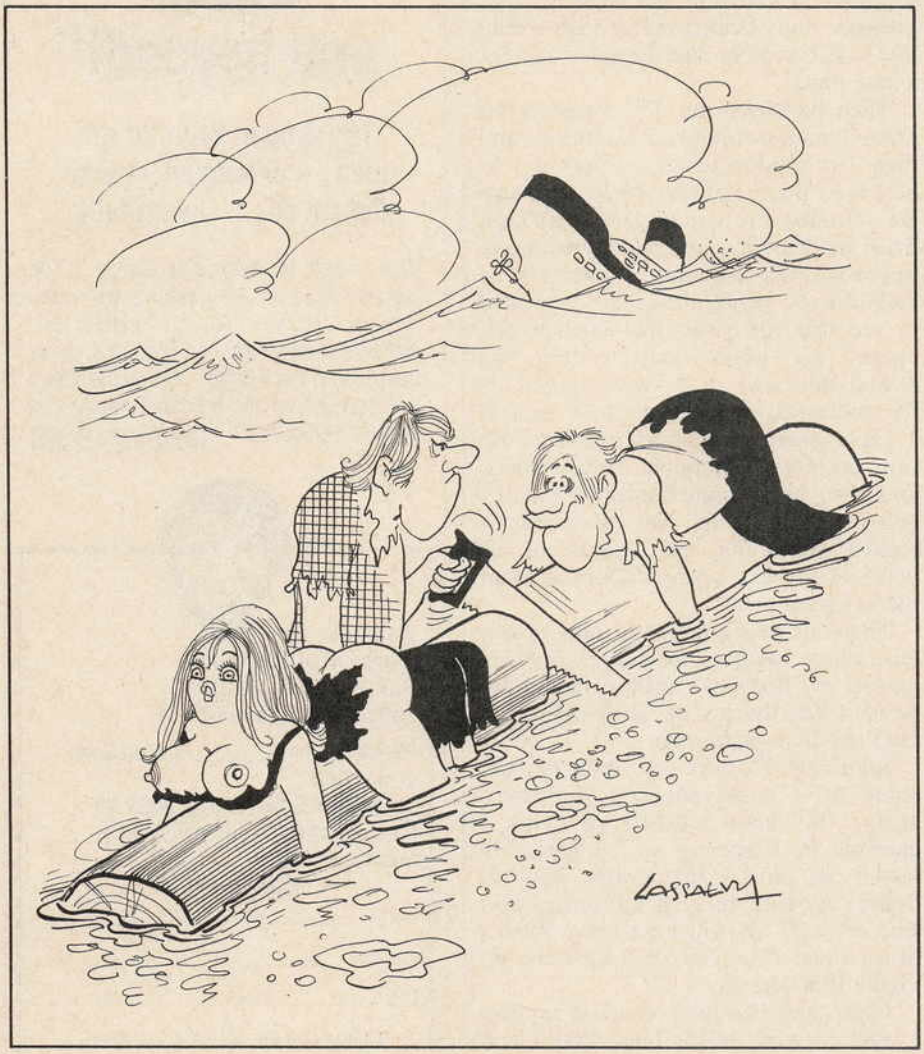
On the bed, he pushed his knee between my legs and forced them open. "When you are angry," he said, "I feel that I am raping you. I feel then that you love me so much you cannot resist me. I see that you are wet, and I like your resistance and your defeat, too."

What I could not understand was that, despite our quarrels, being made love to by John made me only more sensitive. He had awakened my body. Now I had even a greater desire to abandon myself to all whims.

I returned to posing. Millard particularly was happy to see me again. He must have spoiled the statuette so that he could keep me in the pose he liked.

I was sitting quietly and he came over to measure me with an instrument. Then I felt his hand on my thighs, caressing me so lightly. I smiled at him. I stood on the model stand, and he caressed my legs as if he were modeling me out of clay. He kissed my feet, he ran his hands up my legs again and again and around my ass. He leaned against my legs and kissed me. He lifted me up and brought me down to the floor. He held me tightly against him, caressing my back and shoulders and neck. I shivered a little. His hands were smooth and supple. He touched me as he touched the statuette, so caressingly, all over.

Then we walked toward the couch. He laid me there on my stomach. He took his clothes off and fell on me. I felt his penis against my ass. He slipped his hands around my waist and lifted me up slightly so that he could penetrate me. He lifted me up toward him rhythmically. I closed my eyes to feel him better and to listen to the sound of the penis sliding in and out of the moisture. He



pushed so violently that it made tiny clicks, which delighted me.

His fingers dug into my flesh. His nails were sharp and hurt. He aroused me so much with his vigorous thrusts that my mouth opened and I bit into the couch cover. I came, shaking from head to foot.

Millard wanted to be with me again, but not in his studio where we might be surprised by his wife, so I let him find another place. It belonged to a friend. The bed was set in a deep alcove and there were mirrors above the bed and small dim lamps. Millard wanted all the lights out. He said he wanted to be in the dark with me.

"I have seen your body and I know it so well. Now I want to feel it, with my eyes closed, just to feel the skin and the softness of the flesh. Your legs are so firm and strong, but so soft to the touch. I love your feet with the toes free and set apart like the fingers of a hand, not cramped—and the toenails so beautifully lacquered—and the down on your legs." He passed his hand all over my body, slowly, pressing into the flesh, feeling every curve. "If my hand stays here between the legs," he said, "do you feel it, do you like it, do you want it nearer?"

"Nearer, nearer," I said.

"I want to teach you something," said Millard. "Do you want to let me do it?"

He inserted his finger inside me. "Now, I want you to contract around my finger. There is a muscle there that can be made to contract and expand around the penis. Try."

I tried. His finger there was tantalizing. Since he was not moving it, I tried to move inside of my womb, and I felt the muscle that he mentioned, weakly at first, opening and closing around the finger.

Millard said, "Yes, like that. Do it stronger, stronger."

So I did, opening, closing, opening, closing. It was like a little mouth inside, tightening around the finger. I wanted to take it in, suck at it, and so I continued to try.

Then Millard said that he would insert his penis and not move and that I should continue to move inside. I tried with more and more strength to clutch at him. The motion was exciting me, and I felt that at any moment I would reach the orgasm, but after I had clutched at him several times, sucking his penis in, he suddenly groaned with pleasure and began to push quickly, as he himself could not hold back the orgasm. I merely continued the inner motion and I felt the orgasm, too, in the most marvelous, deep way, deep inside of the womb.

He said, "Did John ever show you this?"

"No."

"What has he shown you?"

"This," I said. "You kneel over me and push."

Millard did. His penis did not have much strength, for it was too soon after the first orgasm, but he slipped it in, pushing it with his hand. Then I reached out with my two hands and caressed the balls and put two fingers at the base of the penis and rubbed as he moved. Millard was instantly aroused, his penis hardened, and he began to move in and out again. Then he stopped himself.

"I must not be so demanding," he said in a strange tone. "You will be tired out for John."

We lay back and rested, smoking. I was wondering if Millard had felt more than sensual desire, whether my love for John weighed on him. Although there was always a hurt sound to his words, he continued to ask me questions:

"Did John have you today? Did he take you more than once? How did he take you?"

In the weeks to come, Millard taught me many things I had not done with John, and as soon as I learned them, I tried them with him. Finally he became suspicious of where I was learning new positions. He knew I had not made love before I met him. The first time I tightened my muscles to clutch at the penis, he was amazed.

The two secret relationships became difficult for me, but I enjoyed the danger and the intensity. ▣

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UNDERCOVER WORK *The FBI has a reputation for using undercover guys from other agencies to do its dirty work. As a rule, the FBI takes and doesn't give.*

(Continued from page 72) him, so we have to go easy or the guy will become nervous and the other side will smell a rat. You're "handling" him, monitoring his moves in order to ensure the greatest possible yield.

OUI: That doesn't sound like a very clandestine operation.

COAKLEY: Not usually, but it can be. It's only when the recruiting process is fairly well along that the prospective source knows that you're with intelligence, and it would be a rare situation in which you would give him your true name. Bear in mind too that, however friendly the local authorities may be, espionage is illegal in every country in the world, and no one—absolutely no one—is going to go around advertising the fact that this is what he is up to.

FELT: In applying this to the FBI, we never used our own people undercover until Patrick Gray took over as director In 1972. Granted, during the Sixties there were some agents in the larger cities who let their hair grow and would try to mingle with violence-oriented groups in demonstrations; but they were never used for purposes of penetration. Hoover, for one, was always opposed to that. Not only did he think it was unnecessary but, more to the point, he didn't want to risk compromising the Bureau's reputation by allowing for the possibility of an agent going over to the other side. I agreed with him entirely. I still do.

OUI: You thought it was more honorable for the FBI to hire informants instead?

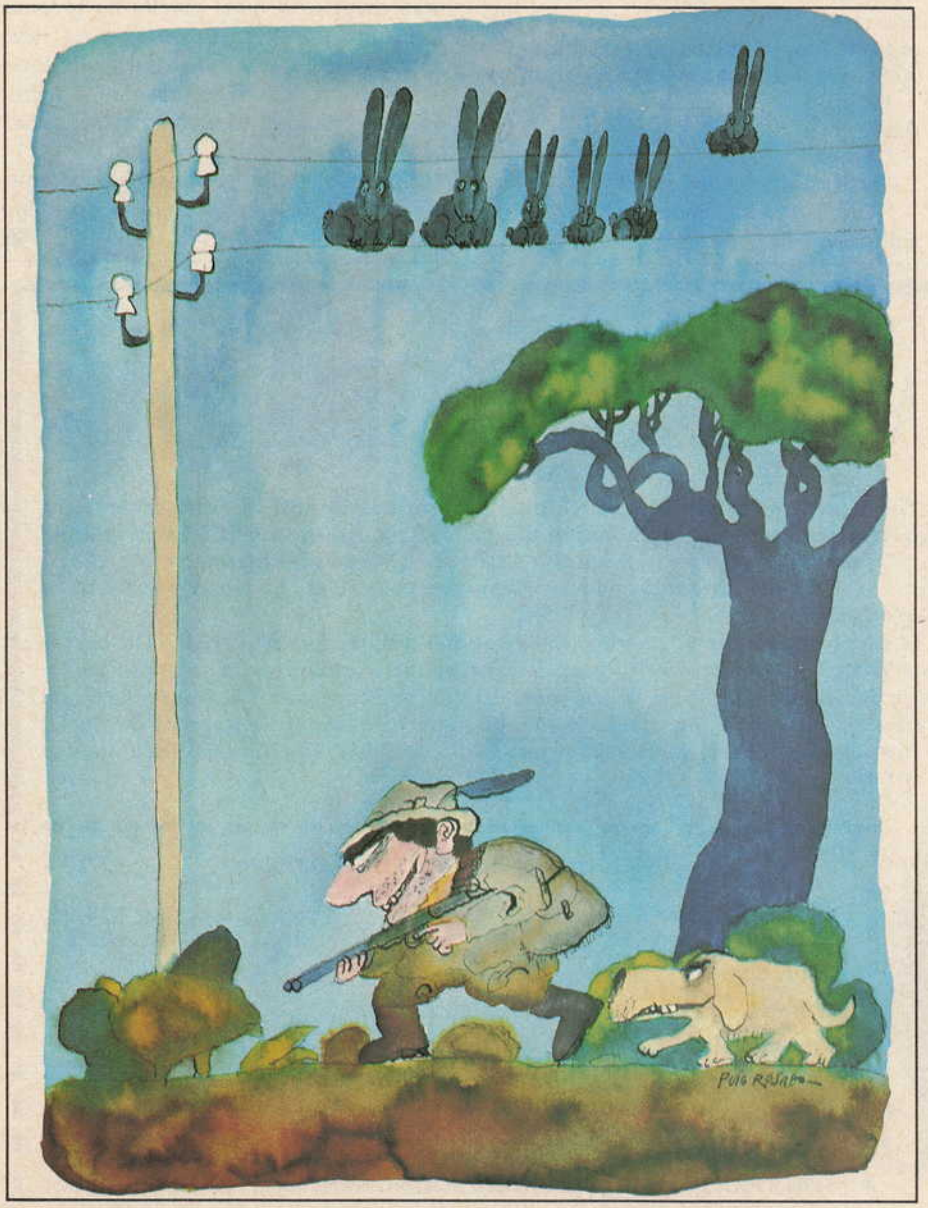
FELT: Hire is the wrong word, because an informant is not a hired employee. He is paid expenses and sometimes a fee but he is not under the direction of the Bureau, other than getting instructions as to what and what not to do and having someone to report to. We've never had to use our own agents undercover; the success we've had with informants has fully met our needs.

"MIKE": Maybe, but the Bureau has steered clear of drugs. When you're working narcotics, informants are the name of the game; you've got to make buys and only police officers can do this. That's the only way an arrest will hold up and the only way you can work your way up the ladder. Also—and this is something most local cops will verify—the FBI has a reputation for using undercover guys from other agencies to do its dirty work; so what it comes down to is that it hasn't *had* to use its own people. It has also been said that in this kind of situation Bureau agents tend to be patronizing, and a lot of local guys resent that. As a rule, the FBI takes and doesn't give.

FELT: That's an old canard which I don't entirely accept, especially since you can find yourself with a major security problem in dealing with locals. Even with organized crime, though, the use of undercover people is questionable. The mob's familylike structure and the fact that everything is under control of a lieutenant, with the average soldier not knowing what's going on, means that a top-level penetration might take five or ten years. So we'll use inside informants instead. Why shouldn't we?

OUI: You'll recruit informants from the ranks?

FELT: Ordinarily yes, but it depends on the situation. When I was in charge of the Kansas City office, we once got an anonymous phone call criticizing our surveillance; it was sort of a joke, with the caller ribbing us and the agent who answered playing the guy along. After another half-dozen calls, the two of them arranged a meet and we wound up using the man for three or four years. Through him, we found out almost everything we wanted to know about the Mafia in Kansas City—where they all lived, their comings and goings, that kind of thing. The man eventually became careless and got gunned down by some of his friends and had to be relocated. Even now, though, after 15 years, I still receive Christmas cards from the guy. I liked him and once I even took him home to meet my family; he appreciated that—the fact that I wasn't looking down on him—and this was a major factor in his working for us.



REGAN: This is important, because with the press calling these guys rats and stoolies, many of them are reluctant to cooperate. Sometimes it takes a lot of time to bring them around and you have to make them realize that you don't think they're scum and that you appreciate the pressures they're up against. On the other hand, if you degrade an informant, he won't tell you shit.

OUI: There's a strong element of coercion, too, though. Don't you have to do some hard trading when you want someone to talk?

REGAN: Granted, the guy's going to try to work a deal, but you nevertheless have to build up a rapport with him. The worst thing you can do is imply that he's a low life. The better grade of police officer will have a certain respect for the better grade of hood. I see that all the time. A hood might be a thief or be doing checks or buying stolen goods, but he might also be taking good care of his family and being loyal to his friends. This is something that's difficult for most people to understand, but a police officer might have occasion to ask one of these guys about something, and the guy will say that his friends are involved and that he can't help and the officer has to respect that.

"MIKE": It all depends on how you treat the man. My own attitude—in making an arrest, say—was that, if the guy was going to try to hurt me, then certainly I was going to hurt him first. Otherwise, I would try to treat him like a gentleman. There are other agents who don't see it that way, of course—guys walking around with .44 magnums who want to punch everybody's head in. Once you develop a reputation for that kind of attitude, you blow everything. Like with a newspaperman: He starts burning his sources and he's in trouble; he treats people OK and they are going to keep on calling him.

OUI: Does a DEA agent have the option of passing up a bust and putting someone to work for the DEA—in other words, to turn him?

"MIKE": No. What the agent does is bust the guy and *then* use him. That's what's called having a nut on someone or being in a position to pressure him. Say you've caught someone in a one-ounce deal; you might arrange for him to make three half-pound deals for you before things are even; after that, if he still wants to work, you start getting into money with him. The way it usually works is that the Federal attorneys will agree to go along with the deal, and the guy who was arrested will wind up with a suspended sentence.

FELT: The Bureau never agrees to accept an informant with the promise to get him off, though. We don't deal. If someone

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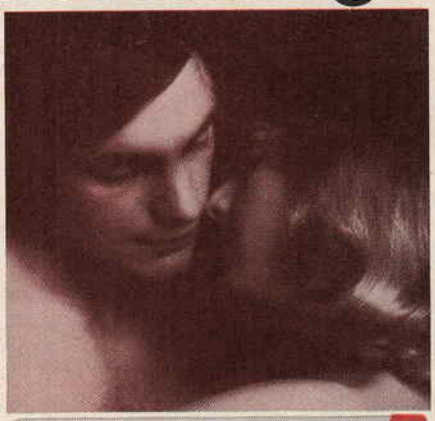

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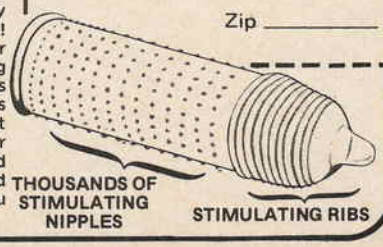

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chooses to be helpful, we will get in touch with the judge; but we want to be the ones controlling the show. It's difficult enough as it is, given the fact that a number of informants are erratic and unpredictable or just plain liars. Others are motivated by genuine concern, of course, but an agent still must evaluate them, check out what they say against what he has learned through all of his other sources.

PHILLIPS: In CIA work, an informant—someone we'll call a spy—may be giving us information for what he considers noble reasons, but he's still betraying his country. In this situation, money—particularly the kind you don't have to account for to wives or to income-tax people—is frequently a motivation.

OUI: Are the CIA's rates comparable to what's paid by the DEA or FBI?

PHILLIPS: A CIA case officer doesn't have too much latitude in making payments. Contrary to what a lot of people think, our funds are not unlimited and there are definite guidelines. If the information in question is absolutely perishable or comes from a spy in Moscow who is in a position to tell us 24 hours before the fact that the Soviet Union is about to push the big red button—then, sure, there would be no way to describe how much the U. S. Government would be prepared to pay out of pocket. But this is an extreme example. It's more common to hire someone to do support work or monitor mail in some grubby post office somewhere, and then the pay might be $40 a month. The money is laundered, of course—and there are special people whose job it is to do just that—and all payments must be approved and justified. Also, the transactions themselves are almost always C.O.D. If someone wants payment up front from us, then he's definitely in the wrong business.

FELT: Informants are seldom paid enough to actually live on. The highest sum I ever heard of was the $20,000 that the Bureau paid for information on the Philadelphia, Mississippi civil-rights murders in 1964. The highest I was ever authorized to pay was $10,000, in connection with a synagogue bombing. But these were also exceptional cases, and even with the $10,000, I was instructed to bargain. As a rule, you pay as little as possible; ordinarily it might start at $50—and you've got to account for every dime. The Bureau even makes informants sign receipts, albeit under a cover name; this is a procedure that goes back to the early days of Hoover.

"MIKE": It's a little different in the DEA because you're working the streets with these guys, drinking and hanging out with them; I've even heard of cases where agents have gone off and gotten laid with these guys. So your informant knows he's *your* man and that you're going to take care of him. He might be dealing a little himself on the side, but so long as it doesn't get out of hand, there's the understanding that you're not going to go out of your way to hassle him.

FELT: The thing is, though, that many informants are involved in criminal activities and you've got to be damned careful you don't get sucked in. This is precisely why, up until Gray, we never put our own agents undercover.

"MIKE": Look at it this way. It's true that a cop can't afford to overlook a guy who's dealing in kilos, but if the crime is small—say he's selling an ounce or two of grass or some pills—but at the same time he can lead you to Mr. Big, then you'd certainly be stupid to get in his way.

OUI: Is that one of the rules of the game?

"MIKE": Yeah, among the smart dealers. Others might try to take advantage of you or set you up for a burn and then, of course, all bets are off. The agent's the one with the clout and the informant is the one who's vulnerable; so generally, the dealer is not going to fuck around. Still, there are certain practical considerations that can't be ignored.

OUI: You're the guy's parent, then—all he's got?

REGAN: Certainly, because these people have nowhere else to turn, particularly when they wind up in jail. You can arrange a transfer for a guy if he gets in a beef or you can make life a little easier for his wife and kids by extending visiting hours; once you've done this, you're going to be able to get back to him later. If a police officer is shot, for example, you'll get in touch with the guy and make it clear that the time has come for him to repay the favor.

"MIKE": Some of these guys will turn around on their own and say, "Hey, I owe you." Some of them are real assholes, sure, but a fair number understand about obligations.

REGAN: They understand that they're going to be spending their whole lives

violating the law and the worst thing that can happen to them is to be arrested for some cheap rap. They're businessmen and they see things long range.

OUI: What happens when an informant's cover breaks down?

REGAN: Any good investigator will make sure there's no reflection on whoever's supplying the information. Sometimes he'll delay an arrest rather than expose someone—even let the arrest go by completely. Also, if it's possible, he'll have the collar made by a "straight" investigator rather than by the undercover man, in order to protect both the undercover guy and his informant. There are guys I've used for five, eight, even ten years without detection.

FELT: Frequently when people do get exposed, it's their own fault. Some informants start feeling like big shots and controlling them isn't always so simple as it might seem. When the FBI burglary of the Socialist Workers Party office in Denver was reported, I *knew* that the agent hadn't told the informant to ransack the place. Likewise, the guy who testified that the Bureau instructed him to sleep with Klan members' wives; he may well have been sleeping with them, but we certainly didn't tell him to. When you've got an informant who's that flaky, you've got to get rid of him. The problem is that you're dealing with people who are not always dependable. You do your best to screen them, but there are times when someone will get out of line and there's nothing to do but cut them off as quickly as possible.

OUI: What happens when agents can no longer maintain their cover?

REGAN: When word gets out on a guy, you have to pull him and assign him to another district. Generally you know what's happening ahead of time, because a decent undercover guy can usually sense when something isn't kosher. Not only is there usual intelligence, but these guys get a gut feeling—which is one of the things that makes them good in the first place. When someone comes in and says he thinks he's burned out, you move him immediately.

PHILLIPS: What we find a lot abroad is that, after a while, an agent may just have had enough. It's not exactly an occupational disease—the Graham Greene–type of thing where a guy's totally burned out—but it's not an easy life. There are moments when you feel like James Bond at the barricades, but most intelligence work is deadly dull—just putting together numerous little pieces of information for the analysis people back at headquarters; there are ten guys back at Langley for every one in the field. As one veteran spook put it, the truth would be far better served if the cloak-and-dagger symbols of intelligence were replaced by a typewriter and six three-by-five index cards.

"MIKE": Still, a guy shouldn't be on the streets for more than three or four years maximum—at least not working drugs. It's not so much a question of his cover breaking down as it is of the whole thing becoming too difficult, too disorienting. The desk guys are always pressuring the street agents. After a while, the desk guys start thinking of us in the same way they think of dopers—that we're dirty, contaminated. In a sense they're half right. We hang out with all the shitbums and after a while changes start taking place: We get frustrated by the bureaucracy, by the thought that our supervisors don't really want us to get the big guys, and after a while, we find that our friends don't trust us—even guys we've known from college. What finally happens is that we begin associating almost exclusively with our partners and other cops. Marriages begin to break up—my own included. We're out at all hours, and it doesn't take a wife long to learn that it's an ideal job for a guy to fuck around in, if he wants to, and still cover his ass. It's perfect—no one knows where you are, and wives naturally become leery. I don't care who you are, you've got to relate to somebody, and the more you get into this kind of alienation, the more it starts to snowball. Sooner or later, you reach a point of no return.

OUI: Given these pressures, how frequently do undercover men give in and become dealers?

"MIKE": To my knowledge, not very often. But there's an ever-present danger, since you've got the drugs, you've got the money and you've got the broads. It's a highly volatile mix.

OUI: What about something more subtle, such as setting up a connection between interested parties?

"MIKE": It's always in the back of your mind, but you're aware that there's an informant somewhere. I've seen people turn in their brothers, their sons, you name it, so the operating assumption is that *everyone*'s an informant, and if you start messing around you are probably going to get caught.

PHILLIPS: In the CIA, a man operating in deep cover can't abandon that cover *ever*, even when he's no longer abroad; if he does, he can't go back out again. This is one of the fundamental tenets of what we call tradecraft, namely, learning to conduct your affairs in such a way that they won't come back and kick you in the bottom. It means segregating your social relationships so that

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you have either all-spook dinner parties or "outsider" dinner parties, and while the work itself may involve the same kind of pressure faced by an undercover agent here at home, it's got to be more taxing. For one thing, you're abroad, and there's no falling back into your natural habits. There's no way of relaxing.

COAKLEY: Some strange things can happen. I remember dealing with a guy who was sent to West Germany by the Czechs. His mission, so help me God, was to train his ten-year-old daughter to be a secretary and one day get her a job in the West German Defense Ministry. Or likewise, in 1963, two of us went to the winter Olympics at Innsbruck. We had a guy in tow who was to be contacted by his brother from Prague and we expected the Czechs would try to recruit our guy. As it turned out, though, nothing happened except that we ran into the Czech hockey team in a beer joint one night and ended up drinking with them three evenings in a row. They accepted us as Germans and gave us their team lapel pins, though their security guy—who didn't speak German as well as we did—was convinced we were trying to defect one of the players. This was the furthest thing from our minds, of course—since hockey players rarely have information on defense installations—yet for three hilarious nights the guys on the hockey team, resentful of the security guy in the first place, joined us in spoofing him. All the while he was really going bananas, figuring we were German intelligence, and I'm sure he had one hell of a time writing his report when he got back home.

PHILLIPS: Which also makes the point that you pick your men on the basis of their access. A bionic James Bond is no good in a munitions factory unless you're interested in what's going on there. Similarly a semi-bum who writes for a local newspaper might know a lot of people but how is he going to meet the young woman who is a spy and paid to provide us with carbon copies of the foreign minister's most highly classified reports? In my own case, by way of example, I once had to abruptly change a cover I'd been using for years—that of posing as a lecturer on Latin America. This happened when I was put into Lebanon from 1957 to 1958. There was no valid reason for a Latin-American expert to suddenly pop up in Beirut peddling those kinds of wares, so I became a business consultant seeking investment opportunities. Your cover is only good insofar as it gives you access.

OUI: Were you sufficiently familiar with the role of business consultant to pull it off? Surely the choice of a particular cover depends on what you can handle.

PHILLIPS: No, I wasn't, and I had to play it very straight indeed. I pretended I was there to find out what was happening, and that I had people back in Texas who wanted me to handle their money. Later on I established a public-relations firm but continued to use the same cover name—just sliding from one profession into another. On the other hand, if you're overseas and pretending to be a native, you have to go the whole route: You buy the right kind of shoes, you take the right kind of "pocket litter"—the tobacco crumbs in your pocket are real local tobacco, not from Lucky Strikes, the theater stubs are local and naturally you don't carry a Zippo lighter. The logistical capabilities of the CIA are considerable: At Langley, they must stock every known brand of toothpaste and cigarettes in the world.

COAKLEY: As for names, you never use your own. Sometimes only your surname is fictitious, but I preferred not to use my first name either, since using it can make you slip into revealing your last name. If you do use your first name, it's wise to put in a different initial, just to slow you down. Also, you try to use a name that can be spelled different ways, like Connolly; there must be six ways of spelling that, and if you don't want to be found, whoever's looking for you is going to have a hell of a time going through the phone book.

REGAN: On the street, it's strictly first name; you never tell a dealer more than you have to. As for cover, the worst thing you can do is set up a front that you can't handle. If a guy says he's an electrician, he'd better know something about electricity; if he's posing as a plumber, he has to know plumbing.

OUI: What happens when someone challenges you?

REGAN: You have to come up with a line that's going to get you out of there. In the early Sixties, I was in a tough joint in downtown Boston making a buy and a guy walked up to me in front of the people I was dealing with and asked if I was still on the state police. I almost fell over. I'd grown up with this guy and I hadn't seen him in years. I admitted that I'd been a cop but said that I'd been bounced for using drugs. He fell for it, said he'd always known I'd screw up. It was pretty hairy, though.

PHILLIPS: The improvisation thing can be crucial. Say you want to know about the foreign minister's health. OK, there you

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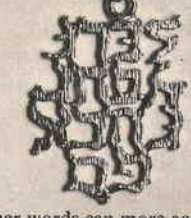

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OUI: As a rule, doctors don't need extra money.

PHILLIPS: Neither do people involved in nuclear research. Yet history has proved that *anyone* can be recruited—presidents or garbage men, it makes no difference.

OUI: What's your opening with a doctor?

PHILLIPS: Now we're getting into what is known as a sensitive area. In general terms, however, there are maybe 50 ways of recruiting a doctor. It takes imagination. First you must know how to approach him; you might start out by getting a chest X-ray, and while you're standing there with your chin up you're at least meeting the man. Then, too, doctors are susceptible to the same frailties as any other human being: Winning, money, flattery, conversion from one political stance to another, all are operative and all involve deceit. Only in extreme cases would an agent use coercion, and if it became that complicated just to get a urine sample, he would probably decide to forget it; if it were a question of obtaining plans for a nuclear device, however, then the sky would be the limit.

OUI: Given the enormous money and manpower that has been poured into the various intelligence agencies—local, state and Federal—hasn't there been an enormous duplication of effort?

FELT: In the case of the Bureau, the extent of our covert operations has been wildly exaggerated. I was infuriated when Senator Frank Church went on TV, knowing that security cases don't amount to more than 15 percent of the FBI's total case load, and publicly asked if we had time to deal with ordinary crime. Cointelpro, one of our biggest security operations in terms of personnel, occupied no more than two or three percent of our total work force. As a rule, we work quite well with other agencies. There was an episode back in 1971 when Hoover cut off liaison with the CIA after it had leaked some information we'd supplied it. When Gray came in, however, he reinstated the traditional procedure, and now there is a closed-circuit Teletype in Washington that constantly sends information out to the entire intelligence community. Ninety-five percent of this information is about domestic matters and, while the CIA doesn't disseminate its information to the FBI unless there's some domestic connection, the Bureau gives the CIA everything because it has no way of evaluating whether or not there's a foreign angle. Over the years, though, the exchange of information has benefited the FBI more than anyone else, since it has allowed the Bureau to anticipate problems before they become serious.

COAKLEY: As far as military intelligence goes, in many countries it is hard to separate political affairs from military affairs, since senior Government officials are often ex-military men who have come to power through a coup. Some of them will have attended U. S. military schools and understand our system, so it's not unusual for them to prefer dealing with someone whom they see as a colleague. It boils down to "I speak soldier; do you speak soldier?" and the resulting camaraderie can mean the difference between cooperation and nothing. Sometimes that gives CIA operatives certain kinds of access that other agencies can't obtain and the difference is crucial.

FELT: Local police agencies have always provided information for the FBI, particularly in the area of organized crime; however, in the national-security area—with the Weathermen, say—local information obviously hasn't done us a damn bit of good.

OUI: Which of the intelligence agencies has been the most helpful to the FBI?

FELT: The National Security Agency has been helpful in supplying cryptographic machines and other technology, but basically I would have to say the CIA, with which we have traditionally exchanged personnel. Suppose a CIA informant who has been operating abroad in his native country gets transferred to a post in the U. S.; if he's willing to go along with the arrangement, the CIA will turn him over to us for handling. I'm talking about a double agent here, obviously, since the CIA is not supposed to operate domestically. The Bureau will handle him as long as he is assigned, say, to the United Nations or to some embassy in Washington where he is in a position to furnish information; conversely, when the man is then transferred back to his home country, we'll turn him back over to the CIA. Likewise, if the FBI develops a defector in this country and later he is transferred home, we'll give him to the CIA. This has been going on for years, with excellent cooperation back and forth. It's basically a question of practicality: The FBI has no way of operating someone in the Soviet Union.

PHILLIPS: The occasional periods of rivalry notwithstanding, the reason for the original creation of the CIA in 1947 was to centralize the collection of information so that all the agencies could, in fact, cooperate. Sometimes it's blown hot, sometimes cold, but in my own experience, the teamwork has been good. As for the intelligence community's alleged proliferation, I can only quote a statement made by Senator Mike Mansfield about a year ago: "The intelligence apparatus in this country is too big. In the last five years, it's been reduced by only 40 percent."

OUI: Nonetheless, since the early Sixties, the expansion has been enormous.

PHILLIPS: Correct, and the re-expansion directives came from the White House, expressly from Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. I sat with both of them and know this to be a fact.

COAKLEY: Another reason for the expansion of military intelligence is that we had the available bodies, people already in place throughout the country. We already had liaison with local police departments and had developed informants, checked files, identified various organizations and their leaders—that sort of thing. The CIA didn't have the jurisdiction, nor the FBI the strength, to collect all of the information that was felt to be needed at that time.

OUI: Were the methods similar to those used abroad?

PHILLIPS: No such activity exists in the United States today. Military-intelligence people in the U. S. are presently restricted to military installations, and background investigations are conducted by the Defense Investigator Service rather than by individual agencies. Overseas, though, it's an entirely different ball game, believe me. There we're not dealing with U. S. citizens.

OUI: What does that mean? Clearly you can tap a phone as readily in Berlin as in San Diego.

COAKLEY: No, you can't. Leaving aside the fact that Berlin is not officially a part of West Germany, if U. S. intelligence wants to tap a phone or cover some individual's mail in Germany, it has to prove to German intelligence and to the Minister of the Interior that the fellow we want to bug is suspected of violating the national criminal code.

OUI: I can't imagine that such a request would be easily granted.

PHILLIPS: No, we don't always get permission, and then there remains the option of doing it on our own if there's something we need to know. As for the similarity of operations, though, there are a limited number of basic techniques in intelligence gathering and they can be used domestically as well as abroad. There's very little difference except for the fact that if you get caught overseas under deep cover, you'll most likely be thrown in the slammer.

REGAN: The techniques aren't really what they're cracked up to be; basically it comes down to using informants. They'll get you information not only on drugs but on other things, too—like all of a sudden you might hear about some guy offering hot television sets or selling machine guns; you might get a tip on a bank robber or information on somebody moving express money orders, bank notes, things like that. Consequently the investigation spins outward and you wind up working with the FBI, DEA, Customs, IRS or the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau. You set up guidelines ahead of time, sit down and decide, for example, that two people from each agency will be in on the final arrest and if the case is going to go state-wide jurisdiction or Federal. But it still comes down to which agency has the informant, which is, of course, why they are so important in the first place.

OUI: Hiring someone overseas to do piecework is one thing, but here in the U. S. you're involved with people who're informing on their associates, sometimes their families. Do you really respect these informers?

REGAN: Look at it this way. Sometimes what they're doing takes balls. The best example was Joe Barboza, an FBI informer inside organized crime. Barboza *knew* that someday he was going to stand up in court and face Mob people who might be able to reach him and blow him apart. As it was, his testimony put away some of the leading figures in the New England Mob. In that kind of situation, the average guy would have said, "See ya later, brother." These guys may not be saints, but some of them deserve respect.

"MIKE": Some of them are real wackos, though. They have big mouths and like to talk, depicting themselves as high fliers; they're their own worst enemies. It still works to our benefit, but it makes you wonder what's more important to them—their scams or their talking.

OUI: Isn't entrapment a problem when you use informants?

"MIKE": A lot of people can't reconcile themselves to our using a ruse to gain someone's confidence, then turning around and arresting him. But entrapment is enticing someone into committing a crime he wouldn't otherwise commit, and that's not the way the good guys operate. All we do is entice someone into believing that we're not what we are; the rest is up to him.

FELT: Along a different line, the General Accounting Office recently reviewed the files of 700 FBI security cases. They found that only three of the cases had actually been prosecuted. This left the impression that the other 697 cases either involved harassment or were unnecessary. Yet the truth of the matter is that we don't necessarily investigate a security case with an eye to prosecution; the idea may be to just try and disrupt a certain group. The same thing can apply to some criminal cases as well.

OUI: Does a law-enforcement agency have the right to take such actions in a free and open society?

FELT: That's the question everyone's asking. In the case of spying on Martin Luther King, Jr., for example, I won't defend what the Bureau did. What it still comes down to, though, is this: If I have good reason to believe your life is in danger, then I'd violate the law to save it. As Thomas Jefferson said, "The greatest duty is the preservation of the Union," and if we don't safeguard the nation, we won't have a Constitution by which to run it. What I'm saying is essentially practical: The growing sophistication of crime in this country has required a response of comparable intensity from law enforcement.

PHILLIPS: Or, more directly: Once you grant the necessity of collecting intelligence, you're talking about dirty tricks; it's that simple. The *real politic* of covert operations, moreover, is Presidential fiat. Our past six Presidents, all of whom I've worked for, shared one basic principle of foreign policy: You castigate your enemies and you cultivate your friends. It started with Harry Truman and the Truman Doctrine. Besides which, every major power in the world conducts espionage and most of them conduct covert actions. One of the results of the recent Congressional investigations has been the clear-cut acceptance of covert actions as a viable and sometimes necessary option. If people don't like this, they can elect a new Congress.

OUI: Simple as that, huh?

PHILLIPS: Yes, because if intelligence operators themselves were to draw the line, they'd be much happier not to be in such a controversial business. In the days of the Cold War, it was different, but nowadays no one wants to be the President's carrot out on the end of a stick. ▣

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UNDERGROUND AIRLINES *The air establishment—I.A.T.A.—has always taken an elitist view of flying and a dim view of charters.*

(Continued from page 92) they're so smart, why aren't they rich? The truth is that the big four aren't very big at all. In 1975 they carried only 1.1 percent of the U. S. airline industry's passengers worldwide. And they've never been rich. The U. S. skeds had 1975 revenues of 15.8 billion dollars. The charters were under a half billion. Today's charter airlines are corporate survivors of a 30-year sabotage effort by the air establishment.

The charters are mavericks in the monolithic international air business, where route regulation and the *prix fixe* have been standard procedure for decades. The charters fly with satchels full of airport-approach maps and with a fine disdain for the pricing practices of the cartel known as the International Air Transport Association.

The air establishment—I.A.T.A.—has always taken an elitist view of flying and a dim view of charters. Wealthy tourists flew; others took buses. Businessmen flew and could be lured by geishalike stews. The first-class round trip from New York to London right after World War Two was $1064.29—and there was no other class but first until the charters invented the coach fare in 1947.

Those were the days when Terry and the Pirates and their real-life buddies were fresh out of uniform and looking for further aerial adventure. Some bought surplus Air Corps transports, bolted in seats and started hawking cheap tickets. It was $24 from New York's Idlewild to Chicago's Midway Airport, and the plane took off when it was full. Old-timers remember a guy behind a card table on a Burbank airport runway selling $99 tickets to New York on the L.A. Air Service's lone DC-4. They're gone now, but outfits such as Trans Global, 20th Century Airlines, Trans Ocean, North American and U. S. Overseas Airways rate a lot of credit for inventing cheap air travel. United's transcontinental ticket was about $300 back then.

Most of the men at the top of today's charters were present at the creation, too. Ed Daly, president of World, was shuffling baggage at an L.A. airport; T.I.A.'s chairman Glenn Cramer was an aircraft mechanic, and Kirk Kirkorian, founder of Trans International, was frantically borrowing money to get his business off the ground. (Transamerica Corporation, betting that charters were the wave of the future, paid him more than $100,000,000 for T.I.A. in 1968.) Flying Tiger's Robert Prescott married the widowed dragon lady herself, Madam Claire Chenault. (Today, Tiger is an all-cargo line.) O.N.A. founder George Tompkins, a former banker and military pilot, began operations with five 99-passenger DC-4s at Oakland in 1950—just in time to start hauling troops to Korea.

The skeds first counterpunched by hanging an ungainly moniker on their new rivals, dubbing them "large irregular carriers," as if they transmitted some dread disease. The CAB made the name official and ruled that the charters could fly to any single destination no more than ten times monthly. The legendary Ida Mae Hermann, proprietress of a lucrative Chicago–New York service on her Great Lakes Line, painted her three DC-6s three different colors. She issued crews three different uniforms, paid them with three different checks and flew daily.

Other charters sought work the skeds wouldn't touch. Charters flew half of the cargo on the Berlin airlift and half of the traffic to Korea. They flew Jewish refugees to Israel, Hungarian refugees to Vienna, Dutch refugees from Indonesia. O.N.A. hauled supplies to the French at Dien Bien Phu. They airlifted live monkeys from India and Africa to Salk-vaccine laboratories in the U. S.

The CAB outlawed individual charter ticketing and adopted complex affinity-group rules written by I.A.T.A. A few companies struggled to comply and keep flying, aided by growing military contracts.

By the early Sixties, Vietnam started to deteriorate and the Pentagon needed planes. The skeds demurred, so the Military Air Transport Service (now the Military Airlift Command) turned to the charters. Some, like T.I.A., were out of business but still held their CAB operating certificates. The early guys were still around. Kirkorian and Daly took fat cost-plus defense contracts to McDonnell-Douglas and Bank of America's Walter Sharp and came away with planes and financing. The war saved the charters. Between 1963 and 1968, more than half of their revenue came from military operations.

Years of flying refugees and troops taught the charters how to operate full planes under difficult conditions. Once the Khartoum airport officially refused T.I.A.'s certified check for landing fees, so members of the crew calmly pooled their pocket money to pay the $3500 tab in cash. Elsewhere in Africa a charter

crew once planned a one A.M. fuel stop at a remote airport, but failed to note an obscure map symbol denoting that the tower closed at midnight, the lights were turned off and everybody went home. The crew landed by moonlight and slept in the plane until dawn.

Charter pilots, usually at least a continent away from their maintenance bases, learn to taxi the landing gear up onto a couple of shipping pallets, leaving the outboard wheel clear for a tire change. They even get a faint whiff of their U.S.A.F. combat days during the mammoth annual religious pilgrimage called the hadj.

Time was when Allah's faithful crossed the burning sands to Mecca on their knees. But since Saudi Arabia opened an enormous new international airport at nearby Jidda on the Red Sea, they have come by chartered jet. They come by the hundreds of thousands from Islamabad, Pakistan; Kano, Nigeria; Izmir, Turkey; Fès and Marrakech, Morocco; Dakar, Senegal; Abidjan, Ivory Coast; Ouagadougou, Upper Volta; Jakarta, Indonesia; pilgrims by the planeload, many of them having saved all their lives for this one holy airplane ride. Some climb the ramp on their knees. Many remain in dazed ecstasy throughout.

Charter crews have learned to live for a month in mud huts in northern Nigeria, to seat the veiled women in the rear of the plane, to teach airplane-toilet use and to serve with the right hand only.

As for the cockpit action, you must realize that every jet jockey extant itches to maneuver his DC-10 the way he used to fly Uncle Sam's F-4s. Half of each round trip to Jidda is an empty ferry flight. The hadj is a month of flying people to Mecca, followed by a month of flying them home. The airports of the Middle East and North Africa are taxed beyond normal limits by the vast airlift.

"The Middle East Airlines pilots started it," one charter first officer says. "First to land is first to fuel, and sometimes the facilities are so primitive that fueling a Ten can take hours. So these M.E.A. hotshots started cutting into our landing vectors to get down before us. We reacted only when we were empty, of course. You'd be surprised how tight these babies can turn."

"Empty except for us, of course," says Rita, a veteran charter F.A. "And, of course, they neglected to let us know what was coming. I literally hit the ceiling when those Steve Canyons started diving around."

Despite all this large irregular exotica, however, CAB figures show that U. S.

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UNDERGROUND AIRLINES *Under pressure from the skeds, the CAB developed an aggressive anti-charter program. The affinity charter—invented by I.A.T.A.—was highly discriminatory.*

charters have an even better safety record than the skeds.

Charter travel is catching on slowly in this country, but in Europe, it has long been the main escape route to sunny Mediterranean beaches. London and Paris even have special airports for charters: Gatwick is 40 minutes by train from Victoria Station; Le Bourget, where Lindbergh landed, is closer to Paris than Orly or De Gaulle. Germans buy much of their leisure travel from the Neckermann department-store chain. They fly on Condor, which is a Lufthansa subsidiary.

The European charter setup works well, but outsiders aren't always welcome. Most European nations discriminate against U. S. charters, according to the National Air Carrier Association, the U. S. charter lobby. Italy has long banned all but affinity flights and now proposes to eliminate even them. The Scandinavian nations restrict flights by U. S. charters. Ireland insists that the skeds be offered the charter business before the charters can have it.

Perhaps the charters' most outspoken partisan is G. F. Steedman Hinckley, O.N.A.'s chairman and chief executive officer. Hinckley is one of the remarkable non-sked stories, and the phone is ringing on his desk. It's the Gatwick office calling: Can O.N.A. fly 150 people from Paris to Colombo to Bangkok 48 hours hence? Hinckley says he'll find a way and puts an aide to work. It's a subservice job for Air Ceylon. There's a chance of a multitrip contract, and Hinckley decides to pursue the deal himself to Colombo, capital of the island state southeast of India.

Hinckley, who looks exactly like Smilin' Jack, graduated from Princeton and the Air Force and took a pilot's job with O.N.A. in the late Fifties. In 1963, the company's ever-shaky finances suffered a fatal blow in highly competitive biddings for military contracts. Everything went but the CAB certificate. Hinckley next got involved with the now-defunct Saturn Airlines and started raising capital among wealthy college buddies and financial institutions. By 1965, he and his buddies were able to reactivate the O.N.A. certificate and proceeded to reorganize the company with some $3,500,000 in initial equity investment.

Hinckley and his nonsked phoenix startled the skeds, which had been nervously watching Pan Am founder Juan Tripp make his fateful gamble on the Boeing 747. Pan Am chairman Najeeb Halaby loudly proclaimed that the era of low-cost travel had arrived. Hinckley publicly predicted a disastrous oversupply of seats. Pan Am took offense, especially when Hinckley proved correct.

Under pressure from the skeds, the CAB developed an aggressive anti-charter program. The affinity charter—invented by I.A.T.A. and foisted on us all by the CAB—was highly discriminatory, even un-American: Why should membership in groups entitle people to air-travel bargains? Why should Kiwanians and church choirs get to tour Europe cheaply, while loners, nonjoiners and rugged individualists pay full fare?

Ralph Nader checked it out and concluded that the CAB had "sacrificed the public's needs and rights to the short-term desires of a handful of scheduled airlines. Charter airlines that provide low-cost travel opportunities have been harassed and threatened by the CAB."

Affinity-charter rules required that elaborate dossiers be filed on each passenger weeks prior to take-off, including a notarized affidavit swearing that the traveler was a bona fide group member. The list was open to challenge by any sked or travel agent who thought he could sell some tickets if he grounded a charter. The CAB's enforcement bureau enthusiastically notified the charters by Telex of all complaints, sometimes just hours before take-off—but they refused to identify *(Continued on page 134)*

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SEX TAPE LETTERS *She didn't kiss back, but she didn't pull away either, so I kissed her again.*

(Continued from page 28) even suspected what John and I do in his van every afternoon while waiting for the rush-hour traffic to let up. One day we got into the van even hornier than usual. My dress was unzipped by the time I hit the foam-rubber cushion that serves as a bed, and I could see the hard-on under John's suit as he climbed in behind me. We pulled our clothes off and snuggled under the fur blanket.

We started kissing, and before long I had kissed my way down John's chest to his rigid cock. I slid around so that he could lick and tease my pussy while I continued to kiss the head of his prick. He ran his tongue around my vaginal lips as I nuzzled my face into his balls. There's something about the smell of a slightly sweaty crotch that really turns me on. I inhaled deeply and began to suck at John's cock with increasing passion. Meanwhile John had moistened his fingers with the juices from my cunt and he proceeded to inch his index finger into my tiny rectum. He replaced it after a couple of minutes with his thumb and I thought I was going to scream with pleasure, but, frankly, his cock was blocking my windpipe so that all I could manage was a groan.

I knew that John could have gone on like that forever, but I wanted to get fucked, so I pushed him off and rolled over so that my legs were spread, with one foot resting on each wheel well of the van. John slid into me like a knife into soft butter and we began to thrash around like crazy. He lifted my ass off the floor and wiggled his thumb back into my asshole, and this time I did scream; I screamed in a way I haven't screamed since I went over the first hill of a roller coaster as a kid. I came seconds after that, and it was a lucky thing, because within a minute there was a terrible pounding right next to my head. John kept pumping away until he came, and then we both collapsed as the pounding continued and a voice yelled, "Are you all right in there?" It turned out to be a security guard; he'd thought maybe I was being murdered or something. John and I both felt pretty silly and now we're more careful about where we park. I try to keep my screaming down, but whenever I go into one of those roller-coaster orgasms, it sure isn't easy.

DENISE D.
St. Augustine, Florida

I've had a couple of office romances, but the one I remember most clearly started with the Dictaphone. My boss spends most of each morning dictating letters and I spend most of each afternoon typing them up. One day I turned on the machine and had already typed the words "Oh, Betty, do you know how I'm dying to suck on your tits?" before I realized that this was no usual dictation. I stopped typing and listened to the rest of the belt. I found it hard to believe that my bald-headed, 50-year-old boss had such an active imagination. I'd always thought he was sort of stodgy. When he got to the part about how he would like to "tickle my clit with his prehensile tongue," I turned off the machine and walked into his office. "Why, Mr. D.," I said, "what a dirty little mind you have!" And, do you know, he blushed! I went back out and composed a return tape to him full of the most sexually graphic language I could think of. We got it on the very next weekend. There's something kind of cute about a shy, bald, middle-aged, secret pornographer.

BETTY T.
Weehawken, New Jersey

People say you shouldn't screw around with chicks who work in the same office you do. That's really good advice. Not only can it mess up your love life but it endangers your job as well. Every time I do it, I swear I'm never going to do it again. Every time.

Once I worked in an office where there were about ten employees. Most were married and middle-aged, but there was one chick who was my age—Janet, the boss's secretary. She was only 22, but she was already divorced.

I wanted to fuck her the minute I saw her. The problem was that Janet knew it. She was a real cockteaser. She came to work braless in sheer-knit tops, but every time I asked her out, she played coy and said she was busy.

One day, after I'd been working there for about two months, I stayed late to finish my work. When I came out of my cubicle, who did I see sitting at her desk but Janet, who said she had to finish some of her work, too. We got to talking and I finally got up the nerve to ask her out for a drink. This time she agreed.

She got her purse and stood up, waiting for me to step out of her way and let her pass. I didn't, and when she looked up I leaned over and kissed her right on the mouth. She didn't kiss back, but she didn't pull away either, so I kissed her again and she started coming around. I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her body against mine, leaning back against the wall with Janet stretching up on her toes, her arms around my neck. I didn't know whether I should try for any more, but then Janet ground her

pelvis into my groin. I kissed her on the neck, running my hands up her sides to cup her breasts and pinch her nipples, which were hard and swollen. Janet sucked in a breath and I felt her shiver right down to her pussy.

I sat Janet down on the couch in the reception area, made sure the office door was locked and turned out the lights. I knelt down between her legs and unbuttoned her blouse. I started kissing her on the mouth and gradually worked my way down over her neck to her breasts. Janet sat back on the couch, breathing deeply and running her hands lightly through my hair.

While my mouth was busy with her breasts, my hands located the zipper on the side of her skirt and pulled it down. Janet raised her ass a little and I pulled off her skirt, panty hose and panties in one bunch. I rubbed my hands along the insides of her thighs, slowly converging on her pussy, which was already very wet. I traced one finger around her cunt lips and Janet moaned. I slid two fingers into her pussy and played with her clitoris with my thumb.

I kissed and licked my way down from Janet's breasts, over her navel, through her pubic hair (which was soft and slightly perfumed), until I got to her pussy. I traced the outline of her pussy lips with my tongue and then concentrated on flicking her clit from side to side. Janet's head tossed from side to side, her legs clenched and unclenched around my ears and she thrust her pussy up even harder against my mouth.

We must've really been getting into it, because neither of us heard the key in the door. Suddenly the lights came on and there was the boss staring down at us. I don't remember exactly what happened after that. Janet grabbed her clothes and ran back into the office. I stood there, not knowing what to do. The boss didn't seem to know how to handle it, either. He was all flushed and groping for words. Finally he walked over, ran a hand gently across my cheek and said, "She must've gotten you terribly excited." He smiled.

Oh, my God, I thought, he wants me. I laughed; I couldn't help it.

"I could fire you for that," the boss told me. "No, you can't," I said, "because I quit." I called him a faggot and split, slamming the door behind me. I called Janet later. She said the boss had fired her. I told her what had happened, but she wouldn't believe me. She didn't want to see me ever again either. It's too bad. She was a nice-looking piece of ass.

DUANE M.
Little Rock, Arkansas

I've been a secretary for eight years. In that time, I've learned that there are two ways to approach the job. Either you can be Miss Efficiency, or you can service your boss sexually. After all, having a sexy secretary is a *macho* thing for most businessmen. All you have to do is make him feel masculine and he'll think you're a good secretary; it doesn't matter how efficient you are. I've never heard of a secretary who was getting her boss off being replaced by one who could type and take shorthand.

In my experience, I've discovered that executives get off most on blow jobs. They can usually get laid at home, but few wives are into giving head. I've never met a man who could resist a chance to get his rocks off. I suppose it makes me no better than a whore, but I know perfectly respectable married women who'll use sex to get what they want from their husbands and I don't see where that's any different.

When you're a secretary, though, you can't act like a whore. You've got to make the boss think that he drives you crazy with desire and that you're willing to do anything for him, because he's so masculine and virile.

My *modus operandi* is to beat the guy to the punch. I can always tell when the boss is horny, because he'll call me in over some trifle and act very sweet and loving. That's when I'll look at him with my big eyes and start stroking his head or cheek. Before long, I'm rubbing his cock through his pants, feeling it swell and harden. I'll unzip his fly and take it out, stroking and caressing it, nuzzling it in the palm of my hand. I'll kiss it, flicking my tongue over the tiny hole at the tip, and then I'll wrap my lips around the entire head and suck slightly, still licking it inside my mouth. I take more and more of the shaft into my mouth, going down as far as I can, wetting the whole length, sucking still as I back off to the head again. While I'm lovingly sucking his cock, I'll look up at him and smile like I'm just so happy he's letting me do it. And all the while I'm sucking harder, getting more voracious. Finally, when I know he's about to come, I'll wrap my lips around the head and let his cock spout the come into my mouth. I'll close my eyes, because I know he's watching me, and suck and lick until I've got every drop. Then I roll it around on my tongue for a moment and swallow it all at once.

Most men enjoy my blow jobs so much they don't even care if they never actually fuck me—which is all right as far as I'm concerned. Giving head is much easier. I don't mess up my hair, and I don't have to run down to the ladies' room after and clean myself off.

I do occasionally have problems with my work. Sometimes my boss's wife will find out and I'll get fired. But that's not so bad. It's easy to find another job when you've got my qualifications.

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UNDERGROUND AIRLINES *The skeds finally got smart. Today Pan Am is the world's largest charter airline and United is the largest domestic charter. The nonskeds writhe in their rivals' embrace.*

(Continued from page 130) the accused passenger or passengers.

"The burden was on us to show we had a legitimate manifest," Hinckley recalls. "It was something out of Kafka."

A secretary interrupts to say that tomorrow's London-Colombo flight is full, but that she's gotten permission for Hinckley to ride in the Air Ceylon cockpit.

The aide reports that an O.N.A. DC-8 can be in Paris as requested. Hinckley heads off to sample new enchilada and coq-au-vin entrees at a J.F.K. flight kitchen.

The air establishment was desperate, in no mood to go easy on cut-price competition. "Since the late Sixties, the CAB has been on a binge of industry-wide price increases," Nader told Ted Kennedy's Senate panel in 1974. "It began at just about the time the new wide-bodied jumbo jets were coming into the market; the planes, we were told, would open up new vistas for low-cost air travel that would be affordable by almost everyone. Instead, the result has been just the opposite, so that most Americans have simply been priced out of the air-travel market. The industry has almost exclusively addressed the needs and desires of the business traveler and the luxury-class vacationer, while the needs of the less affluent are systematically ignored."

The air war heated up after Richard Nixon appointed Robert D. Timm to head the CAB just as Pan Am was facing "heavy fiscal head winds," as business writers liked to put it. Timm was an unabashed pal of the skeds. Kennedy found that Timm's enforcement bureau spent three percent of its time on consumer complaints and 60 percent "stamping out low-cost air travel." Timm once berated a new consumer advocate for "taking a broad-ax approach in trying to help consumers."

Senate investigators would later charge that 34 U. S. airlines were shelling out millions in illegal campaign contributions to scores of state and Federal candidates and that the CAB squelched its own inquiry into the scandal. "A strong likelihood of highly improper and possibly criminal behavior on the part of board members themselves," a Senate report muttered.

Timm, undaunted, moved to aid ailing Pan Am by raising North Atlantic charter rates.

Kennedy opened hearings. "The airline passenger these days can get free drinks on coach or a piano bar in the lounge," he observed. "He can fly a 'Yellowbird' or other designer-colored airplane and can choose menus and movies. He can 'fly Carol to Miami' or content himself in someone else's 'friendly skies.' But one thing he cannot do is fly cheaply. He may choose between airlines, but he cannot choose between air fares. A lot of people believe that the Federal Government is responsible. And they may be right."

He was joined by Senator Howard Cannon, who appreciated the business the charters brought his Las Vegas constituents. A Government report estimated that if illegal discounting and rebating could be stopped, Pan Am alone would profit by up to $25 million annually. Hinckley suggested that sked ticket reform was a more proper CAB task than raising charter fares.

A major U. S. airline retaliated, Hinckley says, by corrupting a secretary in O.N.A.'s Los Angeles sales office. Purloined files found their way to the CAB. "They were supposed to show that were were breaking the affinity rules, but they really showed how much trouble we went to to follow the rules," Hinckley recalls. "The airline had a lawyer assigned to do nothing but dig dirt on us."

O.N.A. really went on the offensive when CAB chief Timm spent an illicit weekend in the Bahamas as a guest of the industry. Hinckley challenged Timm's fitness to sit on the board at the next O.N.A. hearing that came along. "It was a big step. We'd spent so many years living in fear of these guys. I had World, T.I.A. and the others lined up to get in on the thing, but their lawyers advised them they'd be asking for trouble. They backed out at the last minute."

The CAB made a final abortive effort to outlaw even affinity charters, but the tide had turned. Nixon replaced Timm and the Senate investigation proceeded.

Airline economist William A. Jordan testified that CAB regulation keeps U. S. air fares 40 to 100 percent higher than necessary.

Senator Frank Moss estimated that the skeds charge two to four billion dollars annually to pay for frills and half-empty planes.

William A. Hardenstine, a World Airways senior veep, told the sad tale of his company's application for a $75 one-way transcontinental fare, first filed in 1967 when the sked fare was $145.10. "There never was any CAB action on this motion. The only action ever taken came in 1973, when it was dismissed as 'stale.' "

The CAB got the message. In August 1975, board chairman John E. Robson announced a major liberalization of charter rules. Affinity-group charters were no longer necessary. Cheap flight-plus-hotel plans were now legal for anyone, under the One-stop Tour Charter plan (O.T.C.).

Business boomed and charter profits rose. A year later the required hotel stay disappeared with the introduction of Advanced Booking Charter (A.B.C.). The coming summer will tell how popular the new advance-booking charter will be, but experts talk in terms of major shifts in air-travel patterns.

Due to the loss of pressurization, we are descending to a lower altitude and will reach that altitude in a few minutes.

The skeds had long warned that the rise of charter travel would spell financial disaster. At the same time, they were methodically trying every other gimmick imaginable to lure passengers. And what did they come to realize?

"They're realizing that what the consumer is interested in is the lowest possible cost," says an official of one of the major airlines. He cites two chief pressures on the skeds recently: World's proposed cheap cross-country fare (raised to $89 and recently resubmitted to the CAB) and the no-frills service that National experimented with. He estimated that nearly half of the 221,000 people who used National during a no-frills trial run wouldn't otherwise have flown.

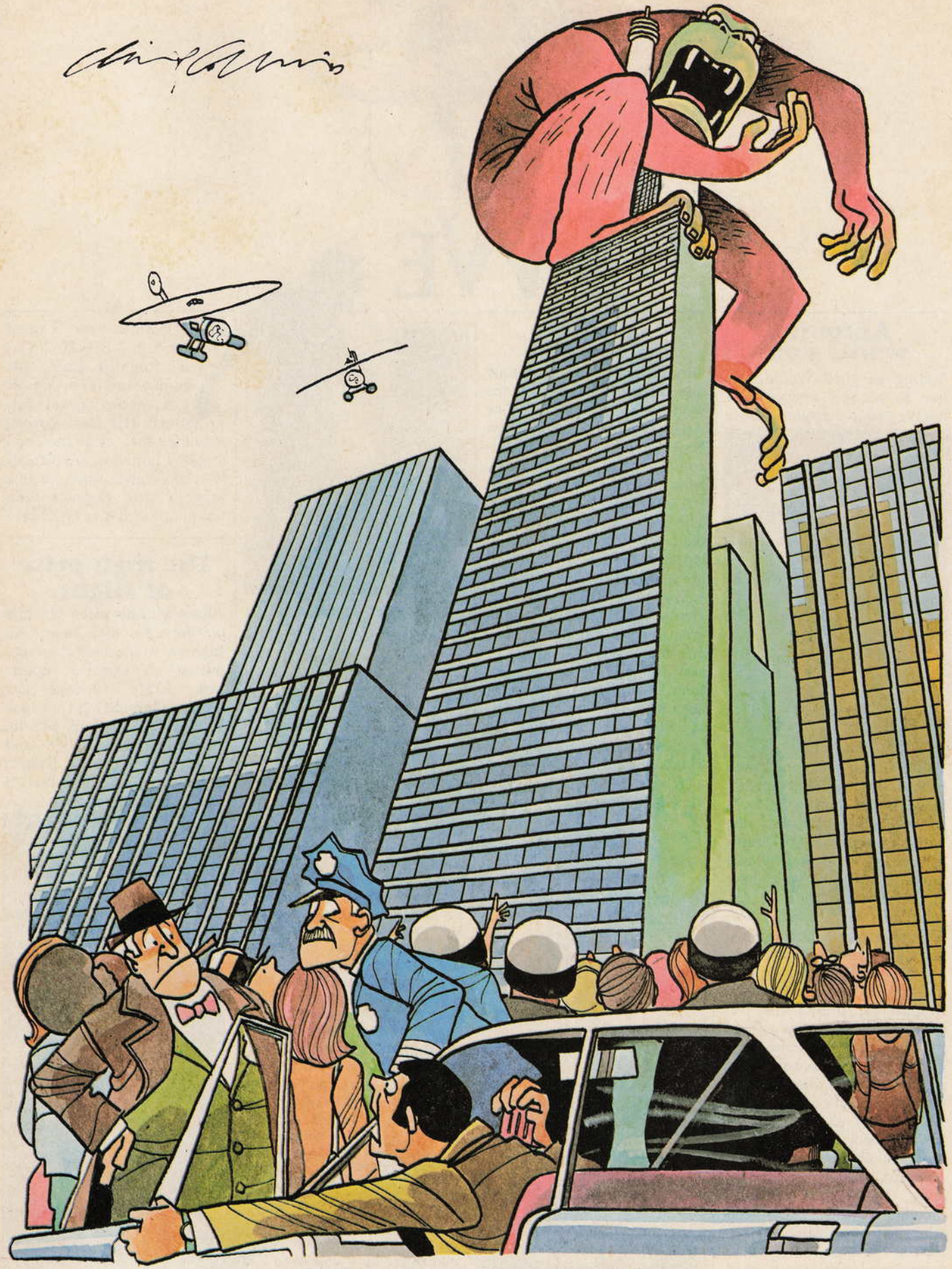
So the skeds finally got smart. Today Pan Am is the world's largest charter airline and United is the largest domestic charter. Most of the charter flights on the lucrative Vegas and Honolulu runs are on the skeds' new charter jets. The nonskeds writhe in their rivals' fatal embrace.

"The skeds underprice us to get the business," says a charter-industry insider. "We think they mean to ground us and raise prices. But the nonskeds have always been the big consumer advocates. How can we complain now that our fares are being undercut?"

One thing's sure: There's a huge untapped market awaiting cheap air travel. The nonskeds say that authority to make regular flights and right of first refusal on certain routes would save them. Meanwhile, they scuffle for the tourist market and seek offbeat tasks among refugees and pilgrims.

And the skeds are now lobbying for permission to mix charter groups and full-fare passengers on their half-empty aircraft.

We ask that you remain seated until you have been invited to deplane. ▣



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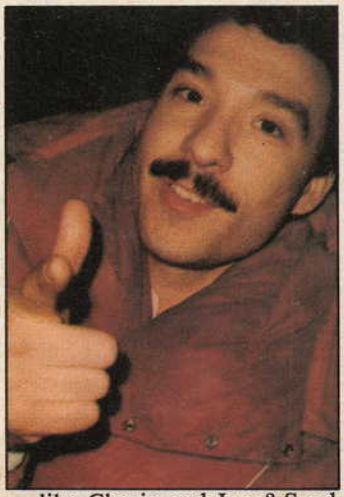


—like Cherie and Jane? Send us your photo, along with 200 words or less on why you want to be Antonioized, and the winning lady will be transformed right on these glossy pages. If you can't wait, there is one way to get a little Antonio into your life right now. The tulle skirts he designed for Cherie and Jane are now available at Fiorucci in New York. "The Fiorucci people dropped in during the OUI shooting," says Antonio, "and asked me to produce the skirts en masse." The gold-trimmed petticoats have since become one of Fiorucci's hottest items. And this is no small thing, for Fiorucci is one of the most imaginative boutiques in America, selling gold-lamé levis, Mardi Gras masks, metallic cowboy boots and whimsical angel wings that attach at the shoulders. "There is no word for this store," says Antonio. "I find many of my future girls there."

Anaïs on the bias

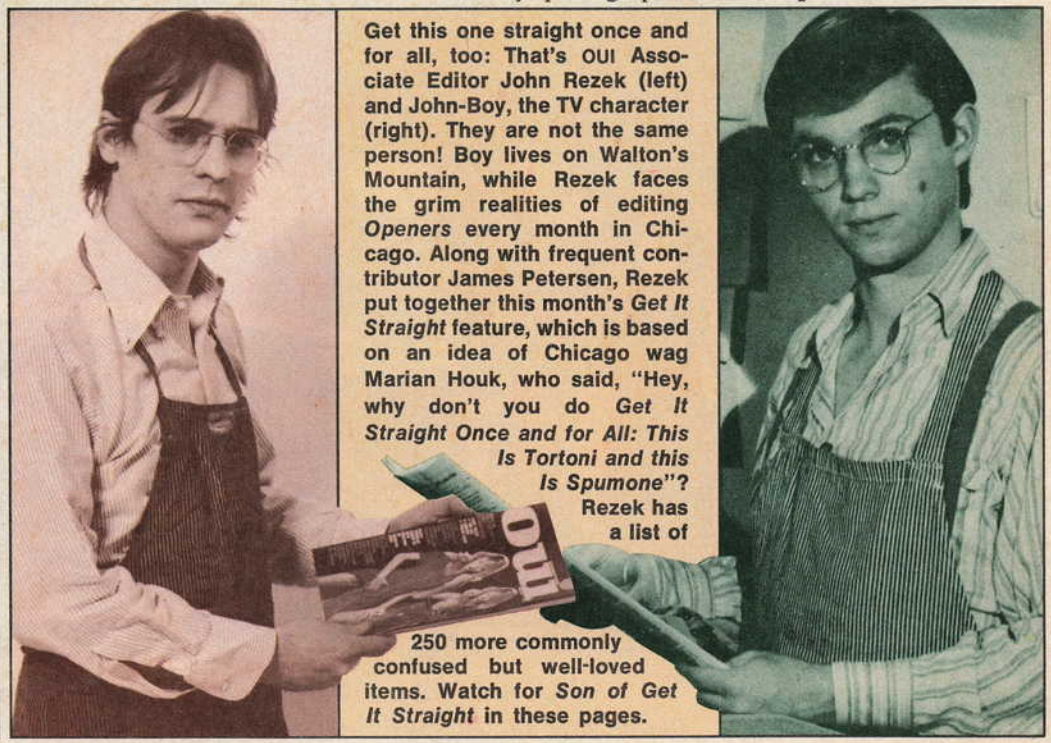
"For centuries we had only one model [for erotica], the writing of men," the late Anaïs Nin writes in her new book, *Delta of Venus* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), from which this month's *Artists and Models* is excerpted. The book contains erotic tales that the impoverished Nin wrote in the Forties at a dollar a page for a private collector, who also employed Henry Miller. "There was a great disparity between Miller's humorous . . . view of sex and my poetic descriptions," Nin writes. Her client soon told her to can the poetry. Still, she feels that her erotica "shows the beginnings of a feminine language [for] a world that had been the domain of men."

Talking pictures

Above we see Moshe Brakha, who photographed this month's fashion feature. While most cameramen tell models to say "cheese," Brakha instructs them to yell "fuck!" "I like adding that sort of energy to a photo," he says. "I'm the only photographer whose pictures have X-rated soundtracks." Brakha, an Israeli frogman during the six-day war, is now one of Los Angeles' busiest shutterbugs. His album covers, noted for their clean look and lopsided horizons, are instantly recognizable; one, the Boz Scaggs's *Silk Degrees* disc, was nominated for a Grammy.

The high price of flight

Along with his piece *My Life on the Lam* (see page 78), fugitive Abbie Hoffman submitted an expense report: bail, $150; Chicago–New York air fare, $162; Chicago–Kansas City bus fare, $48.40; Adidas footwear, $29.99—and more. "Do I need a padded expense report?" he asked. "I need a padded cell!"



Get this one straight once and for all, too: That's OUI Associate Editor John Rezek (left) and John-Boy, the TV character (right). They are not the same person! Boy lives on Walton's Mountain, while Rezek faces the grim realities of editing *Openers* every month in Chicago. Along with frequent contributor James Petersen, Rezek put together this month's *Get It Straight* feature, which is based on an idea of Chicago wag Marian Houk, who said, "Hey, why don't you do *Get It Straight Once and for All: This Is Tortoni and this Is Spumone*"? Rezek has a list of 250 more commonly confused but well-loved items. Watch for *Son of Get It Straight* in these pages.

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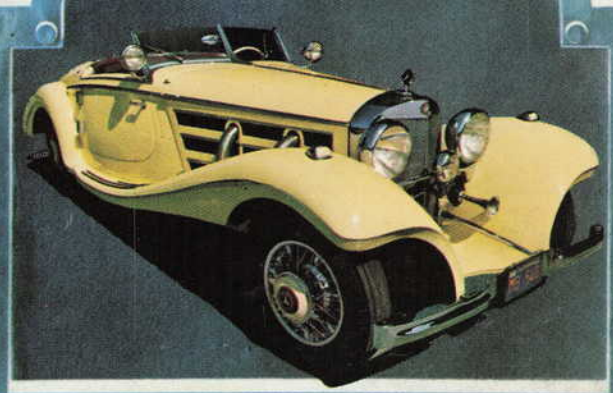

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